

The Atlantic

GARRISON KEILLOR FOUND GUILTY / RECALLING THE FIRST ELECTION

WHY STUDY HISTORY?

To protect our democracy, we must grasp its meaning and accept its burdens

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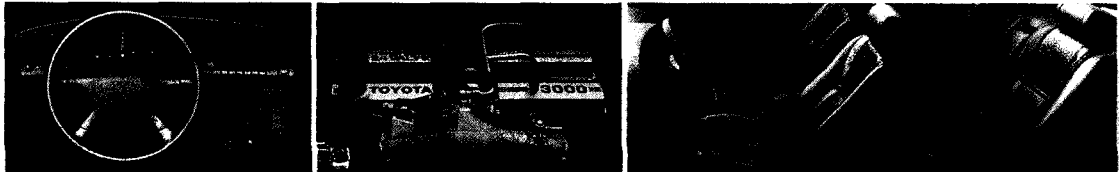
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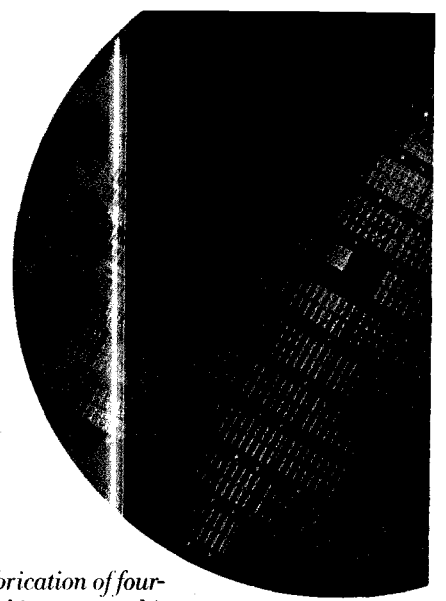
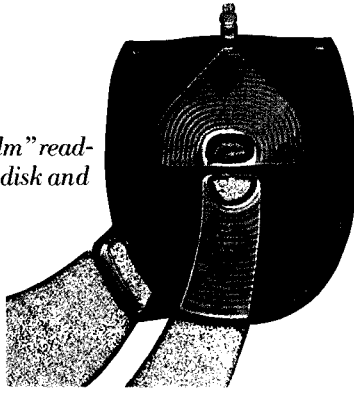
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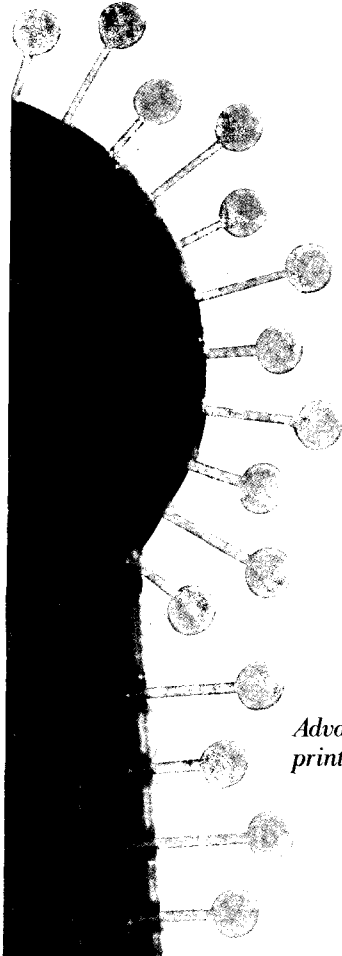
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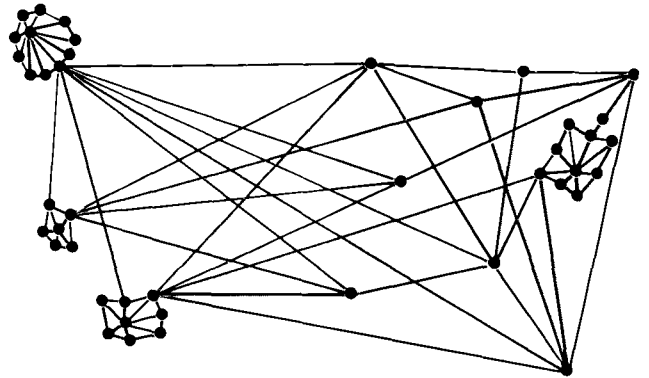
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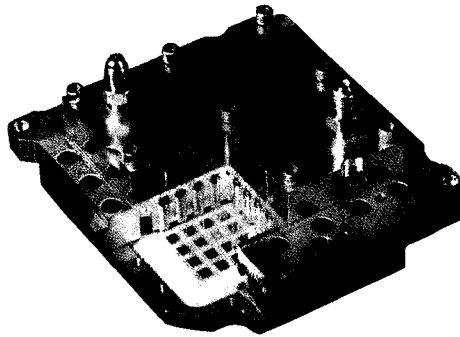
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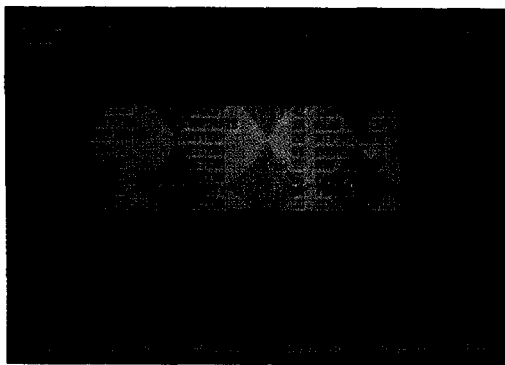
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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

EZRA POUND

"The Poet in the Asylum," by Robert Giroux (August *Atlantic*), was a captivating remembrance and biographical sketch of Ezra Pound, though Pound's anti-Semitism is abhorrent. However, Giroux seems to focus primarily on the delusory side of the expatriate poet. Pound's image as a mentor and literary man of assistance to others doesn't come out in this article. Ezra Pound was very generous and helpful to other writers in the earlier part of this century, as evidenced by the enormous aid he gave to T. S. Eliot's writing of *The Wasteland*. He gave support to and tutored many younger poets, a group he named the Ezrauniversity. Moreover, Pound's immersion in ancient, esoteric languages influenced other poets, among them Allen Ginsberg, who considered him a modern-day literary sage. Sadly, as Ezra Pound's life illustrates, the frontier between genius and madness is often very thin.

GEORGE WYNN
Boston, Mass.

I enjoyed Robert Giroux's article about Ezra Pound but wish to make a point about St. Elizabeths. It was created by an act of Congress that was passed and signed before someone noticed the clerical error whereby the apostrophe had been omitted. It was deemed too much trouble to redo the document and procure the signatures again; hence the incorrect spelling was preserved—or so I have been told.

You may obtain a more detailed account, I am sure, by writing to the superintendent of the hospital, but you would do well to address your request to the St. Elizabeths located *southeast* of the Anacostia River, where Ezra Pound was confined, and not to the one described in the article as being on the west bank of the Potomac.

KENNETH ROCKWELL
Durham, N.C.

In his finely observed account of a visit to Ezra Pound, Robert Giroux states that Pound's release in 1958 from St. Elizabeths is credited principally to Robert Frost. Although Frost readily accepted the credit, it belongs chiefly to

Archibald MacLeish. In 1955 MacLeish had gone to see Pound at the asylum and, considering it a national disgrace for this poet of international reputation to be incarcerated there any longer, had determined to get him out. MacLeish set about enlisting the support of Frost, Ernest Hemingway, and T. S. Eliot, and put them in the forefront of this endeavor while keeping himself in the background: a Democrat who had held high government posts under FDR, MacLeish saw himself as *persona non grata* to Eisenhower's Administration. A lawyer as well as a poet, he also saw that the only feasible basis for gaining a release given Pound's ambiguous legal status was through a *not pros* action by the Department of Justice to quash the indictment under which he was being detained.

For more than two years MacLeish maneuvered to get a hearing at the Justice Department, to persuade Frost to come with him to Washington, to secure letters from Hemingway and Eliot that he could take along to a meeting with the Attorney General. MacLeish took a separate trip to the capital to make the case to the State Department that Pound's incarceration was hurting U.S. prestige abroad.

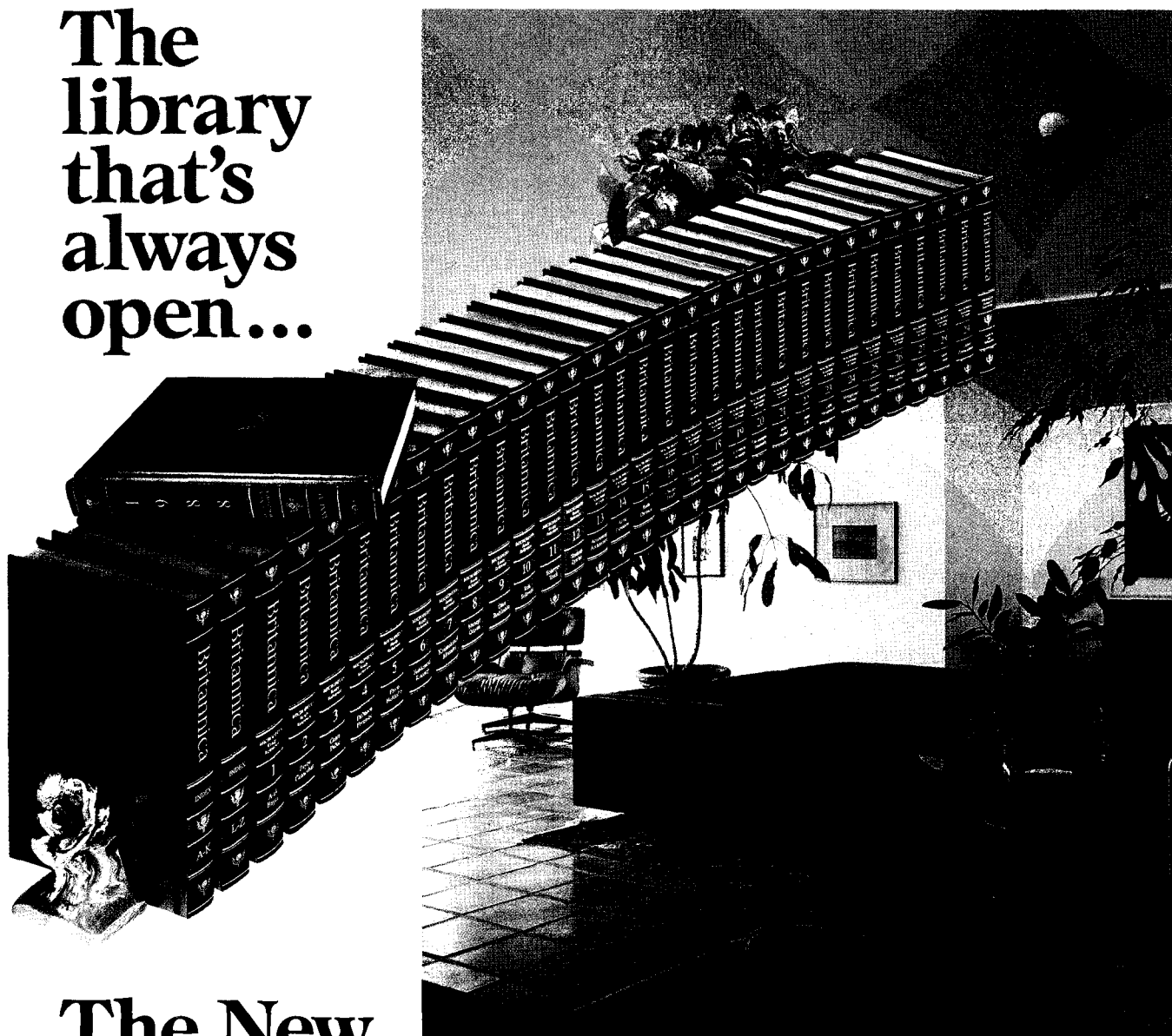
In Archibald MacLeish's *Reflections* he comments wryly that Frost "was enormously helpful but enormously unwilling to help." As for Pound, he was consistently rude and ungrateful about what was being done for him. Years after he had been freed, and had learned from his daughter all that had happened, he sent "the most disturbing letter I've ever gotten because it was a letter of apology," MacLeish wrote. "Ezra Pound was the kind of man who should never apologize!"

RICHARD B. MCADOC
Temple, N.H.

Robert Giroux replies:

Dr. Winfred Overholser, the superintendent of St. Elizabeths Hospital, explained why the incorrect spelling of the institution has been retained without attributing its origin to the illiterate clerk in Congress. My memory was at fault in moving the hospital from the east bank of the Anacostia River and in failing to give Archibald MacLeish full credit a

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the prime mover for Pound's release. My thanks to my friend Richard McAdoo, formerly of Houghton Mifflin, and to Kenneth Rockwell for their corrections.

CHILD-CARE ISSUES

Ellen Ruppel Shell's reporting, in "Babes in Day Care" (August *Atlantic*), of the controversy surrounding my analysis of the developmental risks associated with infant day care was, with the exception of one noteworthy omission, generally accurate and a welcome change from the many near-hysterical presentations that have appeared in the nation's media for more than a year now.

By failing to point out that my conclusions were based upon three, not two, independent sets of evidence—one linking infant day care with elevated rates of insecurity, a second linking such insecurity with less-competent functioning at older ages in the case of traditionally reared infants, and a critical third linking extensive infant day care with heightened aggression and noncompliance—Ellen Shell continues a pattern, initiated by my academic critics, of focusing almost exclusively on the *potential* limitations of the Strange Situation procedure. As I said to her when initially interviewed, and to the magazine's fact checker when called to verify for accuracy before the essay went to press, without all three sets of evidence I never would have drawn the conclusions that I did, nor even have written the paper under discussion. Indeed, in the absence of research linking infant day care with aggression and noncompliance *and* independent evidence linking insecurity with such disconcerting behavior patterns, I, too, would be critical of attempts to breathe meaning into differences between groups of children derived from a measurement procedure that colleagues whom I respect continue to question. In point of fact, when such evidence was absent a decade ago, my co-authors and I were very critical of just such efforts in our first analysis of day-care research.

JAY BELSKY
*Professor of Human Development
Pennsylvania State University
University Park, Pa.*

As a cover-to-cover reader of *The Atlantic* and a single parent who is concerned about the effects that child care

may have on my two-year-old daughter, I couldn't wait to read "Babes in Day Care." The wait, however, ended in disappointment.

Throughout the piece Ellen Shell continually used the terms *nonmaternal* and *mother* when the terms *nonparental* and *parent* would have been more appropriate. Bonding studies indicate that frequent and meaningful parent-child, not only mother-child, interaction during infancy and early childhood is necessary to the healthy development of children, psychologically and otherwise. The controversy is not whether nonmaternal care harms infants but whether nonparental care harms infants. Children do not suffer when their primary care is provided by loving fathers.

Shame on *The Atlantic* and Ellen Shell for perpetuating outdated and sexist roles for mothers and fathers. The time is past, if it ever existed, when a mother's sole role was that of caregiver and a father's was that of breadwinner. In today's typical family both parents work outside the home and nurture their children inside the home.

STEPHEN R. LORINSER
*Editor in Chief
The Minnesota Daily
St. Paul, Minn.*

The views on child rearing expressed in "Babes in Day Care" are well taken. I know from my experience in New Hampshire, where working mothers have been the norm for quite a while now, that we have a problem. We are having trouble in the schools because of the increasing number of children who arrive there in a noncompliant and aggressive frame of mind, and we are having trouble in the neighborhoods after school lets out because almost no parents of either sex are around until six or seven o'clock in the evening.

We need a national policy that permits more mothering at home. For most of the population this is no longer an economic possibility. The policy consequences of Belsky's and Barglow's work must be faced soon.

SARA DUSTIN
*Parents for Justice
Concord, N.H.*

Ellen Ruppel Shell replies:

I omitted Dr. Belsky's third set of evidence from my discussion because, owing to space limitations, I did not want to get into the controversy over what constitutes aggression and non-

compliance in schoolchildren. What is aggression to some is mere willfulness to others; what some call noncompliance, others call independence. While some investigators have reported high levels of these behaviors in children who have spent a lot of time in day care, these levels have never been categorized as abnormal. No one has produced evidence that the behavior of children cared for by people other than their parents is, on average, aberrant.

I quite agree with Stephen Lorinser that fathers are well qualified to care for their children. However, for whatever reason, child-care studies generally compare children in surrogate care with children being cared for by their mothers. Hence the use of the term *maternal*, rather than *parental*, care was simply descriptive.

As for Sara Dustin's point, although I certainly agree that children require supervision, at no time did I mean to imply that the supervision must be parental. As I indicated in the article, no one has proved that high-quality nonparental care is detrimental to children.

SHANGHAIED

James Fallows ("Shanghai Surprise," July *Atlantic*) plainly didn't rely on *The Rough Guide to China* to guide him through Shanghai or any other Chinese city. Despite the promising copyright date, the book is hopelessly out of date. Reliance on it, especially for lodging and restaurants, will exasperate even the most dedicated traveler. Last October I made a courageous attempt to uncover a hotel recommended in the 1987 edition. I finally discovered that both the hotel and the street on which it stood had reverted to their pre-Cultural Revolution names six or seven years earlier. A better choice of guidebook is the 1988 edition of *China: A Travel Survival Kit*, which, though not perfect, seems to have undergone a major revision that corrects many errors from the previous years.

Also, the Volkswagen built in Shanghai is a version of the car sold in the United States as the Quantum, not as the Jetta.

STEVEN M. SCHARF
Cupertino, Calif.

One sentence in James Fallows's article greatly bothered me: "In front of hotels and banks lurk shady charac-

"...and he says, 'One day,
And he drinks, 'Johnny Walker.'"



Good taste is always an asset.

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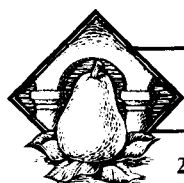
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ters known as Uighurs." Most people don't know that Uighurs are an ethnic group. The sentence is misleading, because it suggests that *Uighur* might be a pejorative term, like *hustler*, used to describe China's lowlife. Fallows's sentence also misrepresents the many Uighurs who are respectable citizens and exonerates by omission the scores of ethnic Han who hustle you to change money in the major cities throughout China. Fallows makes it sound as though a person is known as a Uighur if he works the streets trying to get tourists to change dollars for renminbi.

ELLEN KISSLINGER
Hudson, Mass.

James Fallows replies:

I didn't intend any slur on Uighurs in general, but I can understand how what I said could have been taken that way. (I'd object if a Chinese journalist wrote, "In the alleys lurked disreputable characters known as Americans.") Sorry. But for the record, the only people I saw offering to change money in Shanghai were Uighurs, and the only Uighurs I saw were offering to change money.

ANOREXIA

In her book review "Hunger Artists" (July *Atlantic*), Phyllis Rose says that anorexia is rare in the American population as a whole, with "perhaps 1.6 cases per 100,000 people." If we assume that the population of the United States is roughly 240 million, the number of cases thus would come to approximately 4,000.

In the very same sentence, however, Rose says that "among adolescent girls and young women the incidence of anorexia has been put at five to 10 percent, rising to as high as 20 percent on some college campuses." If we assume that 10 percent of the U.S. population, roughly 24 million people, would fall into the category "young women," a five to 10 percent incidence would come to between 1.2 and 2.4 million cases. Something is obviously quite wrong here.

GERARDO JOFFE
San Francisco, Calif.

Phyllis Rose replies:

I agree with Mr. Joffe that an explanation of the statistical discrepancy is in order.

I took the statistics from *Fasting Girls*:

In terms of the general population, however, anorexia nervosa is still a relatively infrequent disease: the annual incidence of the disorder has never been estimated at more than 1.6 per 100,000 population. Still, among adolescent girls and young women there is an increasing and disturbing amount of anorexia nervosa and bulimia; by a number of different estimates, as many as 5 to 10 per cent are affected.

It should be noted that the figure of 1.6 per 100,000 is an annual rate. Still, even if we figure 4,000 cases a year for twenty years, the result of 80,000 cases is remote from the 1.2 million cases we get by figuring five percent of 24 million young American women.

I may have done Professor Brumberg a disservice—and confused Mr. Joffe—by quoting her statistics out of context. In context, the divergence between the estimates is part of her point. Because of diagnostic confusions and ambiguities of definition, it's impossible to be definite about how many people have anorexia, and the number is a hotly contested issue. As with many diseases, some people have a vested interest in upping the count of the afflicted, and others, for different reasons, would like to see the figure lower. Brumberg is not an epidemiologist. She simply reports the confusion.

How many people really do have anorexia? One expert I spoke to said the estimate of 1.6 per 100,000 was much too low and the estimate of 10 percent of the young female population was much too high. Perhaps one million would be closer. But it must be understood that the tally of anorexics is more a matter of opinion than a count. And if exact numbers are impossible to pin down, the underlying and most important fact is clear: anorexia is widespread and on the increase.

MOTORCYCLES

Timothy Foote's "The Bike" (May *Atlantic*) reveals sensitive, skilled writing and also one more thing: neither Foote knows motorcycles.

Foote Senior provides an incredible amount of misinformation, beginning with "They can take you hundreds of miles on a few gallons of gas." But Foote Junior's Kawasaki probably gets about the same mileage as my assistant's Honda Accord. Yes, they can slither

through traffic jams, but no responsible rider runs roughshod across fields.

The modern motorcycle is a highly developed vehicle, not cheap to service. Neither is it cheap to insure, in large measure, I suspect, because of the antics of irresponsible and unknowledgeable riders, of which, his description suggests, Andrew Foote is one. Motorcycles, even when only moderately skillfully operated, are not often seen to skid on curves loosely sprinkled with sand, and almost never on oil drippings from cars and trucks. A light rain is a greater danger to the anesthetized commuter in a Buick than it is to the aware rider of a motorcycle. Timothy Foote's statement that "even the best kind of helmet . . . offers very little protection" is patently false. A helmet is a survival necessity for all riders. He provides no statistics, but his observation that every friend or acquaintance of his who rode a motorcycle ended up badly battered or dead tells us more about his friends than it does about motorcycles. I ride several thousand miles a year, on road and off road, and have done so for thirty-five years. I was a professional racer for ten years. I have

suffered a total of one dislocated shoulder, in 1964, and a few scrapes and bruises. Almost all *my* friends have a similar history.

Timothy annoys, but Andrew frightens. The personality revealed in his letter does not belong on a high-performance motorcycle. He likens riding to the "feeling you have when holding a loaded and cocked twelve-gauge." There is no place on either road or track for this kind of puerile fantasy. I am willing to believe that Foote is "mindless in a form of coma," but not just when he is on his Kawasaki.

ROBIN T. HARRISON
Claremont, Calif.

Timothy Foote replies:

If young bike riders were anything like as "aware," "skillful," and "responsible" (and maybe as lucky) as the ex-professional motorcycle driver Robin Harrison, they might leave the road after thirty-five years and remain as relatively unscathed as he. But however they drive, they will be doing so—as one imagines he, too, originally did—partly for the thrill of having at their fingertips

explosive power turned into speed, and they will be propelling themselves at up to 90 mph on unstable two-wheeled vehicles that provide almost no protection. The assertion that "a helmet is a survival necessity" isn't as reassuring to Foote Senior as it seems to be to Mr. Harrison.

WIN SOME, LOSE SOME

What a satisfactory story "Dog People" (August *Atlantic*) is. Besides being thoroughly absorbing it was wise. I'm glad you take chances with the stories you use. In this one the painful nature of the ending had a mitigating breath of the triumphant. Give E. S. Goldman a special pat on the back for me.

SHIRLEY R. FOSTER
Belmont, Mass.

Please cancel my subscription. After reading a portion of "Dog People" I find it very degrading of what I always thought *The Atlantic Monthly* represents. I want no such trash in my home.

VIRGINIA LUSHER
Prosser, Wash.

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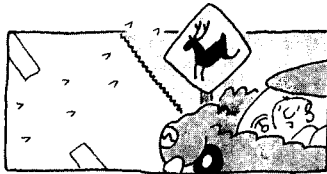
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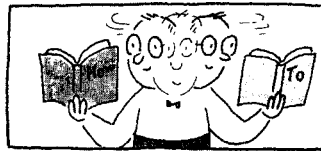
HEALTH & SAFETY

The number of collisions between automobiles and deer climbs toward an annual peak this month. The reason is two-fold. It is mating season for deer, when bucks tend to roam. It is also hunting season, when many deer are flushed out of the woods and into the roadways. The hazards are considerable. Last year in Pennsylvania there were 37,000 automobile accidents involving deer. In Michigan there were also 37,000. However, few such accidents prove fatal to drivers. Deer-crossing signs are often posted in areas heavily populated by deer, but the animals are so quick-footed and erratic that there may be little a motorist can do to avoid a collision. The disposition of deer carcasses is under the jurisdiction of each state; in most, motorists are allowed to take possession of deer they have killed in accidents, as long as the accident has been reported to the authorities.

DEMOGRAPHICS

November 3, 4, 5, and 6, the Gallup Organization conducts its final tracking poll of the 1988 presidential campaign. For most national surveys Gallup divides the country into four regions (NW, SW, NE, SE) and then divides each region into seven types of locale (five sizes of towns and cities along with rural areas and suburbs). Gallup interviews randomly selected residents in each of these 28 "cells." Many Gallup polls reflect "interviews with likely voters." Determining who is a likely voter takes a lot

of work. Of the 20 questions Gallup will ask respondents this month, 10 are designed as "markers" of likely voters; only those who reply satisfactorily to eight of those 10 will be so designated. (The questions include: Do you know where your polling place is? Did you cast a ballot in the last presidential election?) The results are not perfect. Gallup estimates that only about 75 percent of likely voters go to the polls.



ARTS & LETTERS

November 14-21, National Children's Book Week. 20-27, National Bible Week. Frequently referred to as the all-time No. 1 best seller, the Bible may in fact be given away as often as it is sold. The American Bible Society has distributed some 125 million Bibles since its founding, in 1816. The Gideons make annual replenishment visits to hotels, motels, and hospitals, giving away more than a million volumes a year. 24, the 100th anniversary of the birth of Dale Carnegie, who spread his own version of the Word in *How to Win Friends and Influence People* (1937). That there are now some 4,400 titles in print beginning with the words "How to" attests to the enduring appeal of his formula. Some of these books: *How to Raise, Store, and Sell Night-crawlers*; *How to Fake Fitness*; *How to Perform Your Own Urinalysis Without a Doctor for Under Fifty Cents*; *How to Repair the Wrong You've Done*.

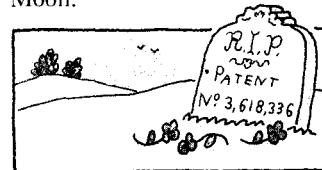
GOVERNMENT

November 8, Election Day. The number and diversity of initiatives and referenda on state ballots this year is the greatest since 1932: there will be 54 of them, in 18 states. In Utah, Colorado, and South Dakota, voters will decide on various proposals to reduce or cap

a range of state and local taxes. Illinois voters will decide whether to hold a constitutional convention. In California, Oregon, and Colorado there will be referenda on whether to increase the tax on tobacco. Measures to make English the state's official language—the language of business and government—are on the ballot in Arizona, Colorado, and Florida. (Fourteen states have already adopted similar laws.) The question in Michigan is whether to allow the use of state funds to pay for abortion; in Washington, whether to levy a tax on toxic materials; in Massachusetts, whether to ban nuclear power. Massachusetts voters must also decide whether to make the humane treatment of farm animals a legal obligation.

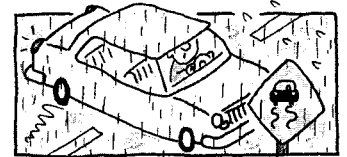
SKIES

November 9, New Moon. 17, the Leonid meteor showers, which may be seen all over the sky in the early hours of the morning but which are also maddeningly unpredictable. The Leonids are remnants of Comet Tempel-Tuttle. 23, Full Moon, also known this month as the Frosty or Beaver Moon. Among the Hopi Indians it is known as the Initiate Moon.



EXPIRING PATENT

No. 3,618,336. Casket with air-conditioning system. "A coffin is provided having a hollow side wall and opening along said side wall inside of said coffin connected to an air circulating unit adapted to introduce air into the hollow side wall and continuously recirculate the air over and around a corpse disposed in the coffin by means of the hollow side wall and the spaced openings to dissipate odor and to slow decomposition of the corpse inside the coffin."

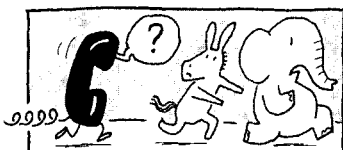


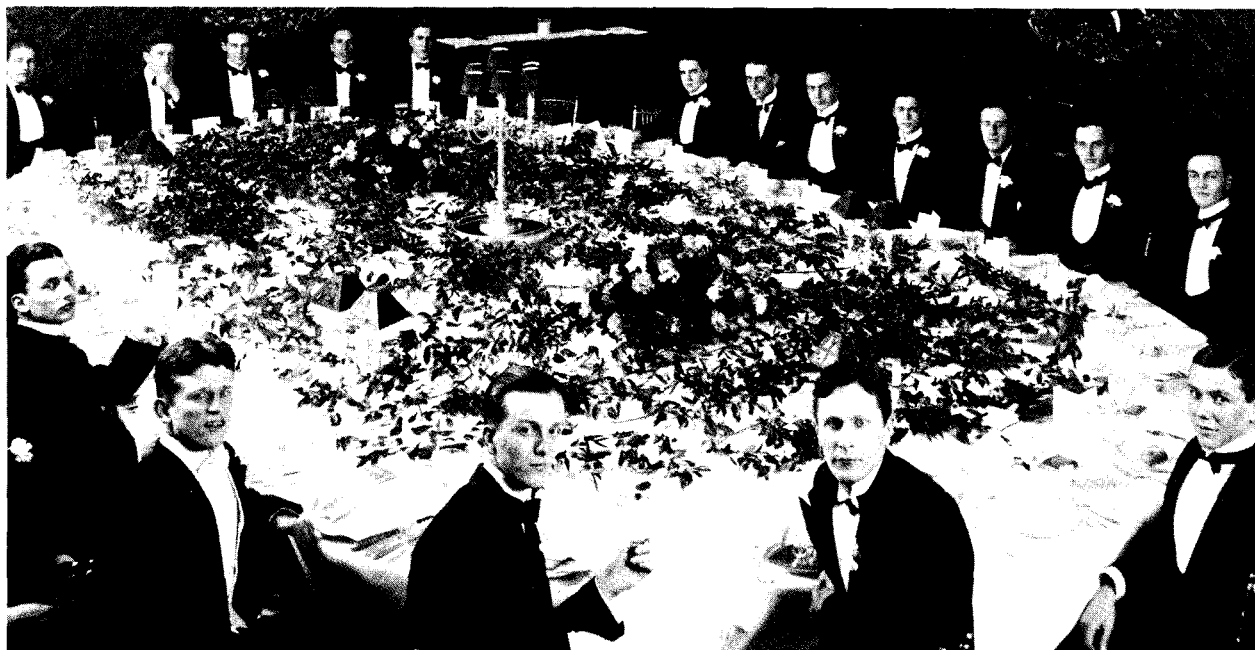
ENVIRONMENT

This month the winter rains usually begin in the Pacific Northwest. Lately researchers have become aware that the deluge is bringing not only gloom but also a problem more frequently associated with the Northeast. In some places, especially around Puget Sound, the rain is quite acidic. The often employed stratagem of blaming industry downwind for fouling one's nest won't work in this case: Korea and Japan are too far away. The rain falling right on the Olympic coast is fairly benign. It becomes acidic only after the paper mills, coal-fired power plants, and automobiles of the heavily populated Sound region have made their contributions to the air.

100 YEARS AGO

John Trowbridge, writing in the November, 1888, issue of *The Atlantic Monthly*: "The faculty of memory can only be cultivated by dwelling upon one idea at a time. In the art of photography the best pictures are produced by slow plates; that is, by sensitive plates which require a comparatively long exposure. . . . Quick plates, it is true, catch the fleeting images; but they are apt to produce thin negatives, from which only poor and indistinct prints can be obtained. Something similar can be said of the action of the brain in regard to storing up impressions which constitute memory. With strong images in the brain, and with a method of excitation to which constant and prolonged use has accustomed us, we are not far from the plane of genius."





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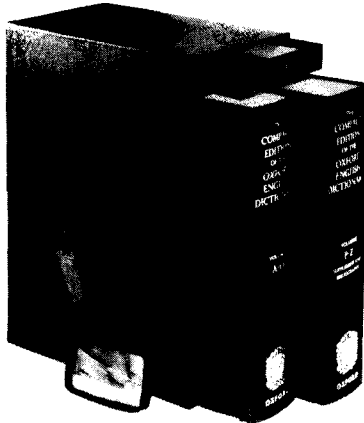
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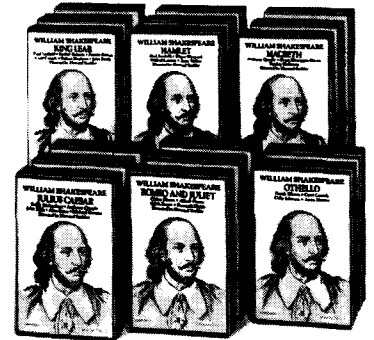
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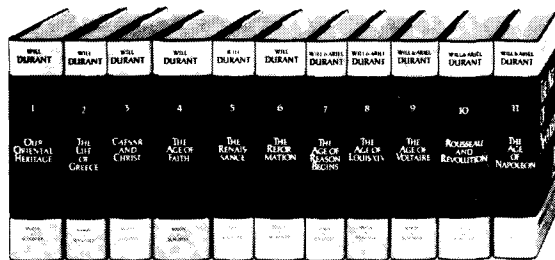
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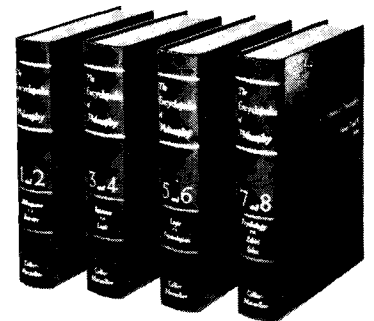
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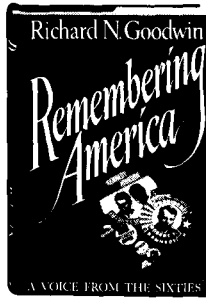
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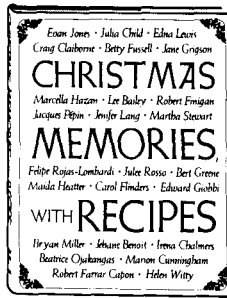
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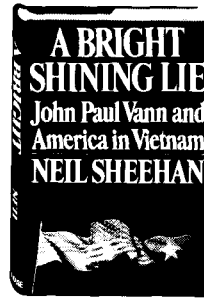
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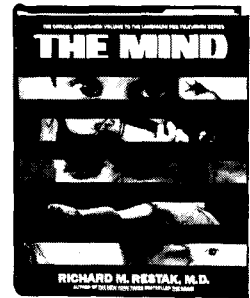
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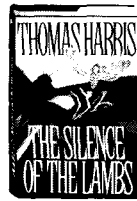


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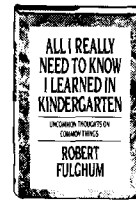
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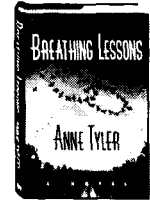
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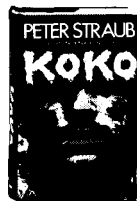
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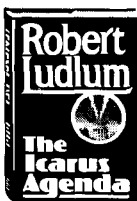
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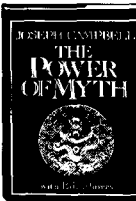
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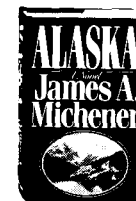
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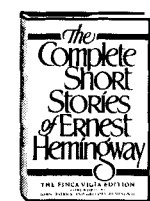
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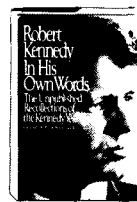
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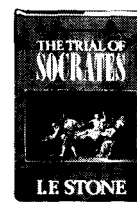
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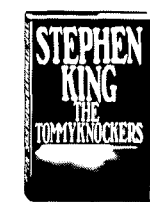
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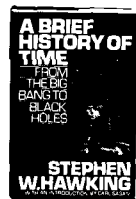
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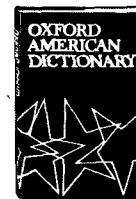
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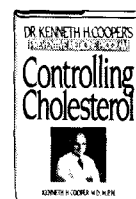
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REPORTS & COMMENT

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With that declaration, or one like it, the nation's selectmen and sheriffs during the fall of 1788 proclaimed the first federal election under the newly ratified Constitution. In hindsight it seems that the Founding Fathers were considerably more adept at creating a republic than at building the machinery for an electoral politics. By all accounts, the first national election was rather a messy affair, with widespread irregularities and low voter turnout. It may very well be that the conduct of national elections in our own day leaves something to be desired, but it is reassuring to learn that the tendency in elections over the centuries has been in the direction of improvement.

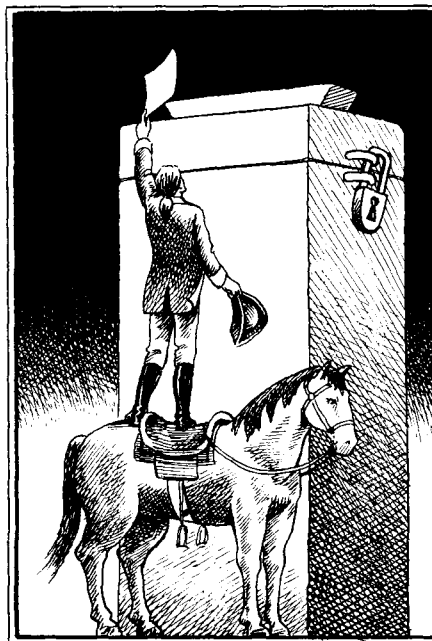
THE PROBLEMS IN 1788 began with the question of eligibility. We all know, of course, that suffrage at the time was limited to male property-owners, or freeholders. Actually the matter was not that simple. For one thing, the definition of *property-owner* varied widely from place to place. In Pennsylvania, which was relatively democratic, mere “ratables”—that is, ordinary taxpayers—were eligible to vote. In New York and

North Carolina standards for eligibility varied according to the office being voted on. A freeholder in New York could vote for a candidate for the state assembly if his estate was worth twenty pounds or more, but his estate had to be worth at least a hundred pounds if he was to participate in the election of a state senator or a governor. In North Carolina only freeholders could choose state senators, but all taxpayers could vote for assemblymen. What standard should apply in the presidential contest? Politicians disagreed, and the result was what today we would call a “local option.” In Connecticut a voter not only had to be male and a property owner but also had to be “of a quiet and peaceable Behavior, and civil Conversation.” In New Jersey the statutes required that voters be “of full age” (which was not defined) and own a “clear estate” worth at least fifty pounds. But the law said nothing about gender, and thus while

most of America's women didn't cast ballots for the first President, a few in New Jersey did. Legislators in that state wrestled with the gender issue for years. “This difference of sentiment has given rise to diversity of practice, and furnished a pretense from which many an electioneering trick has resulted,” an early legislative report noted. “It is well known that women are admitted or rejected, just as it may suit the views of the person in direction.”

Imagine that it is late in September, 1788, and that you are a white thirty-five-year-old farm-owning gentleman, and eligible voter, residing in Culpeper County, Virginia. Detailed political news is not always easy to come by in the countryside—newspapers are available mostly in cities, and many people can't read anyway—but you learn that two weeks ago, on September 13, the Confederation Congress called for an election to fill various national offices under the terms of the new Constitution. Just when will this election take place? You receive a letter from a friend in Philadelphia, saying that the election there for the House of Representatives (senators are elected by the state legislatures) will be held on November 26. It turns out, though, that this information is not very helpful: election dates are different everywhere. House contests will take place on December 22 in Connecticut, on January 7–10 in Maryland, and, depending on the county, anywhere from February 11 to April 27 in New Jersey. In New Hampshire voters must go to the polls twice: once on December 15, to winnow the list of House candidates down to six, and again on February 2, to select the state's three representatives.

The selection of presidential electors is no less confusing. The governor and the privy council select them in New



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THAT KIDS TAKE DRIVING MORE SERIOUSLY
THAN SOME ADULTS.**

Jersey; the House of Assembly does so in Georgia. In Massachusetts the voters will nominate electors on December 18; the general court will make the final selection on January 7. In some states the voters alone will choose electors, but not necessarily on the same day that they select the state's other elected officials. In Virginia voters will go to the polls to pick electors on January 7, and they must return to pick U.S. representatives on February 2.

Knowing where to go to cast your vote is easy, but getting there may not be. Most voters must report to the county courthouse, the town hall (in New England), or the parish church (South Carolina). A county can be a big place, and although some states have divided up their counties into smaller voting districts, most of them, including Virginia, have not. Voting, therefore, may require a lengthy ride from the farm to the county seat and back. Many freeholders, as the Virginia legislature will later report, will be deprived of suffrage "by the necessity of traveling nearly fifty miles, passing over many mountains and crossing many watercourses (frequently so high at the time of holding elections as to make it dangerous to pass the same)."

Having reached the polling place, you may find it open or you may not: the length of the election (one to four days in Virginia) and the hours when the polls are open fluctuate according to the sheriff's humor and inclinations. Assuming that the courthouse is open for business, how will you make your intentions known? Some states have voters write their choices on blank slips of paper, which will be counted when the election is over. In Virginia, as in many other states, though, there are no ballots. Instead, you enter the courtroom and stand before the sheriff, who is sitting behind a long table. He is flanked by clerks hired by the candidates, who will record your vote after you announce it publicly. Sometimes the candidates themselves are present. If they are, the ones for whom you vote may bow to you in gratitude and offer words of thanks.

IN THE END, going to the polls proved so difficult or confusing for so many in 1788-1789 that only 11 percent of the Americans eligible to vote, or about one American in forty, actually did so in the presidential election. I'm not sure that I blame the nonvoters. The idea of traveling fifty miles over swollen water-

courses just to be able, maybe, to exercise one's franchise does not hold tremendous appeal. But the opportunity to confront congressional or presidential candidates directly—to let them hear one's preference from one's own lips—would, I must admit, almost make the experience worthwhile. The election of 1788-1789 was arduous and chaotic; the results would nowadays probably never be certified by a human-rights monitoring group. But there was a certain intimacy about the proceedings that I wish we could recover.

An account has survived from an early federal election of voters coming before a sheriff in Virginia to state their preference in the congressional contest between John Marshall and John Clopton. Charles S. Sydnor recounted the story in his book *Gentlemen Freeholders* (1952).

The sheriff asked the voter,

"Mr. Blair, who do you vote for?" John Marshall, said he; and thereupon the future Chief Justice of the United States replied: "Your vote is appreciated, Mr. Blair." As the next voter approached, the sheriff inquired: "Who do you vote for, Mr. Buchanan?" For John Clopton, he answered; and Clopton, at the other end of the table, responded: "Mr. Buchanan, I shall treasure that vote in my memory. It will be regarded as a feather in my cap for ever."

In the deportment of Messrs. Marshall and Clopton we have, I think, a model worth emulating—and a means, perhaps, of raising American voter turnout in presidential elections above the usual fifty-five percent.

—Neil Spitzer



COLOMBIA

MURDER CITY

*You can kill someone for \$10
in Medellín, Colombia*

JUST BEFORE DAWN on the morning of March 22 Brigadier General Jaime Ruíz Barrera declared war on the cocaine traffickers of Medellín, Colombia. During the night 800 soldiers of the Colombian Army's Fourth Brigade had surrounded El Bizcocho farm, the principal residence of Pablo Escobar, who is the godfather of Medellín's mafia. At 5:45 A.M. they moved in, Ruíz directing the raid from a military helicopter circling above. They captured Escobar's wife and sister-in-law, twenty-five body-

guards and hired killers, sophisticated weapons and radio equipment, lists of hit victims, tapes of Escobar's phone calls, and tapes of the presidential phone conversations of Belisario Betancur (Escobar had apparently tapped the ex-President's phone). When troops broke into Escobar's room, his bed was still warm. Wearing only his underwear, he had escaped through a tunnel.

Over the next week Ruíz's men raided sixty-one farms, houses, and laboratories of the Medellín mafia. By July they had raided 400 and were still going. The raids were the first signs of life in years in Colombia's fight against the mafia. The traffickers went into hiding, and Ruíz became a celebrity in Colombia. The more courageous Colombian newspapers applauded him. One called him "Man of the Year."

But so far the raids have failed. They have not yet captured Escobar or any other important trafficker. If they did, it's likely that the Colombian justice system would prove too weak to support the arrest. Two judges in Medellín's criminal court freed sixteen of the prisoners detained in the raids. Some of the tapes found in the raid on El Bizcocho linked a member of the President's State Council with Escobar, and two days later the State Council voided the standing order for Escobar's arrest and extradition to the United States: Escobar was no longer a wanted man. Ruiz's soldiers arrested Fabio Ochoa, the godfather of another clan of traffickers, on May 28, and a judge freed him two days later. Ochoa's son, Jorge Luis, had already been arrested and freed twice. Medellín's efforts to hold a dinner honoring the work of the Fourth Brigade was delayed for three months; a Bogotá paper reported that no one could be found to organize the event.

MEDÉLLÍN DOES NOT look like a center of anarchy. It is a beautiful garden city of 1.5 million people with the climate, year-round, of Maine in the summer. It is the industrial capital of Colombia, and its region produces most of Colombia's coffee and cattle. Its hospitals are renowned for their organ transplants. Its downtown boasts mirrored skyscrapers, and an elevated train is under construction. Its people—Paisas, as they are called—are known as hard-working and punctual, and as first-rate entrepreneurs.

But the mafiosi, whose business skills make them true Paisas, have offered their city a choice: *plata o plomo*—silver or lead, a bribe or a bullet. And under its modern surface Medellín has become, in many ways, a medieval city. The wealthy live in guarded fortresses and hire private armies for protection. The universities are cloisters; the slums are ruled by bands of assassins. Citizens pay tribute to the lords who control the city.

The tribute takes different forms. Many of the poor, who have suffered the most from the violence, treat the traffickers like heroes. The traditional upper-class distaste for the mafia's bad manners does not extend to its money, which has transformed Medellín. And little by little the traffickers have gained acceptance in the city's institutions. Escobar was elected to Colombia's House of Representatives. The former Su-



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preme Court justice Humberto Barrera announced to a Medellín newspaper, "I hate the drug traffic. I believe it must be eradicated and punished by any drastic measure necessary to eliminate it." Barrera is one of Jorge Ochoa's lawyers, a member of a team that includes five former Supreme Court justices and several former university presidents.

Father Elias Lopera Cárdenas, a lawyer and a theologian, told me in an interview in the archdiocesan offices, "Medellín is learning the laws of the mafia: Pay me or I'll kill you." But later in the conversation Father Lopera said that Escobar, from what he knew, was a good person. "I knew him when he was a congressman," he said, "and he talked about ending poverty. If he's bad, it's up to the state to prove it. It's not up to me." Medellín's priests, bankers, judges, and politicians speak about the cocaine problem with concern. But faced with the choice of *plata o plomo*, they resort to the passive voice, as if the problem were as anonymous and unpredictable as a sudden storm, for which no one is responsible and about which nothing can be done.

Ruiz stepped into this moral fog with a bullhorn and a searchlight. After interviewing dozens of people in Medellín, I, too, began to see the question of whether to fight the drug traffickers as a complex one. Then I went to see Ruiz again. It is really very simple, he said. They are tearing Colombia apart. We have to find them and jail them, and if our judicial system cannot hold them, we should extradite them to the United States. He was the only person I talked to in three weeks in Medellín who said, point blank, that he favored extradition. His insistence that the war hadn't been lost bordered on the absurd. What do you do when the judge frees the next batch of detainees, I asked him. He smiled. "We have to catch them again," he said.

RUIZ, FORTY-SEVEN, attracted little attention when he took the Medellín command two weeks after becoming a general, in December of 1987. He joined the army on his fifteenth birthday, the earliest age possible, and rose through army intelligence. He is a soldier's soldier: an engaging, forceful man with hard-line political views, a two-pack-a-day smoker. He gave me a copy of a paper he had written about the guerrilla threat. The unions, the peasant organizations, the left-wing political party Unión Patriótica, are all part of the

guerrillas, he wrote. Even the human-rights group Amnesty International is a "communist front." Outside the military he was unknown, but when he took over the Fourth Brigade, the job was not pivotal, for the President had yet to decide to use the army to fight the mafia. That task was being handled—or, rather, not being handled—by the police. Both the police and the Fourth Brigade had earned reputations for corruption. Escobar gave one of Ruiz's predecessors a Mercedes as a going-away present when he was transferred.

When Ruiz received the order to go after the mafia, he attacked with a crusader's zeal; even his fellow generals were taken by surprise, they told me. The day after the first raid the death threats began arriving; Ruiz taped them and played them for reporters. When some of the tapes found in the raid turned out to be Escobar's conversations with Ruiz's colonel in charge of intelligence, the colonel was arrested and two weeks later was thrown out of the army. When Ruiz travels, always by different routes, it is with a three-car escort and a dozen soldiers, machine guns ready. His wife and teenaged son and daughter shift from house to house and travel with bodyguards. I asked him once whom he admired. Former Minister of Justice Rodrigo Lara Bonilla, he said. Former Attorney General Carlos Mauro Hoyos. Guillermo Cano, the former publisher of the Bogotá paper *El Espectador*. Colonel Jaime Ramírez, the former head of the narcotics police. The four men he named were considered incorruptible and brave. They were the leaders in Colombia's fight to arrest and extradite the traffickers. They were also all dead—shot by the hit men of the Medellín mafia.

Although the mafia has claimed credit for some of these murders, no important trafficker has ever been arrested in connection with these or any other assassinations. This is a product of both *plomo o plata* and the traditional weakness of the judicial system. A government study leaked to a Bogotá newspaper said that sentences are given in one percent of the cases brought to authorities. Colombians have long been accustomed to taking justice into their own hands and killing with impunity. In such a climate a spark can set off an explosion, as in 1948, when a dispute between the two traditional political parties touched off several years known as La Violencia, in which 100,000 people were killed.

Today's violence is more diverse. The mafia's highly publicized assassinations—fifty judges, twenty-five journalists, hundreds of policemen—are only the beginning of it. Six left-wing guerrilla armies kidnap the wealthy and assassinate political leaders. Right-wing death squads, with the apparent collaboration of the armed forces, committed twenty-five massacres of peasants and labor leaders in the first six months of 1988. More than 147 death squads, with names like Love for Medellín, target "undesirable" elements, such as drug addicts and homosexuals. Violence has become part of Medellín's culture. An ad for a security service in a glossy magazine shows a picture of a family split in two. "Have you thought about kidnapping?" the headline reads. There are only two pornographic movie houses in Medellín, but dozens of theaters show violent films. The Bogotá Permanent Human Rights Commission's monthly report is simply a thick compilation of the nation's murders and massacres. Medellín's Human Rights Commission, all but one of whose officers are now dead, operates clandestinely, a concept perhaps indigenous to the city.

THE SPARK FOR today's violence is the cocaine trade. The mafia has entered into marriages of convenience with several violent groups, financing left-wing guerrillas, who protect their laboratories, and right-wing death squads, who protect the capos' haciendas from labor troubles and discourage kidnappings in their families.

Just as important, the mafia has invented the *sicario*, the motorcycle killer for hire, an invention that has done for murder in Medellín what the transistor did for the radio. Killing is easy, cheap, and popular. The murder rate has exactly paralleled the growth of the cocaine trade: stable since the truce following La Violencia, the murder rate began to rise in the late 1970s and to skyrocket in 1986. It has more than tripled since 1983 and increased more than 50 percent in the past year. Colombia has the highest murder rate in the world for a country not at war, and Medellín has the highest murder rate (ten people a day, five times Detroit's rate) in Colombia. Medellín, Colombia's city of progress, has advanced to the point where the leading cause of death is no longer disease but multiple gunshot wounds.

The emergency room at Medellín's Metropolitan Clinic on the weekend



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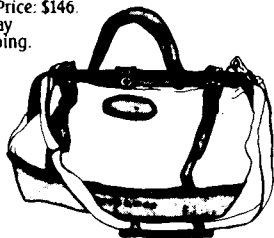
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night when I visited it was like a Bosch triptych of hell. The families of victims stood outside, protected from a pouring rain by an overhang. The hair and head of one man, who stood smoking and talking with friends, were matted and caked with blood that was apparently not his. Every few minutes a car would drive up, usually a taxi, and orderlies would rush out with a stretcher to fetch the wounded. Inside, a few dozen young men, many holding their own plasma bottles, lay on metal tables. "We've become specialists in knife and gun traumas," said Jorge Gómez, a doctor who spoke to me hurriedly between patients.

I stayed four hours and saw two prostitutes who had overdosed, a middle-class woman with a troubled pregnancy, and about thirty victims of knife or gunshot wounds, four of them women. A woman waiting outside told me that her twenty-three-year-old nephew had been knifed in a dispute over a gold chain. The nephew died. Another woman said she was waiting for her brother-in-law, who had yelled at a taxi driver for refusing to pick him up and been shot through the chest by the driver. A few days earlier I had talked to a man who said that he had seen *sicarios* approach the families of victims waiting outside the hospital, offering their services to avenge the shooting of a loved one. After each patient came in, a heavy middle-aged woman would mop the blood from the hallway. It was very hard work, and just before midnight she gave up, put her mop down, and sat in a chair, unable to keep up, while the tracks of blood gradually spread to cover the whole floor.

The newspaper the next day reported that there had been an average of one murder an hour over the weekend. News stories are headlined "OTHER MASSACRE" and "MORE DEATHS." "You're not finished reporting the first massacre and there's another one," a television reporter told me.

The reporter had recently gone with the police to raid a school for *sicarios*—literally a school, with classrooms and lectures on how to follow victims and how to shoot a .38 from the back of a motorcycle. The schools, created in 1979 by the mafia, sometimes also provide the weapon and the motorcycle. Because the *sicarios* are independent contractors, it tends to be difficult to track a crime's author. They are young—the *sicario* who killed Justice Minister Lara Bonilla was sixteen. There are now hun-

dreds of *sicarios* in Medellín. They charge as little as \$10 for a killing. They are usually brought in to settle accounts between small-time traffickers, but I was told of high school girls who looked for *sicarios* to kill romantic rivals.

MY GUIDE TO this world was a man known as Gitano, "Gypsy," a twenty-six-year-old ex-cop now working as a private guard. One evening Gitano rushed into my hotel and pulled me out on the street, where a man had just been shot. The victim was gone, but there was blood on the sidewalk. It was not yet fully night and all the shops were still open, but it was hard to find anyone who had seen the crime. Gitano spotted a friend, who said that two young men on a motorcycle had shot four times at a man walking in the street, who then shot back at the motorcycle. The man was hit in the head.

"I have to talk to two *sicarios* tomorrow," Gitano said later. He said a friend of his was looking for some people to kill his father. "His father is not a good person," he said. "He treats the family badly." He asked me if I wanted to come. I said I didn't want to go to where they worked, but maybe we could meet somewhere else.

The next afternoon Gitano came to my hotel with the friend, César, and two *sicarios*, Rodrigo and Gilberto. We went to the restaurant on the roof, with a breathtaking view of the city and the mountains, and ordered coffee. The *sicarios* seemed nervous. They said they were both twenty-two. They looked younger, both with acne, Rodrigo in jeans and a T-shirt, Gilberto in a fancy sweatshirt and tan pants and with elaborately styled long hair. Rodrigo was married, he said. They both had first killed people when they were sixteen; *el asunto*, "the business," was the term they used for a murder. Their clientele was made up mostly of small-time drug dealers, who sometimes paid them in cocaine or jewelry. They would charge a client they didn't know a million pesos (about \$3,300), Gilberto said. They said the police often helped, in return for a cut. When I asked about the victims, Gilberto said, "It's true, their family suffers. But we mostly think about the money we make—it's our work. Besides, in most cases they are bad people. We're doing everyone a favor." I left them talking to César about their deal.

The next day Gitano called me. "They're a little nervous about you," he

said. I said I didn't know their last names or where they lived or worked. "They aren't sure," he said. "Maybe you know more. They're just a little nervous, that's all." I moved to a different hotel.

That day it hit me that I had witnessed a murder being planned and had done nothing about it. A week earlier I would not have thought this possible; now the idea of doing something had not even occurred to me. What could I do? Asking for details struck me as imprudent, and the police would pay little attention to a story about a murder not yet committed. More than that, the *sicarios*' hit hadn't seemed to me like murder. I had severed the connection between the four men in my hotel restaurant and the imminent death of César's father. After only ten days in Medellín I was thinking about violence in the passive voice, as something that just happens to people.

MEDÉLLÍN'S IMAGE of the United States is similar to our image of Colombia: a den of violence and vice whose lack of moral foundation is causing the drug problem. The popular view is that if there were no demand, there would be no supply, and most Colombians don't see the U.S. anti-drug effort as serious. Even in slum neighborhoods people know about the American tolerance for marijuana-growing and can cite the drop in the Coast Guard's interdiction budget.

Drug-enforcement officials, of course, agree that reducing consumption is crucial; Colombia by its efforts alone cannot end cocaine use. But Medellín seems more than happy not to try. The city's attitude toward the traffickers begins at avoidance and runs to outright admiration, and there is a direct correlation between attitude and class: the poorer you are, the more of a hero Pablo Escobar seems. Indeed, only listening to young Sandinistas in Nicaragua talk about Che Guevara have I heard anything comparable to the adoration that poor people in Medellín express for Don Pablo.

In April of 1983 the Medellín River flooded, destroying the garbage dumps on its banks and the shacks of several hundred families who made their living picking through the garbage. A week later a stocky man of thirty-four, wearing black pants, a white short-sleeved shirt, and a cheap watch, stepped carefully through the garbage to talk to the families who were reconstructing their houses. It was Pablo Escobar. He prom-

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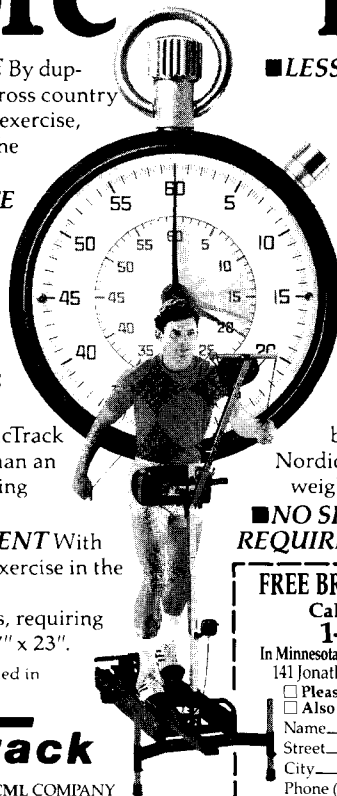
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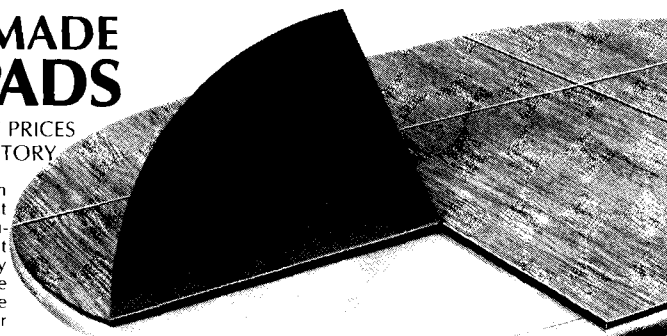
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Jordan

Is it or is it not Palestine?

The world was surprised recently by Jordan's King Hussein severing his and his country's involvement with the Palestinian Arabs of Judea/Samaria (the "West Bank") and by thus exacerbating the political vacuum in the area. In "washing his hands" of the problems of this area and its inhabitants, the king made the statement "Jordan is not Palestine!"

What are the facts?

■ In order to understand King Hussein's statement, a review of Jordan's history is in order. It is a short one. Before World War I, the area now known as the "Middle East" was part of the Ottoman (Turkish) Empire. The French and British defeated the Turks, drove them out of the area, and split it between themselves. The French took what is now Syria and Lebanon as their "sphere of influence"; the British took Iraq, Palestine, Egypt and the Arabian peninsula.

■ In 1917, Britain had issued the Balfour Declaration, a statement expressing Britain's promise for "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people." In 1922, the League of Nations granted Britain the mandate over Palestine, specifically including the requirements of the Balfour Declaration. Since Biblical times, the country now called "Palestine" always included the area now occupied by Israel (including the "West Bank"), Gaza and Jordan. The British drew a few lines on the map and granted the entire area east of the Jordan River—close to 80% of mandated Palestine—as a kingdom to Abdullah, the grandfather of King Hussein. The Jewish homeland, promised in the Balfour Declaration by the same British, was reduced to a mere one-fifth of its original size. Transjordan (as the new country was called) attained its independence from Britain in 1946.

■ In 1947, the United Nations proposed a plan under which the just over 20% remnant of Palestine was to be further divided between the Arabs living in the area and the Jews. Such was the desire of the Jews to get their homeland, and so great the need to gather what was left of European Jewry

after the Holocaust, that they accepted this further partition. The Arabs flatly refused. When Israel declared its independence in 1948, five Arab armies invaded it on the very day of its birth. Transjordan's army, led by British officers, was among them. The Israelis defeated all five armies. Egypt managed to hang on to Gaza, and Transjordan to the "West Bank" and the eastern sector of Jerusalem. Transjordan promptly renamed itself Jordan, proceeded to annex the area and to keep it as an integral part of its kingdom.

■ In 1967, Hussein made the fatal mistake of his kingly career. He let himself be seduced by Egypt's Nasser to join in what became known as the Six Day War. All Arab armies were devastated. Israel regained the "West Bank." Pending final disposition of the area, Israel has administered it ever since. The inhabitants retained Jordanian citizenship. Israel allowed Jordan to stay in control of the judicial systems, of the school system, and of the local administrative and religious networks.

■ The Jordanians, of course, are the real Palestinian Arabs. Over 70% of the 2.8 million population of the kingdom are Palestinian Arabs. The Arabs of Jordan are exactly the same people as the Arabs living in the "West Bank." There is no difference between them in language, ethnicity or social customs. Before the Six Day War, the concept of a second Palestinian state located in the "West Bank" had never occurred to anybody. Because the Palestinians, *do* have a country. It's Jordan. Over 2 million Palestinians live in Jordan, and only 800,000 in the territories administered by Israel. Do they need another country? Of course not! It makes no difference what King Hussein says. Jordan is and always has been Palestine. His saying "it ain't so" does not change that at all.

One wonders why King Hussein would abdicate his "rights" to the area west of the Jordan River, cutting its inhabitants loose and leaving the field to the Israelis and the PLO. The King is a clever man and a survivor. He has come to realize that he already has 2 million Palestinians in Jordan. They owe him little loyalty and are in almost constant rebellion. It's clear now to King Hussein that if 800,000 Arab Palestinians from the "West Bank" were to form an independent PLO state, they would seek union with their brethren in Jordan. But that union would not be under King Hussein—it would be under the PLO. And that would be the end of his dynasty. Whatever statement King Hussein wishes to make: It is clear—historically and by common sense—that *Jordan is Palestine and Palestine is Jordan.*

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ised the families that he would build them new housing. He created a corporation, Medellín Without Slums, and a month later 360 families moved into a new barrio.

The houses in Barrio Pablo Escobar, on a hill above the city, are brick, small and sturdy, with plumbing and electricity and gardens filled with Medellín's famous flowers. The residents who live there pay only for electricity and water. They, of course, cannot say enough good about Don Pablo. More important, everyone I talked to in Medellín knew about the houses, about the lights that Don Pablo had installed at some of the soccer fields in poor neighborhoods, and about the traffickers' 1984 offer, rejected by the government, to pay Colombia's external debt in return for amnesty. In 1982 Escobar was elected an alternate congressman, billing himself as a sports promoter, industrialist, contractor, and defender of natural resources. Orión Álvarez, a lawyer who had worked with Escobar, said that Escobar was mainly interested in the legal immunity congressmen enjoy. But people want to believe that he is Robin Hood. "He's built more houses than the government," I heard over and over.

Nowhere is the violence and drug addiction (some 300,000 Colombians are addicted, mainly to *bazuco*, a crack-like substance that is made into cigarettes, which sell for thirty cents) the traffickers have brought to Medellín felt more acutely than in barrios like Santo Domingo, a poor neighborhood at the very top of one of the hills that surround the city. And nowhere is admiration for the traffickers greater. A group of boys I met in the street told me that many of their friends had died from smoking *bazuco*. Jairo, fourteen, said that his twenty-two-year-old cousin had been shot by *sicarios* in the doorway of his house six weeks before because he couldn't pay for his *bazuco*. A boy in a torn gray shirt said that his father had been killed in a knife fight over a drug sale. "My dad sold drugs too," Jairo said. "But he's still alive."

I asked them what they thought of Escobar. "He's done a lot for the people," said Bairo, twelve. The others nodded. "He's lowered the price of food," one said. When Escobar inaugurated the lights at the neighborhood soccer field, four years ago, Bairo went to see him. "He's a very important man," he said. "I'd like to work for him—run a factory, maybe." Another boy said he'd like to fly planes for Escobar. Another said he

could already drive and could maybe drive a bus. One boy said he'd like to run a factory or a farm—a farm would be better. This was clearly a favorite topic of conversation. Other boys came over. I think they thought I was recruiting. They talked for a while about what they would do if they were rich. "I would go to the movies every day," one boy said.

"You all say smoking *bazuco* is bad," I said. "You all know people who have been killed. Why do you want a job that hurts young people?" "I'd use my money to help the poor," Bairro said. "Like Pablo."

Escobar is their hero because in fifteen years he went from being a petty car thief to being one of the ten richest men in the world, defying the Colombian government and the gringos in the process. A mafia career offers poor kids the chance to be feared and respected by their peers, to carry a gun and die in the street, and, if they survive, to possess fabulous wealth. There are few other ways for the poor to get rich in Colombia, which was never a country of great social mobility. But cocaine has created 20,000 new millionaires in Medellín, most of them from origins similar to Bairro's.

WHILE THE CONSTRUCTION rate is dropping in the rest of the country, luxury high-rises are sprouting in Medellín's El Poblado neighborhood. Two towers offer a private swimming pool, hanging in the air like a balcony, with each million-dollar apartment. The main avenue is filled with new shops selling Mercedes and BMWs, imported clothes, expensive art, saddles, jewelry, and Persian rugs.

The traditional bourgeoisie of Medellín has little use for the new-money people, as the traffickers are delicately called. "The traditional people don't come here—it would reduce their status," Marta, a daughter of an old-money family, told me as we sat in Elite, a new-money disco filled with exquisitely painted young women in leather miniskirts, heavy men sniffing cocaine at their tables, and policemen who had wandered in for free drinks and tips. "The new money still can't get into the Country Club or the Union Club," Marta said. But the reason is the one that makes old money contemptuous of arrivistes everywhere: their bad taste. The traditional rich complain that the new-money people wear too much gold and buy bad art, and that they spend too

much too fast. The source of the money doesn't seem to be an issue. And the segregation doesn't extend to the second generation. The children mix freely.

The traditional rich may not like the mafia's extravagance, but they are quite willing to sell the traffickers farms, houses, and luxury goods at high prices. Although traffickers can't join the Country Club, the wives of club members amused themselves for a few years by putting a million pesos into a pool, losing it occasionally but usually doubling their money the next month. The pool was actually a protection scheme for cocaine shipments; the women lost their money if the shipment was seized but got paid off if it arrived safely in Miami. Old money and new money, in the end, are just money.

The mafia has not yet penetrated the traditional manufacturing sectors of Medellín, but this seems to be by its own choice. Factories are hard to manage, offer low rates of return, and, most important, are subject to strict reporting of financial transactions. Cocaine money has gone instead into real estate, luxury goods, and more-glamorous, harder-to-monitor businesses that can better launder cocaine dollars: contraband cigarettes, hotels, restaurants, horses, and fighting bulls. Many of the soccer teams in Colombia have been owned by mafiosi.

The government welcomes the mafia's money, providing a safe and legal way to wash dollars, changing them to pesos, no questions asked, at the Banco de la República. On the day I went to change money, four men in their twenties, wearing tennis shoes and jeans, were removing envelopes stuffed with \$100 bills from their shirts and passing them through the window. The transaction took an hour. Mine was quicker. I walked up to the window and said, "I'd like to change fifty thousand dollars, please." The woman didn't look up. "Name?" she said. "Mary Tyler Moore," I said. I signed my new name and said, "Better make that fifty dollars." I changed fifty dollars and left. The rate was better than the street rate; the government here is the black market. The Medellín branch alone of the Banco de la República brings the government \$600 million a year in hard currency.

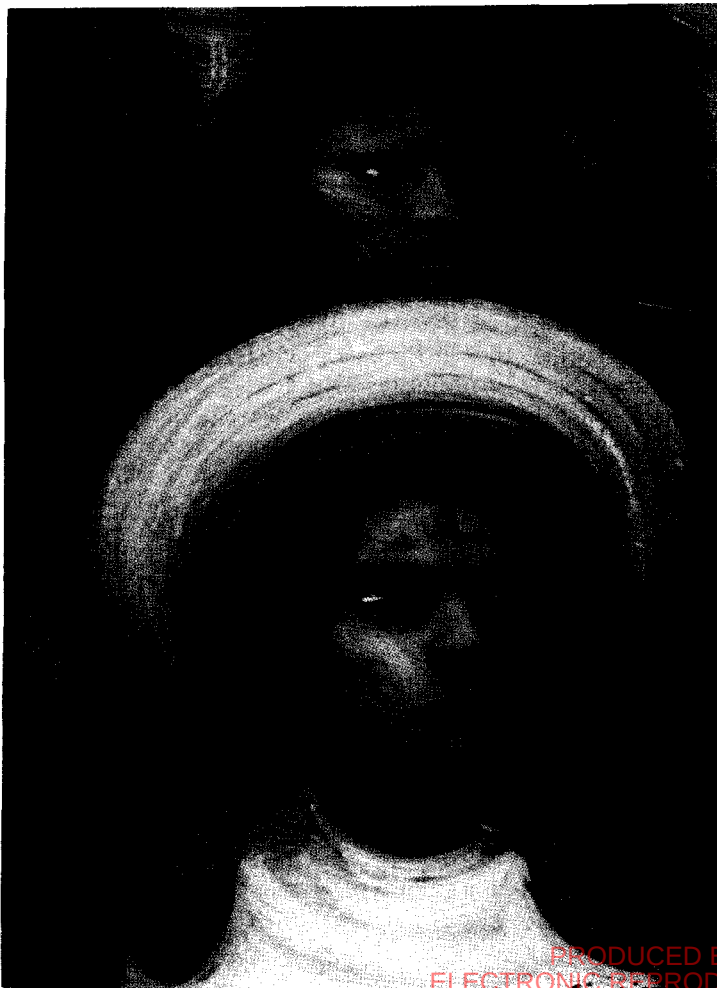
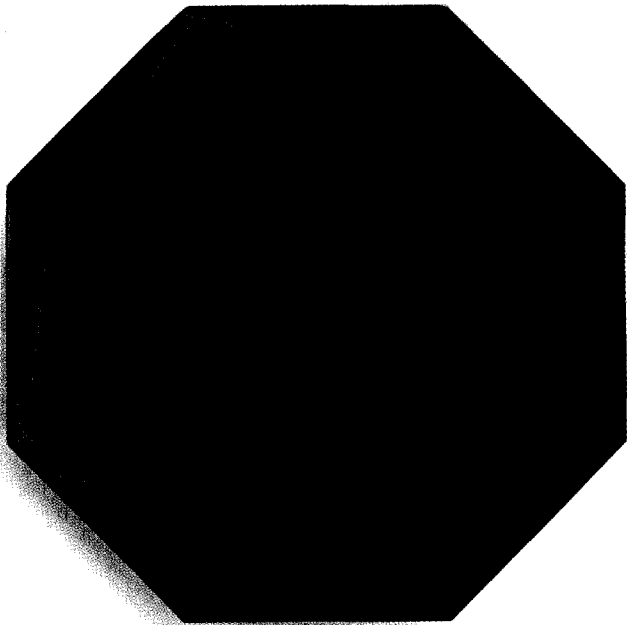
MEDÉLLÍN'S MAYOR, the former newspaper publisher Juan Gómez Martínez, told me that he used to be in favor of extradition but has changed his

mind. He recently recommended dialogue with the traffickers. The change came after a dozen men tried to force their way into his house at gunpoint last November. A note sent to the press said that the kidnapping attempt was in retaliation for the jailing of Jorge Luis Ochoa the day before. He hadn't wanted to be mayor, Gómez told me. To most of my questions about how to deal with the city's crime and corruption he answered, "I don't know." Gómez is not corrupt or cowardly. He has just given up.

The mafia's greatest weight has fallen on the institution least able to support it—the judicial system. Judges are not just overworked and underpaid; they are seldom paid at all. They go on strike every year to collect their salaries, and their offices frequently run out of typing paper and pens. The Latin legal system demands that judges themselves investigate whether there is enough evidence to hold a detainee, and judges go alone or with a secretary to investigate, paying for the trip out of their own pocket and traveling by bus or, in remote areas, canoe. The government is now starting to increase the judicial budget and create a judicial police force to investigate crimes, but the budget increases lag far behind the crime increase, and the new police force has been slow to get started.

These factors all add up to impunity, even without the mafia's ability to terrorize judges, which is considerable. One Medellín judge I met kept in her desk a brown paper envelope filled with death threats—condolence cards and mass cards with her name inserted, a copy of Gabriel García Márquez's *Chronicle of a Death Foretold*. She said she had more at home. Enrique Low Murtra, the outgoing Minister of Justice—the only one of the seven men who have occupied that post in the past two years to resign because of natural causes—told me that traffickers had bankrolled the M-19 guerrillas' takeover of the Palace of Justice in 1985, in which eleven Supreme Court justices were killed and all files on the mafia were burned. I spoke to one judge in Medellín who had turned down a nomination to the Supreme Court when he'd received too many death threats. The government had guaranteed him protection, but he knew how that worked. He had once been given protection during a dangerous case. "Two badly dressed old men showed up in my office to take me home," he said. "They each had a revolver, and they

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San Diego Museum of Art, San Diego, CA, May 22 - July 16, 1989
Institute of Puerto Rican Culture, San Juan, PR, August 14 - October 8, 1989
Center for the Arts, Vero Beach, FL, January 28 - March 31, 1990

(Top left to right) Domingo López, *Orange Energy*; Fernando Botero, *Ruben's Wife*; Rufino Tamayo, *Carnival*. (Bottom left to right) Alfaro Siqueiros, *The Challenge*; Roberto Matta, *Ecllosion*; Octavio Medellín, *The Hanged*.

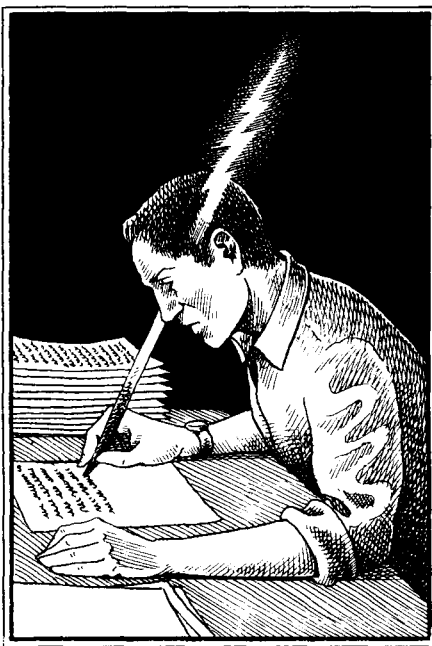
wanted to put me on the back of a motorcycle. I said, 'No, thanks. I'll take the bus, and don't bother coming back tomorrow.'

RESTORING THE JUDICIAL system and reviving popular faith in it is the only way Colombia can save itself—not just from the mafia but from all the forms of violence that are destroying the country. Yet General Ruíz's career and way of thinking are evidence of Colombia's resistance to this message. Several of Colombia's Attorneys General have said that members of the army participate in the death squads, killing peasants, union activists, and members of Unión Patriótica, which has lost 600 members since its formation in 1985. Amnesty International and other groups have also reached this conclusion, and a Bogotá judge recently indicted a soldier, along with a mafia capo, for organizing a peasant massacre.

Officials of the armed forces deny that soldiers are active in the death squads. But they refuse to allow soldiers to be tried for these crimes outside military courts, where, because the military's ideology paints all leftists as the enemy, the chance of conviction is small. When speaking to an army official in the countryside, I mentioned that I had talked to the mayor of the town, who was a member of Unión Patriótica. "So you talked to the guerrillas" was his response. Every army official I spoke with considers members of the left-wing party Unión Patriótica to be guerrillas, and killing guerrillas is their job. Colonel Eduardo Arévalo, the press spokesman for the armed forces, told me openly of his admiration for how the Argentine generals dealt with their country's leftists.

Ruíz said that he condemns the killing of leftists but "understands" why people do it. "People identify UP members as having kidnapped their relatives, so they contract people to kill them," he said. When the UP blamed the army for a June massacre of leftist miners, Ruíz, instead of investigating, suggested that the UP had killed the miners themselves. His faith in justice, apparently, goes only so far, in stark contrast with his fight against the mafia. In fighting the mafia, Ruíz is a lone voice telling Medellín that the city can escape from the Middle Ages, that justice can triumph over force. That he does not believe it himself shows how far Colombia remains from the rule of law.

—Tina Rosenberg



MEDICINE

THE RIDDLE OF TLE

A hard-to-diagnose malady causing bizarre behavior may be curable

ARTHUR CREW INMAN was a native of Atlanta who, following a physical and emotional breakdown in 1916, at the age of twenty-one, left college and retired to a darkened, soundproof suite of apartments in Boston. Bedridden for the most part, he was attended by servants, physicians, and strangers whom he paid to talk to him. An inheritance supported this life-style. He complained of crippling aches and pains, extreme sensitivity to light and sound, and despair over the state of the world. Something compelled him to record these complaints and much more in a personal diary that he kept daily for more than forty years. He attempted suicide several times and in 1963 succeeded, after noise from the construction of a skyscraper drove him wild. He left behind a 155-volume, 17-million-word diary—probably the longest ever written—which, greatly abridged, was published as *The Inman Diary* in 1985, in two volumes, by Harvard University Press.

The question is, What was wrong with Inman? Physicians who saw him—including "thirty-four eminent doctors"

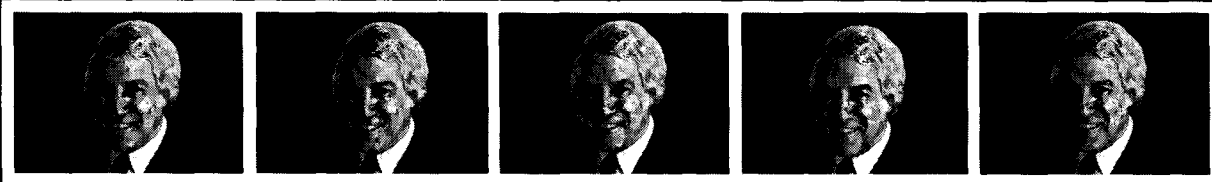
who examined him after his breakdown—concluded unanimously that he had no apparent physical ailment. Inman, convinced that his difficulties had an organic source, rejected the medical establishment and resigned himself to the care of osteopaths. But even his chief osteopath, who is given the name "Dr. Frederick Lakian" in the published diary, and who treated him for twenty-five years, says, "Arthur was a hypochondriac. To a great degree, his symptoms were purely imaginary." Why, then, did he live the way he did? What made him so susceptible to pain and depression, so driven to write?

A disorder that could explain all of Inman's difficulties does exist. It is temporal lobe, or temporolimbic, epilepsy (TLE), an often disabling neurological disorder. TLE is manifested by bizarre sensory and somatic seizures that can be triggered by light and sound. In some patients TLE is accompanied by hypergraphia, a compulsive urge to write detailed diaries and poems—and sometimes to draw with similar intensity.

The most common form of epilepsy among adults, TLE is believed to affect 600,000 to a million Americans. Some doctors speculate that if TLE were properly diagnosed, it might be found to affect one in a hundred adults—making it an extremely common illness. Like other epilepsies, it is the result of electrical storms in the brain: abnormal, excessive firing of neurons in the central nervous system. Epilepsy can be caused by congenital abnormalities, tumors, viruses, and injuries to the brain, but most cases of epilepsy are idiopathic: their cause is unknown. Doctors call TLE a complex partial seizure disorder—"complex" because its seizures usually result in impairment but not cessation of consciousness, and "partial" because they involve only part of the brain and body. This terminology distinguishes the disorder from the better-known grand-mal and petit-mal epilepsies, in which seizures are "generalized" throughout the brain and cause either unconsciousness and gross motor convulsions or brief lapses in awareness.

Many historical figures may have had TLE, including such religious and political leaders as Moses, Mohammed, Julius Caesar, and Alexander the Great, and such writers as Dostoyevsky, Flaubert, Lewis Carroll, and Eugene O'Neill. Another possible TLE sufferer is Vincent van Gogh, whose hypergraph-

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1970. Revolutionary television series premieres.

1971. Wages and prices frozen.

1972. Dow hits 1,000.

1973. Arab oil embargo.

1974. Nixon resigns; recession deepens.



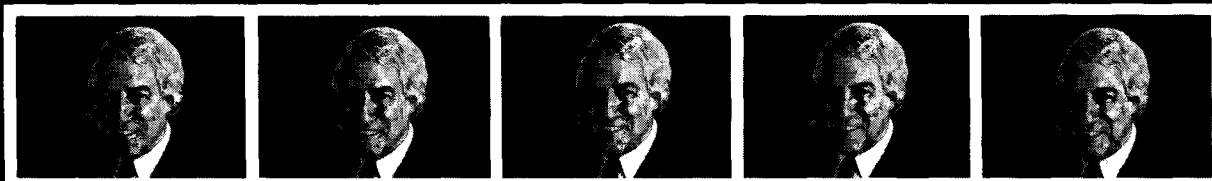
1975. New York City financial crisis.

1976. U.S. enjoys last monthly trade surplus; Carter beats Ford.

1977. Carter withdraws \$50 tax rebate; largest peacetime tax increase passed.

1978. Miller named Fed chairman; dollar collapses.

1979. Second oil embargo; double-digit inflation.



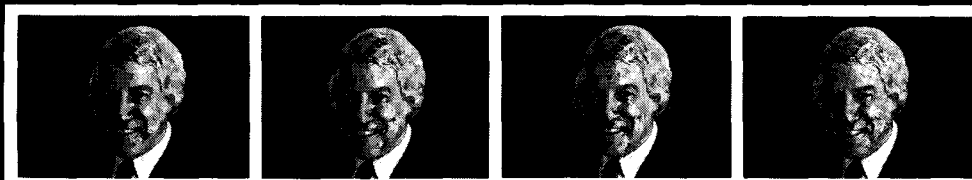
1980. Gold hits \$875 an ounce; Reagan beats Carter.

1981. Reagan cuts taxes; Volcker tightens money.

1982. In deep recession, with Dow at 776.92, bull market begins.

1983. Recovery underway; Volcker reappointed.

1984. Mondale pledges tax increase; Reagan wins 49 states.



1985. Dollar reaches record highs.

1986. Inside trading scandals rock Wall Street, but market soars.

1987. Bull market crashes.

1988. Economy refuses to quit; employment sets record.

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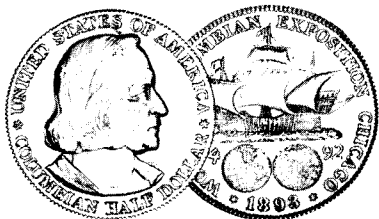
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ia is well documented. In a fifteen-month period in the late 1880s, for example, van Gogh produced hundreds of paintings, drawings, and lengthy letters. The conversion of another great writer of letters, the Apostle Paul, on the road to Damascus, had several of the hallmarks of a complex partial seizure—a blinding flash of light, confusion, a disembodied voice, and subsequent loss of appetite.

In a typical complex partial seizure a person stares blankly, smacks his lips or swallows, performs an automatic motion such as shaking a limb or picking at clothing, and is then bewildered and unable to speak for several minutes. But variations abound. The brain structures that can be affected by TLE are so heterogeneous—they control the senses, memory, learning, heart rate, and blood pressure—that a seizure can be experienced in any number of ways. Physical changes, such as irregular heartbeat and sexual climax, can occur. Some patients report intense emotions—fear, for example, that "something terrible is about to happen," or tremendous, unexplained joy. Dostoyevsky wrote, "I would not exchange for all the happiness life could give me the bliss" that preceded his seizures. Others experience a particular vivid memory every time they have a seizure. Still others enter into a "dreamy state," in which their emotions and memory are temporarily shut off. Altered sensory states are common. They include the "Alice in Wonderland syndrome," in which objects appear shrunken or enlarged; auditory and visual hallucinations; and "depersonalization"—the feeling of being outside or above one's body. Some seizures are preceded by pain, nausea, a foul smell of "burning rubber" or "dead skunk," or a "funny feeling" in the chest or stomach. Inappropriate laughter or crying may follow seizures. Many patients sleep for several hours afterward and then feel better.

More even than with most diseases, deciding whether or not someone has TLE is like doing detective work. To diagnose TLE, doctors look for an apparent clinical seizure as well as a "spike focus"—a region of the brain where abnormal electrical discharges begin, detectable on an electroencephalogram (EEG). TLE seizures are often not recognized for what they are, and large areas of the temporal lobes are inaccessible to the EEG. So although a positive EEG during a clinical seizure is the best

indicator of TLE, a negative EEG does not rule it out. Only in the past ten years have medical researchers been able to use sophisticated diagnostic tools such as EEGs with electrodes that can be implanted inside the brain or on its surface. These techniques, however, are expensive and still not widely used. As a result, many people with TLE (including roughly 30 percent of those with TLE being treated at the Beth Israel Hospital, in Boston) are first misdiagnosed as having a psychiatric disorder. The prevalence of psychosis seems much greater in people with TLE than in the general population, however, for reasons that are not yet known.

IN INMAN'S CASE, the best evidence is in the diary. The EEG was not invented until 1929, long after Inman swore off medical science, so he never had one. His scanty hospital records and autopsy report are unrevealing. But his description of his 1916 breakdown, which involved bizarre sensory and emotional states and culminated in an attack while he was at the home of friends, is consistent with a TLE seizure. "My whole nervous system went on strike," Inman wrote.

Specks of light zigzagged in front of me. My ears whistled. . . . The room began to circle with a curious rotary motion, very bewildering. I heard them talking, asking questions, but my ears were full of noise, and I could not understand. Suddenly. . . I began to cry long, racking sobs, without any end.

His friends were frightened and tried to put him to bed. After lying down for a while, Inman was able to join them for dinner.

This was the first of many such attacks. Inman wrote in 1919, "I feel as though I were undergoing a change such as occurs in a violin string when the pitch is raised. This condition has occurred to me time after time. . . ." Thirty years later he wrote,

I live in a box where the camera shutter is out of order and the filter doesn't work and the film is oversensitive, and whatever that is beautiful or lovely by rights registers painfully or askew. . . . The simplest factors of existence, sunlight and sound, uneven surfaces, moderate distances, transgress my ineffective barriers and raid the very inner keep of my broken fortifications, so that there exists no sanctuary or fastness to which I can

withdraw my sensitivity, neither awake nor asleep.

A medical report appended to the published diary suggests that the 1916 breakdown could have resulted from a viral infection, such as mononucleosis. But since no fever was reported, a virus is unlikely. Inman's sensitivities to light and sound and his visual and auditory hallucinations suggest migraine headaches as well as TLE. Migraines, thought to result from the expanding and shrinking of blood vessels to the brain, are more complex than other headaches. They share symptoms with TLE, including nausea, numbness, and temporary speech difficulties. Migraines are much more common among epilepsy sufferers than in the general population, and have on occasion responded well to treatment with anticonvulsant drugs. Inman probably had migraines. "But migraines alone could not have accounted for his unusual personality," says Shahram Khoshbin, a neurologist at Harvard Medical School and the Brigham and Women's Hospital, in Boston. "TLE could have."

PEOPLE WITH TLE, according to Khoshbin, tend to demonstrate five interictal traits (that is, traits in evidence *between* rather than *during* seizures). The first of the traits is hypergraphia. The second is hyperreligiosity—an unusual degree of concern with morality, philosophy, and mysticism, sometimes leading to multiple religious conversions. The third is "stickiness," or clinginess. People with this trait are often reluctant to end conversations. Doctors say their patients with TLE characteristically prolong appointments by returning to or repeatedly telephoning their offices. The fourth trait is altered or decreased interest in sex. The fifth is aggressiveness—usually undirected and transient, and rarely leading to violence.

The prevalence of this interictal behavior syndrome in people with TLE is controversial. No hard figures exist, and estimates vary widely. Some people with TLE do not have any of the traits. But "a large proportion" of them have some, according to Paul Spiers, a neuropsychologist at the Beth Israel. David Bear, the director of neuropsychiatry at the Vanderbilt University School of Medicine, agrees that the syndrome "could be very common." Bear says that he finds the syndrome in "a large percentage" of his TLE patients, many of

whom are referred to him because of his interest in behavior change and epilepsy. However, Thomas Browne, a neurologist at the Boston University Medical Center and the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Boston, says that in his experience the syndrome occurs in a "minority" of people with TLE—by his estimate, some five to 30 percent.

Pierre Gloor, a neurologist at the Montreal Neurological Institute, known throughout the world as a last stop for "untreatable" epilepsy patients, says that the syndrome may not be apparent unless doctors search for it. "It hits you in the eye in less than ten percent of cases, but that doesn't mean it doesn't exist in a somewhat hidden form in some other patients. Sometimes you have to dig for it."

When the behavior syndrome does occur, it is likely to arise abruptly and uncharacteristically. Researchers at the Beth Israel report the case of an athletic instructor with no previous intellectual interests who became consumed with the idea of writing something important. Another patient there, a middle-aged, semi-literate laborer, "started to keep a minute-by-minute log of his feelings and their relationship to God." Sexual changes occur just as suddenly. The most common is the loss of interest in sex, notable because it is not accompanied by loss of sexual function. Other patients undergo changes in sexual orientation—for example, alternating between homosexuality and heterosexuality as the frequency of their seizures changes. Though rare, deviant sexual practices—pederasty, bestiality, and fetishism—have also been reported. An extreme example of this is a man with TLE who became sexually aroused only at the sight of a safety pin, an involuntary response that must have resulted from faulty wiring in the brain.

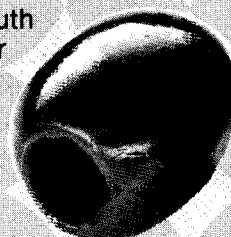
THE NEUROLOGICAL mechanism underlying the behavior syndrome is not clearly understood. The late Norman Geschwind, a renowned behavioral neurologist at Harvard, hypothesized that the syndrome occurs not as a result of seizures but rather as a consequence of changes in the brain which can themselves cause seizures. Too many and too rapid electrical connections in the brain's temporolimbic structures may bring about the behavior changes. David Bear calls these brain structures "gatekeepers to consciousness," for in them the sensory world meets our emotions and re-



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lates our sensory experience to biological drives (aggression, fear, hunger, and sexuality). If the structures are damaged, these connections can be altered, producing what Geschwind called "an excessive investment of the environment with limbic significance." As a result,

external stimuli begin to take on great importance; this leads in turn to increased concern with philosophical, religious, and cosmic matters. Since all events become charged with importance, the patients frequently resort to recording them in written form at great length and in highly charged language.

Many neurologists, however, consider the behavior syndrome questionable—and even pernicious—as a diagnostic category. Robert Feldman, the chief of neurology at the Boston University Medical Center and the Veterans Administration Medical Center in Boston, says that although some patients with TLE "do exhibit these personality traits, serious questions still exist about how specific they are" for TLE. Feldman speculates that the syndrome results not from neurological changes in the brain, as Geschwind proposed, but from the psychological and social stresses that all epilepsy sufferers experience. Seizures often "interfere with interpretation of environmental cues," he says, adding that people whose seizure disorders began in childhood tend to have the greatest social maladaptation. But the neurologist Martin Albert, also of the Boston University and Boston VA medical centers, is not convinced that the behavior syndrome is entirely the result of external factors. "Children with serious chronic illnesses other than epilepsy are also excluded and stigmatized," he says. "Why don't *they* develop this cluster of traits?"

Many people resist the notion that abnormally firing neurons can alter behavior and emotions. As Paul Spiers explains this resistance, "Who wants to think that a great literary work is based on a disease?" Some doctors, acknowledging the long history of prejudice against people with epilepsy, oppose publicly linking certain personality traits with TLE. That association, according to Thomas Browne, puts an additional and unnecessary burden on people who "already have enough trouble getting along in our society." David Coulter, the chief of pediatric neurology at the Boston University School of Medicine, says,

"The behavior syndrome is a personality disorder, a cluster of pejorative attributes, and gives people with epilepsy a bad name."

But doctors may do their patients a greater disservice by denying that the behavior syndrome is related to TLE. "The fact is that patients who have these symptoms go around wondering, 'Am I crazy?'" Paul Spiers says. "We can say, 'No, you're not crazy.'" Bear emphasizes that the syndrome represents a behavioral change, not a disease. Many of its traits, such as an interest in cosmic issues or a tendency to write extensively, are not in themselves signs of sickness. Dostoyevsky may have written as much and as well as he did *because* of epilepsy, Spiers says. "One of my TLE patients is a published poet who says that when her seizures are under control, the muse leaves her."

AS FOR INMAN, clearly he had many, if not all, of the traits of the behavior syndrome. On a questionnaire designed by Bear and the psychologist Paul Fedio, of the National Institutes of Health, to determine the extent to which the syndrome is present in patients, Inman scores well within the range of people with TLE and substantially above the control groups. The questionnaire was filled out for Inman separately by Bear and by Libby Smith, one of the editors of *The Inman Diary*. Smith, who spent seven years reviewing the unabridged diary and interviewing scores of people who knew its author, had never heard of TLE. Both she and Bear gave Inman high marks in nearly all of the eighteen traits listed on the questionnaire. (Together these eighteen make up a personality pattern quite similar to that described by Khoshbin's five traits.) "Compulsive attention to detail," for example, describes Inman's need to make lists and keep to rigid schedules. His childlike charm and tendency to fly into rages translate into high scores in several categories: "dependence," "deepening of all emotions," "humorlessness," and "paranoia." And his effort to chronicle his era demonstrates his "grandiosity" and "sense of personal destiny."

The syndrome could explain many of Inman's peculiarities—which bewildered his diary's readers. A story recounted by his chief osteopath reads like a textbook definition of stickiness. "I would be sailing off Cape Cod," Lakian recalls.

The Coast Guard cutter would come up. They'd say they had just had a flash that Arthur Inman wanted to see me immediately. I'd have to call him, ship-to-shore, and tell him I couldn't come right away. He'd say, "You have to come." I'd tell him it would cost him a lot of money. He'd say, "I don't care. Just come."

Lakian's description of Inman's sexual behavior fits the syndrome equally well. "Often when I came to see him, he would be sitting in a rocking chair, with these kids—young girls—in his lap, fondling them, his hands up their legs."

Sex held a somewhat intellectual fascination for Inman. He liked to lie naked in bed with women. He begged them to describe their sexual feelings to him. But he disliked sexual intercourse, and rarely engaged in it. Even if Inman didn't have epilepsy, "he must have had some kind of temporal-lobe or limbic disorder," according to Paul Spiers. "He was both detached and intense—in some sense not emotionally connected to the world."

Experts caution that the presence of the interictal behavior syndrome is not sufficient grounds for a diagnosis of TLE. But when the syndrome is present, epilepsy may reasonably be considered. Other possible causes of these traits are repeated use of LSD or cocaine, severe depression, and manic-depressive illness.

IF INMAN DID have TLE and were alive today, he would probably be treated with anticonvulsant medications and supportive psychotherapy and perhaps with surgery. Although Inman was never suspected of having epilepsy, he was in fact addicted to two drugs originally used as anticonvulsants—potassium bromide, first used for this purpose in 1859 and now largely discontinued, and barbiturates, introduced early in this century and still regarded as effective. The most common anticonvulsant drugs used today for TLE are carbamazepine, phenytoin, and phenobarbital. These may eliminate seizures or significantly reduce their frequency and severity in some patients, but have not been shown to affect interictal behavior and do not adequately control seizures for many people with TLE—25 percent of them according to doctors, and roughly 65 percent according to the patients themselves.

After exhaustive two-year surgical

work-ups, a small number of TLE patients undergo surgery to remove the part of the brain containing the seizure focus—often a mass of tissue as large as a fist. This operation has been performed, in conjunction with the EEG, on more than 5,000 patients since 1939, and far fewer than one percent have died as a result, largely because patients are not anesthetized during the procedure. Roughly 40 percent of survivors have become seizure-free and able to go off anti-convulsants. Another 40 percent have had significantly fewer seizures while remaining on drugs, and roughly 20 percent have remained the same or worsened. Worsening usually means more-frequent seizures and the introduction of new kinds of seizures, and rarely it involves lasting difficulties with thinking and remembering. Remarkably, however, a common long-term aftereffect of the surgery is improved neurological functioning overall; many patients' IQs have actually increased, and their moods have heightened. This is probably because epileptic brain tissue interferes with normal brain function.

TLE and the interictal behavior syndrome no doubt deserve much more attention and research. Because the disorder crosses the traditional boundaries between psychiatry and neurology, improved methods of recognizing and treating it may lead to a revolution in the diagnosis and treatment of psychiatric disorders such as manic-depressive illness and schizophrenia. Indeed, some doctors now suspect that many psychiatric disorders are themselves somehow related to seizures. Not long before his death, in 1984, Norman Geschwind wrote,

Behavioral change in temporal lobe epilepsy deserves very special consideration, since it is probably the only cause of major change in behavior for which we have a plausible mechanism of pathogenesis. . . . The importance of this syndrome results from its clinical fascination, its frequency, and from its unique capacity to present to us a clear-cut physiological paradigm for the occurrence of behavioral change after alterations in the brain.

TLE, which permits psychiatrists and neurologists to examine the same problems, may advance knowledge in both fields and lead to a better understanding of the physiological causes of mental illness and mental health.

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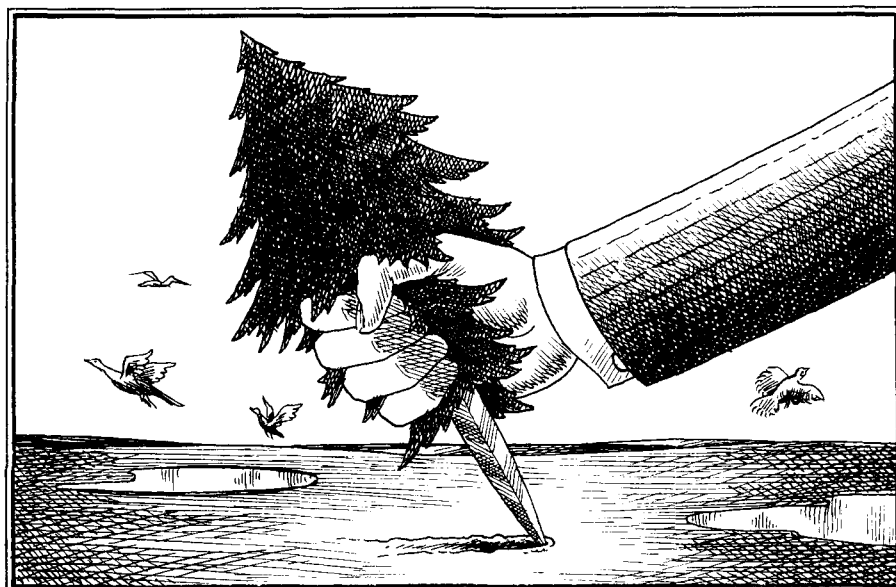
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ENVIRONMENT

THE FLOWS

Activists arguing over bogs in Scotland are learning that desirable objectives are not always compatible

BY THE LOOK OF it, the Flow Country of northeastern Scotland was not blessed by nature. Tucked into a forgotten corner of Caithness and Sutherland counties, the region is rarely mentioned in tourist guides, perhaps because it does not deliver on the Highland promise so dramatically fulfilled in the west, where rugged mountains push directly out of the sea. The Flows are bog—1,500 square miles of peat moor, with the occasional bristly pelt of heather, which is shoe-polish brown except in late summer, when it blossoms to its full color. There are no mountains here, there are barely hills, and the soil is so poor and the foliage so sparse that sheep tend to graze not in picturesque clumps but in sad-looking trios and pairs, or even alone. The ground is so waterlogged that it gives with each step, sucking in the walker like quicksand and then letting go with a fat wet belch. Very few people live here, and those who do are as far-flung as the sheep. A single house might make up a town; a pair of gasoline pumps puts it on the map.

Though many Britons have barely heard of this area, it is the subject of an increasingly bitter land dispute. Suddenly just about every political interest group in Scotland seems to have taken a keen interest in the Flow Country,

which has become the focus of what the British press has dubbed the conservation debate of the decade. Conservationists themselves say they haven't fought a battle this important in at least thirty years.

The "battle of the bogs" involves the usual standoff between developers and conservationists. Each group claims, predictably enough, that the other's intentions will detract from the common good. But what distinguishes the Flows dispute is that the developers do not build condominiums or tract housing or industrial parks. They plant forests.

Driving along the one-lane road that cuts through the heart of the Flows, one finds the sight of the occasional deep-green thicket a great relief after miles of nothing but scrub. But instead of being grouped around the odd farmstead, the trees spring up in vast rectangular plots, like massive cowlicks in a crewcut. The trees are conifers and they tend toward the spindly. Each plot is fenced with wire threaded through gray wooden posts, to eerie effect. It quickly becomes clear that these groves are as natural as billboards—which, to conservationists, they might as well be.

Scientists say that a change in the climate about 3,000 years ago rendered the soil too wet to sustain sizable forests. When the climate changed, sphagnum moss, a springy, fibrous plant that can hold many times its weight in water, took over, making the region what it was until about a decade ago—essentially a vast living blanket of moss that builds continually on itself. By now the moss goes down twenty feet or more. Deep within the peat's bottom layers lie the re-

mains of the last major natural tree growth in this region—gnarled stumps of Scotch pine, dating from 2500 B.C.

Until recently the Flows were not deemed suitable for large-scale forestry ventures. Trees native to Scotland could not withstand the moisture and acidity, and the tangled moss offers tricky footing for tree roots. The winds here are said to be among the highest in the world: many of those trees that do manage to take root and grow are in danger of being blown over.

Given these drawbacks, perhaps a less determined people would have left the peat to its own devices. But the will to plant trees in Britain is strong. By the end of the nineteenth century, demand by shipbuilding, industry, and sheep farmers had left only about five percent of the United Kingdom woodland, and the demand during the First World War made matters worse. The bleak postwar landscape was alarming enough to prompt the formation of a commission to resurrect Britain's near-dead forestry industry. The Forestry Commission bought and planted whatever land it could, competing fairly successfully with agricultural interests for grazing land. Today 10 percent of Britain is covered with trees (as compared with 27 percent of France and 29 percent of the United States), and the Forestry Commission is the most important landholder in Scotland. Britain must nonetheless import 85 percent of its timber, at a yearly cost of roughly \$7.7 billion (£4.5 billion), and both public and private forestry interests are constantly on the lookout for new turf to plant. As land prices in fertile regions have soared, the Flow Country has taken on appeal.

ACCORDING TO SANDY CALDER, the Forestry Commission's private-forestry and environment officer in northern Scotland, private forestry of the Flows began in earnest in 1979. Flow Country land was (and is) dirt cheap—often less than \$80 an acre—and generous government grants, which continue to be awarded, and tax incentives, which were curtailed last spring, made even risky planting attractive to investors. Fountain Forestry, a forest-management company based in Perth, made it easy for investors to take advantage of the opportunities the government provided, by buying, planting, and managing large plots of trees for landowners, who never needed to set foot in the Flow Country. By early this year Fountain For-



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estry had planted trees on about 42,000 acres, providing investors with millions of pounds in grant and tax benefits.

At first this new interest in planting the Flows was universally applauded. But as forestation continued and more and more Flow Country hillsides were blanketed in trees, alarms were sounded, first by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds and then by the powerful Nature Conservancy Council, an autonomous body funded by the British government. The NCC took a series of photographs, from the air and on the ground, in which scrubby pine forests appear to be overtaking the defenseless bogs. The draining trenches look awful, like angry gashes across a child's back. But the forestation of the Flows was portrayed as far worse than unsightly. It was said to ensure the rapid erosion of a world resource that, in its own quiet way, is as precious as Africa's Serengeti plain and Brazil's tropical rain forests.

The Flows do have their attractions, but they are subtle and, in fact, nothing like those found in the world's spectacular and dramatic wilderness areas. There are lovely and delicate wild flowers, many of them so tiny you have to muck about the peat to find them. There are red deer in abundance, and otters and other small mammals. The Flows are fabulous fishing country: the salmon that run in the rapid rivers attract well-to-do fishermen from all over the world. And, most important to conservationists, there are birds, a unique array of them. Two thirds of the British population of greenshanks, one third of the dunlins, and a hefty number of golden plovers come here to breed. In addition to these wading birds, there are waterfowl, such as black-throated divers (arctic loons), little grebes, and greylag geese. There are merlins and golden eagles and other birds of prey. The conservationists argue that with its fishing and bird watching and, to a lesser extent, hunting for red deer and grouse, the Flow Country would do far better to pursue the tourist and sporting trade. Forestry, the conservationists argue, threatens to destroy the very resource that could make the Flows forever solvent.

Such arguments do not impress Sandy Calder. I caught up with Calder in Inverness earlier this year, during a lunch break at a conference called "Land Use and Scottish Agriculture in the 1990's," sponsored by Britain's National Economic Development Office. A native of a boggy section of Sutherland, Calder

said he was sick and tired of listening to conservationists rhapsodizing about the peat bogs as if they were the "bloody Alps." "The Flows are nothing but one massive, degraded bog," he said. "It's not all that valuable. Forestation would be an improvement."

Calder struck me as a sensitive man but also a practical one. His commission estimates that forestation of the bogs will result in the creation of 2,000 jobs in Caithness and Sutherland counties—a significant number in this sparsely populated region where the unemployment rate is 15 to 18 percent. "What's important in the Highlands," he said, "are the people, and the people can't stay here if there are not jobs."

Richard Lindsay, the Nature Conservancy Council's peat expert, doesn't believe that planting forests is a sound solution to the Highlands' unemployment problem. He has walked thousands of miles of bog and can distinguish among varieties of sphagnum moss from ten paces. When I visited the Flows, after the conference, he lent me an extra pair of green rubber boots for a walk in the bogs near Forsinard, a town that is nothing more than a hotel and a few houses stuck near a railroad stop smack in the middle of the Flows.

"Sphagnum bog moss is a pathetic little worm of a plant, brilliantly adapted to absorbing water and grabbing nutrients from soil," Lindsay began, plucking and squeezing great fistfuls of the stuff until the water ran out in a stream. "Sphagnum has been used as wick in oil lamps, and it was used as a wound dressing in World War One. Since it locks up nutrients, bacteria can't live in it, so it's anti-septic. And since bacteria can't live in it, it doesn't decay. It simply accumulates into peat. This moor, this pile of peat, took three thousand years to make."

"Walking the peat is really a sensual experience," Lindsay said, thrusting a handful of sweet-smelling moss under my nose. "One amusing thing about the bogs is that all the water pools at the top of the hill, because the top is the flattest part. The water in the Flows moves very slowly. It has a finely balanced hydrology, and we're not exactly sure how it works. We do know that the pool systems are all linked and that they depend on each other, so disturbing the ground next to a pool can disrupt an entire bog." The pools, Lindsay said, are particularly vulnerable to disturbance by man. The foresters deny that they plant trees in these pools, but Lindsay has slides that

show bulldozer tracks leading right to the edge of one.

We drove a few miles on a dirt road, stopping occasionally to open gates that led us deeper into the moor. Suddenly we were surrounded by waist-high trees of two varieties, Sitka spruce and lodgepole pine. Neither is native to Scotland, though Sitka spruce is no newcomer, having been imported from North America in the early part of the nineteenth century. Spruces and pines were planted in clumps of three, and the clumps were staggered along the rows. Under ideal conditions the spruce grows rapidly, but here it could barely tolerate the wet peat. In contrast, the pine initially endures peat quite well. It helps create a more hospitable environment for the spruce by reducing the acidity in the soil, soaking up moisture, and providing a windbreak. For this reason foresters call the pine a "nurse" or "sacrificial" tree. Eventually the spruce overtakes the pine, stretches its roots, and dominates the forest.

There's much dispute over how these trees will survive rooted in muck and buffeted by winds. So far their growth has been slow, and there have been infestations of pine beauty moth (a pest that doesn't bother much with native Scotch pine), which have wiped out hundreds of acres and forced the use of insecticides. Foresters nonetheless claim that the vast majority of trees will survive and flourish in the Flows, growing to full size in thirty-five to forty-five years.

Government grants and (until last spring) tax incentives made the success of tree plantations almost beside the point for investors in forestry in the Flows. Planting grants and tax deductions for capital outlays and operational costs offset 60 to 70 percent of investors' costs within the first few years of planting. Tax incentives, long considered the most effective means of promoting forestation, have been made vastly unpopular by press reports decrying them as publicly subsidized tax shelters for the rich. As a consequence, these tax breaks are being phased out over the next few years, but the grants for tree planting have become more generous. The Royal Society for the Protection of Birds estimates that more than \$20.4 million in public money has been given in grants and tax relief to fewer than a hundred investors, most of them English, in Flow Country forestry. These investors include rock-and-roll stars, a late-night

TV talk host, and the London Tory councillor Shirley Porter.

Fountain Forestry insists that the cultivation and felling of trees will provide secure jobs for locals. So far the Forestry Commission, Fountain Forestry, and individual landowners have planted 148,000 acres, eight percent of the land in Caithness and Sutherland, which is said to have created the equivalent of 300 full-time jobs. The forestry interests project that hundreds more jobs will open up in about twenty to forty years, when the 247,000 to 285,000 acres of timber they hope to raise are ready for felling and processing. Conservationists dispute this, arguing that "traveling circuses" of professional foresters from outside the Flow Country will probably be hired to do much of the actual felling and hauling of trees. The forestry business, however, could certainly provide a number of permanent jobs—in pulp mills, for example.

George McRobbie, the director of Fountain Forestry's Scottish operations, told me that if planting were halted, he would be forced to lay off all but forty of the 200-some workers he now employs

in Caithness and Sutherland. The NCC waited to protest, McRobbie said, until 1985, when planting was well under way, thereby leaving his company with the awkward choice of either digging in its heels or giving up any hope of recovering its investment. "We talked to the NCC before we started planting [in 1979], and we got no signals from them at all that what we were doing was potentially damaging," he said. "It's my belief that this whole debate would have remained a low-key local issue if the RSPB hadn't gotten involved."

The Royal Society for the Preservation of Birds has half a million members, more than any other charity organization and, for that matter, more than any political party in Britain. Its budget, between \$17 million and \$20 million a year, is comparable to that of Fountain Forestry. The RSPB is all for forestry, as long as the trees are planted discreetly and with respect for bird life. Its idea is to encourage crofters, or tenant farmers, to plant small woodlands as shelter for their fields and animals. But since any trees planted on crofting land would be the property of the landowner, crofters

as a rule lack any motive to plant trees themselves. The RSPB hopes this will change, and is at any rate dead set against further blanket forestation of the Flows.

The Flows, according to Roy Dennis, the Highland regional manager for the RSPB, are particularly good bird country because of their diverse habitats. There are wide-open bogs, pools, plateaus, and enough insects to feed an avian army. Dennis bristled when I asked him about the argument that woodlands bring their own brand of wildlife and that woodlands could, in fact, support more birds than moor. "Fountain Forestry says, 'We might have lost ten greenshanks but we've gained a hundred chaffinches,'" he said. "That's like saying we've lost a giant panda but we've got ten million rabbits instead. There are chaffinches in every wood in Britain. What's important here is the community of birds, the variety of both common and rare species."

Some landowners, too, have loudly objected to the forestation of the Flows. Their greatest fear is that the trees will upset the balance that has made this area



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one of the best hunting and fishing spots in Europe. It is clear, for example, that extensive woodlands will disrupt the red-deer population, the hunting of which is big business in the Flow Country. And there is concern that trenches dug to drain the bog will leach debris into the rivers, polluting them and disrupting the fish populations. Fishermen will pay as much as \$170 a day just for access to the Helmsdale, the Halladale, and other local rivers. Hunting and fishing are the reason why there is an expensive hotel tucked behind the gas pumps of some of the two-house towns in the Flows, booked for the season with Germans, Italians, Americans, and English. Every year salmon fisherman bring up to \$272 million to the Highland economy.

In contrast, the Garvault Hotel, where Richard Lindsay, of the Nature Conservancy Council, took me for a drink after a long day, is not an expensive place, and its clientele is not elite. To get there one must drive sixteen miles from Forsinard, past miles of nothing but blue-branded sheep. The Garvault is listed in the *Guinness Book of [British and Canadian] Records* as mainland Britain's most isolated hotel, a relatively mild accomplishment in these crowded countries. Still, the place appears properly remote, and a bit ramshackle, with little to recommend it but its proximity to good trout fishing. Its proprietors, Cathy and Tony MacDonald, usually manage to make themselves available at the bar, where they hold forth hilariously on the antics of their more colorful guests. Most guests come to fish for brown trout or to walk the moors—much cheaper activities than salmon fishing or hunting or even guided bird watching. The drinks at the Garvault are famously liberal, and they have been known to flow until dawn.

Like many Highlanders, the MacDonalds don't like Fountain Forestry. "The deer are on the road now, and that's never happened before," Cathy said while pouring out draughts. "It's the trees that brought them out. They have nowhere else to go. There's nothing to this forestry business but greed—greed and money. Nothing else."

IN JULY OF LAST YEAR the Nature Conservancy Council published a report that seemed to confirm Cathy MacDonald's appraisal. "Birds, Bogs and Forestry," which proposed a moratorium on forestation, concluded that

the area of the Caithness and Sutherland peatlands already lost to forestry . . . represents perhaps the most massive single loss of important wildlife habitat since the Second World War. Henceforth the situation will be different, in that any further losses to this unique area will take place as the result of deliberate decisions taken in full knowledge of what is at stake.

The press conference announcing the report was held in London. At precisely the same time, two Highland government planning agencies, the Highland Regional Council and the Highlands and Islands Development Board, held a press conference in Inverness and claimed that the NCC proposal threatened 2,000 Highland jobs. The timing was no coincidence. The government agencies were outraged that the NCC would make its announcement in England rather than Scotland, where the real impact of its findings would be felt. By appealing to southern environmentalists, who have nothing to lose by conservation in the Flows, the NCC was perceived as overlooking the human component. Some Highlanders, after all, have to make a living and raise their families in the Flows, and they are not altogether impressed with the NCC "boys," whom some of them characterize as naive and patronizing busybodies.

Similarly, an NCC announcement that employment in nature conservation and related activities amounted to the equivalent of more than 300 full-time jobs for the Highlands did nothing to impress the chairman of the Highlands and Islands Development Board, Robert Cowan, who described it as a "scen setter to soften up the area for new conservation restraints of unprecedented proportions." Cowan's job, promoting development in the Highlands, is not an easy one. Several Highland counties have lost thousands of jobs in the oil sector, and unfavorable currency-exchange rates have hurt exports and retail sales. There simply aren't many job opportunities in the Highlands, and Cowan and other Highland administrators are loath to dismiss just about any employment option, including forestry.

Creating jobs in the countryside is a goal not only of Scotland but of all Britain. A curtailment of overproduction in commodities such as grain, beef, and milk has caused a loss of farm jobs, thereby putting still more pressure on urban areas already plagued by crowding and housing shortages. Cowan says that

forestation is an important part of a larger plan to attract and keep people in the Highlands, where the population has fallen fairly consistently since 1851. His organization is in favor of a 50 percent increase in tree planting in Caithness and Sutherland, to bring the total forested-land area in the region up to 15 percent.

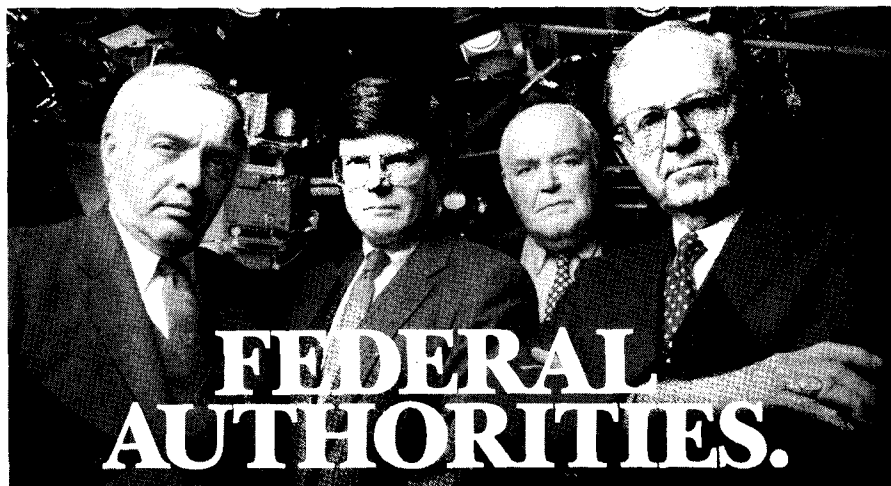
Conservationists like to compare the planting of trees on 15 percent of the Flows to the cutting away of 15 percent of a Rembrandt—85 percent of both treasures remain, they say, but that 85 percent just isn't the same. In addition, many of the bird species that breed in the Flow Country do so because of its vast openness. NCC scientists contend that golden plover, dunlin, lapwing, and redshank tend to avoid breeding within a half mile of a forest. There is a good reason for this: birds nesting on bogland near forests would be endangered by predators, such as crows and foxes, that live in tree plantations.

For now it is unclear whether this year's tax reform will reduce forestation in the Flow Country or simply reshape it. There is speculation that the new, larger planting grants will prompt a different kind of investor—insurance-company portfolio managers, for example, rather than rock and TV stars. With famous names no longer involved, conservationists fear that the issue will lose its place in the public eye.

Meanwhile, Malcolm Rifkind, the Secretary of State of Scotland, has voiced his intention of safeguarding a substantial area of peat moor, including the most important bog systems and bird habitats. But he also says that further forestation can and should proceed. No doubt it will. Like so many conservation debates, the battle of the bogs is essentially a political dispute in which opinions have been mislabeled as facts, and facts dismissed as opinion. Because the two sides contradict each other on virtually everything, from the nesting habits of wading birds to the effects of wind on saplings, there seems to be no possible basis for compromise.

The only thing on which the two sides seem to agree is that forestation of the Flows is an experiment, an experiment that will be twenty to forty years in the making. Whether the result will be the rejuvenation of the Highland economy, an environmental calamity, or both, this gentle, rolling bogland will be forever changed in the process.

—Ellen Ruppel Shell



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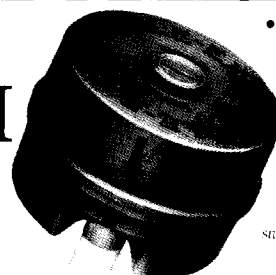
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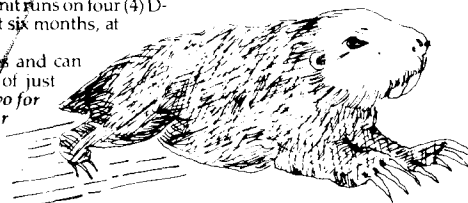


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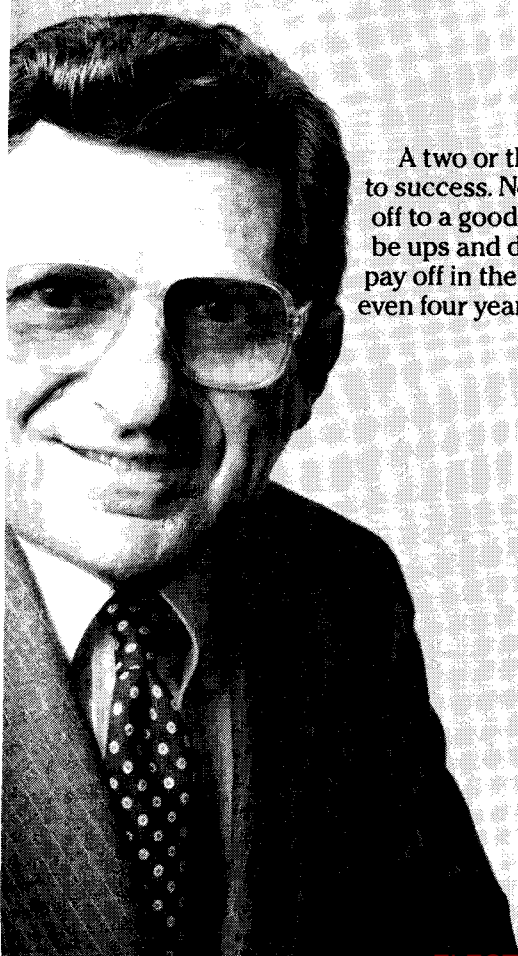
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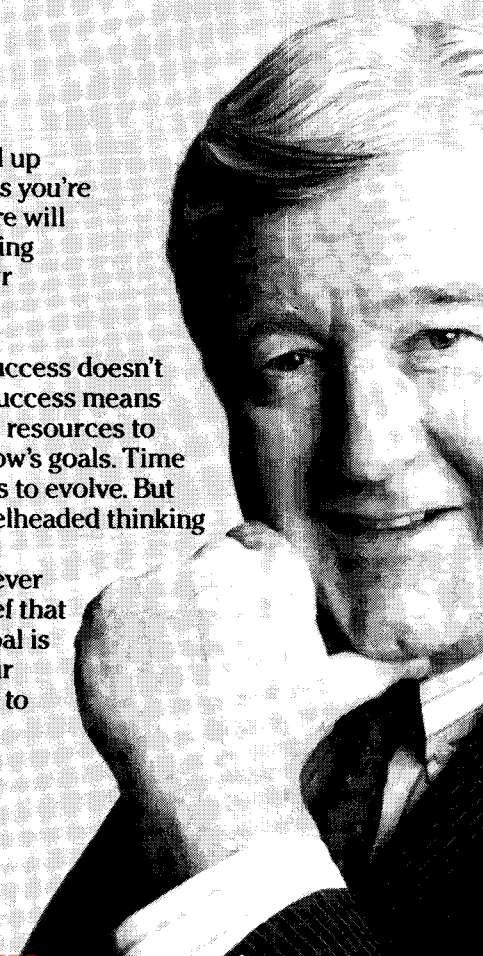
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Civic education can help us to see that not all problems have solutions, to live with tentative answers, to accept compromise, to embrace responsibilities as well as rights—to understand that democracy is a way of living, not a settled destination

WHY STUDY HISTORY?

BY PAUL GAGNON



EIGHTEEN NINETY-TWO WAS A PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION year, and the exchanges between Grover Cleveland and Benjamin Harrison, which were notably superficial and sometimes unsavory, avoided most of the toughest questions facing Americans at the time. Perhaps it was no accident, then, that at year's end the illustrious Committee of Ten's subcommittee on history (including Woodrow Wilson) proclaimed the need for all high school students, whether or not they were college-bound, to take four years of history courses about America and the outside world. Why? The study of history, they said, best prepared the student to exert "a salutary influence upon

the affairs of his country," because it best promoted "the invaluable mental power which we call judgment."

When students, and school boards, ask, Why history? What are we supposed to be getting out of this? the best answer is still that one word: judgment. We demand it of all professionals: doctors, lawyers, chefs, and quarterbacks. And we need it most in the profession of citizen, which, like it or not, exercise it or not, we all are born into. Just as surely, candidates for public office need to know that a fair number of citizens possess judgment. Cleveland and Harrison were not simpletons. Like most political leaders, they knew more than they dared to say, and wor-

ried more than they dared to show. The Committee of Ten put civic education at the top of the school agenda because they saw a need to raise the level of political debate in the country. We still need to do it; not much has changed since then. The great committee's recommendations were not widely adopted, or for very long.

People asked then, as they ask now, Why history, and why so much of it? What does the past have to do with preparing citizens for the next century? Why isn't a civics or American-government course good enough? The answer goes back to judgment, which requires more than knowing where the tools of self-government are and how to wield them. Judgment implies nothing less than wisdom—an even bigger word—about human nature and society. It takes a sense of the tragic and of the comic to make a citizen of good judgment. It takes a bone-deep understanding of how hard it is to preserve civilization or to better human life, and of how these have nonetheless been done repeatedly in the past. It takes a sense of paradox, so as not to be surprised when failure teaches us more than victory does or when we slip from triumph to folly. And maybe most of all it takes a practiced eye for the beauty of work well done, in daily human acts of nurture. Tragedy, comedy, paradox, and beauty are not the ordinary stuff of even the best courses in civics and government. But history, along with biography and literature, if they are well taught, cannot help but convey them.

This year another committee, of distinguished historians and outstanding schoolteachers, spelled out those historical habits of mind that promote judgment. Studying history, said the Bradley Commission on History in Schools, helps students to develop a sense of “shared humanity”; to understand themselves and “otherness,” by learning how they resemble and how they differ from other people, over time and space; to question stereotypes of others, and of themselves; to discern the difference between fact and conjecture; to grasp the complexity of historical cause; to distrust the simple answer and the dismissive explanation; to respect particularity and avoid false analogy; to recognize the abuse of historical “lessons,” and to weigh the possible consequences of such abuse; to consider that ignorance of the past may make us prisoners of it; to realize that not all problems have solutions; to be prepared for the irrational, the accidental, in human affairs; and to grasp the power of ideas and character in history.

Such habits of mind are the fruits of civic education, which casual observers (and many educators) mistakenly think is easier and naturally more interesting for students than other school subjects. History and social-studies teachers know better. With Tocqueville, they know that teaching the art of democratic politics is extraordinarily difficult, demanding more of learners than other subjects do, not only while they learn but also afterward, in the conduct of their lives. One reason for the difficulty, as Tocqueville explained in *Democracy in America*, is that many of the most vital problems for democratic politics are not solvable in any neat or final way.

To take Tocqueville's foremost example, democracies cherish both liberty and equality, both personal freedom and social justice. There is no recipe for just the right blend, in any given situation, of liberty and equality. The two impulses inevitably clash, yet each is indispensable to the preservation of a bearable level of the other. Civic education teaches the young why this is so, by presenting the tough historical experiences that have convinced us of it. Young people need to see that conflict is to be expected and is not some failure of a system that should run itself and leave them alone.

Thus civic education is difficult because it asks people to accept the burdens of living with tentative answers, with unfinished and often dangerous business. It asks them to accept costs and compromises, to take on responsibilities as eagerly as they claim rights, to honor the interests of others while pursuing their own, to respect the needs of future generations, to speak the truth and do the right thing when falsehood and the wrong thing would be more profitable, and generally to restrain their appetites and expectations—all this while working to inform themselves on the multiple problems and choices their elected servants confront.

It is easy enough to lay out these wholesome values and attitudes in classroom lessons and have the students repeat the phrases and swear devotion to them in quizzes and papers. And it is not so hard even to practice them, provided that a certain level of morale prevails. There is no trick to virtuous behavior when things are going well. Most people will hold ethical attitudes, without much formal instruction, when they feel themselves to be free, secure, and justly treated.

The truly tough part of civic education is to prepare people for bad times. The question is not whether they will remember the right phrases but whether they will turn words into practice when they feel wrongly treated or fear for their freedom and security, or when authorities and the well-placed, in the public or private sector, appear to flout every value taught in school. The chances for democratic principles to survive such crises depend upon the number of citizens who remember how free societies have responded to crises in the past, how free societies have acted to defend themselves in, and emerge from, the bad times. Why have some societies fallen and others stood fast? Citizens need to tell one another, before it is too late, what struggles have had to be accepted, what sacrifices borne and comforts given up, to preserve freedom and justice. The deep, discriminating historical knowledge required to ward off panic, self-pity, and resignation is not always fun to acquire.

WHEN STUDENTS ASK WHY THEY MUST STUDY HISTORY, they are entitled to some such answer as this. They have the right to know our purposes, why we ask so much of them, and why we have no choice but to do so, in fairness to them and to the larger society.

Why try to deny that it is hard to gain historical perspective on the adventures of democratic ideas, or their vulnerability in times of stress?

Hard, yes, but how much more engaging, and less burdensome, than to memorize the parades of dates, names, and facts that students have so long complained about. Historical study, the Bradley Commission said, should “focus upon broad, significant themes and questions, rather than short-lived memorization of fact without context.”

What are those “broad, significant themes and questions” that in the history of the United States would bring life to the facts and promote wisdom about ourselves and our place in the world? In a single year’s course—all that is required in most high schools today—that purports to cover everything from the Mayans to moon landings, the choice of a few major themes is imperative.

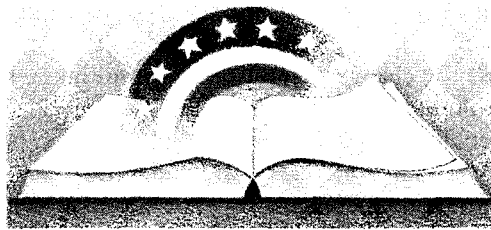
The story of American democracy must be one of these. This means political history, broadly defined—not a recital of successive presidential Administrations, names, dates, laws, and elections but the story of the slow, unsteady journey of liberty and justice, together with the economic, social, religious, and other forces that barred or smoothed the way, and with careful looks at advances and retreats made, and at the distance yet to be covered.

Three questions, for example, are central to civic education and today’s politics: What conditions—geographic, military, economic, social, technological—have nurtured democratic society, and what happens when conditions change? What ideas, values, and educational forces have promoted freedom and justice for us in the past, and can we take these for granted now? What have Americans in each generation actually done to extend democracy, and what needs doing still? Such questions, which have no final, agreed-upon answers, demand exploration if students are to be prepared for citizenship.

Together with the evolution of democratic ideas and practices, other themes suggest themselves. One is the gathering of the many diverse groups of people, the many cultures, that have made up our society and are still changing it. Another is the economic transformation of America from the pre-industrial society of the colonies into the contemporary technological, post-industrial society. A third is the evolution of our role in the world, from that of a cluster of small, quarrelsome colonies in revolution in the 1770s to that of superpower.

Each of these themes is related to all the others, and

The truly tough part of civic education is to prepare people for bad times. Why have some societies fallen and others stood fast?



each directly affects the course of democracy here and elsewhere in the world. Each produces tensions for all the others. This, too, needs to be repeated as the history course goes on, until it becomes obvious to students that most questions worth asking have no final answers and that no themes worth examining have endings, happy or otherwise—in sum, that the adventure of democracy, the struggle for liberty, equality, and human dignity, is a way of living, not a settled destination. There can be no such thing, despite the title of a leading high school textbook, as the final “triumph” of the American nation. Our triumph occurs, or does not, in the daily routines of how we do what needs to be done and how we treat one another and the rest of humankind.

The failure of textbooks to pursue large questions reflects not only on the publishing industry and the pressures it faces but on the historical profession as well. Not many historians devote themselves to wide sweeps of history, working at big themes and synthesizing the new scholarship that keeps piling up. The pressure to specialize in narrow periods or techniques, coming from both the profession and the university, is formidable.

One result is a shortage of imaginative books of synthesis, in which textbook writers could find inspiration. Another is that survey courses at the college level—precisely those courses that could be of most help to future teachers—are neglected, casually put together, and often understaffed or left to part-time faculty and graduate teaching assistants. Beyond the survey courses are the history programs for majors, whose pattern and requirements are frequently ill designed to prepare teachers. And at the graduate level, where academic historians are trained, very rare are the courses dealing with synthesis and interpretive themes.

All of this is to say that textbooks are only part of the many-sided problem of teaching history in the schools. However critical some of the following comments may be, the authors of high school history textbooks deserve a good deal of sympathy. It cannot be said too often that the prevailing high school curriculum severely circumscribes what the American-history course can accomplish. The nature of the course, in turn, limits how good the textbook can be. Because an eleventh-grade course is the only history required in most states, the authors of textbooks can assume very little prior knowledge among their readers. And they know too well that the American-history course—and their own books—may be the last exposure to history most

students will get. Even those students who are college-bound are unlikely to find further history required for their general education, so shapeless have university core curricula become.

The authors' responses to curricular emptiness are all too evident: the texts are overloaded with facts. Unable to count on any prior historical, cultural, or political literacy in their readers, the authors omit ideas and analyses, or pitch them to the lowest common denominator. Since the American-history course must serve the dual purpose of informing students about history and shaping approved civic attitudes, texts also fall into a tendency toward "presentism," in which people and actions of the past are judged by today's fashions rather than by the different circumstances and prevailing ideas of their time. Needless to say, this makes for bad history, swapping truth for a temporary glow of moral superiority. Worse, it deprives students of perspective on themselves. By ignoring the reality of change from the past, it ignores as well the change there will surely be after us, producing still different fashions of thought—by which we should not necessarily wish to be judged.

Limited in their conception of time, these textbooks are constrained to be parochial about space as well. Already overloaded with more material than could possibly be absorbed over the course of a school year, the textbooks are hard put to place the United States in its global setting, present or past. Yet they must try. What has been our impact on other societies, and theirs on ours? However banal the phrase has become, "global consciousness" is imperative in textbooks designed for the American-history course; self-understanding requires global understanding.

This is not something new and suddenly to be worried about because we find ourselves interdependent with the rest of a globe shrunk by the technologies of travel, communications, economic production and exchange, and weapons systems. John Donne's admonition ("No man is an island. . .") has always held, particularly for us Americans, who have so often tried to ignore it, in our flight from the Old World and troublesome foreigners, in our faith in our exceptionalism. Events early and elsewhere have directed our national life. The American-history course should make plain that the bell tolled for us when the Portuguese began African slave-trading in 1444, when the French bombarded Saigon in 1859, when the Japanese humiliated Nicholas II in 1905, when Franz Ferdinand was assassinated in 1914, when the Weimar Republic fell in 1933, when Mao took the Long March to Shensi the year after. And now it tolls for us in the investment banks of Tokyo, the sweatshops of Seoul and Hong Kong, the drug depots of Colombia, the killing grounds of the Middle East. To know and to understand all this is both the birthright and the duty of citizens, but it is an enormous burden for a single course and its textbook to bear.

The five high school American-history texts examined here lead the field in the number of state and major district

adoption lists on which they appear across the country. They are

- Boorstin, Daniel J., and Brooks M. Kelley, *A History of the United States*, Ginn and Company, 1986.
- Bragdon, Henry W., and Samuel P. McCutchen, *History of a Free People*, Macmillan, 1981.
- Davidson, James West, and Mark H. Lytle, *The United States: A History of the Republic*, Prentice-Hall, 1988.
- Risjord, Norman K., and Terry L. Haywoode, *People and Our Country*, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1982.
- Todd, Lewis Paul, and Merle Curti, *Triumph of the American Nation*, Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1986.

What follows is not a critical review of either the authors' writing style or their professional scholarship but simply a response to two questions: First, how helpful are these books for teaching democracy's ideas, practices, and adventures in the United States? Second, what might they add to promote the political sophistication of American students?

Before America

A DECADE AGO DAVID DONALD, A PROFESSOR OF American history at Harvard, stirred a squall on the op-ed page of *The New York Times* by publicly agonizing over whether his courses were still worth teaching. His students expected to learn how the past related to the present and to the future. But, Donald wrote, we had arrived at an era of dwindling resources, and the lessons of "incurable optimism" that students took from the American past were "not merely irrelevant but dangerous." Was it not his first duty to stop misleading them, to "disenthrall them from the spell of history, to help them see the irrelevance of the past?"

Professor Donald was worried for the wrong reasons. American history is not misleading because it is optimistic, though one wonders how to manage a sunny view of the slave trade, the Civil War, the Depression, or Vietnam. It is misleading because it is drastically insufficient on its own. We have taken to teaching it by itself, as though it were rooted nowhere—as though the American past, by which David Donald's students hoped to understand themselves, reached back only to Columbus, rather than to Noah and before.

The plain fact is that American history is not intelligible, and we are not intelligible to ourselves, without a firm grasp of the life and ideas of the ancient world, of Judaism and Christianity, of Islam and Christendom in the Middle Ages, of feudalism, of the Renaissance and the Reformation, of the English Revolution and the Enlightenment. The first settlers did not sail into view out of a void, their minds as blank as the Atlantic Ocean. They were shaped and scarred by tens of centuries of religious, social, literary, and political experience. Their notions of honor and heroism were learned from Greco-Roman myth and

history, from the Bible and the lives of the saints of the Church, from stories of knights and Crusaders, explorers and sea dogs of the Renaissance, soldiers and martyrs of the wars of religion. Those who sailed west to America came in fact not to build a New World but to bring to life in a new setting what they treasured most from the Old World.

In this perspective, ours is one of the great multifarious adventures of human history. Boring? Dull? It can fascinate the young, who want to find themselves in the stream of time, to see where their life histories join the history of the race. The blood of American students ran in men and women working the soil of Burgundy and the Ukraine, of China and Africa, before the Normans set out on their conquests. Our ideas of good, evil, honor, and shame weighed upon Jews and Greeks and Christians centuries before Rome fell, and came to us by way of the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and the Reformation. But we do not like to look so far back. We prefer the myth of the New World, innocent of the sins of the old. It has been our own special sin of pride, shutting out the possibility of knowing ourselves or of understanding others. Its educational consequence has been the shrinking of American history to mean only United States history, and the near-total abandonment of ancient, European, and British history, of that Western civilization whose ever-changing works and ideas, both beneficent and destructive, have shaped most of our history and the modern world's. Ignoring Tocqueville's pleas not to forget our heritage, we leave the young to a kind of amnesia.

The five leading American-history textbooks omit or dumb down the Old World background, as though it were of little importance. It is hard to tell whether the authors assume that students already know it all, know nothing, or, at seventeen, are incapable of comprehension above a grade-school level. Most of the books preserve the old-fashioned, cliché-ridden Protestant-progressive tone of the early 1900s. The Middle Ages, when they are mentioned at all, are dark and stagnant, their people without ideas or curiosity and interested only in life after the grave. There is no merit in the era, for even the happy results of the Crusades ("new products" and "new ideas") were unintended. Then, suddenly, the Renaissance springs forth, as "Europe Awakens." People begin to think for themselves and seek "new horizons." Hence the explorers, and the discovery of America.

In this kind of pop history there is no room for nuance, for mixtures of continuity and change, for the accomplishments of our medieval ancestors, or for the underside of the Renaissance. All is darkness and light, and America is born of the light. The only legacy to us from medieval times is their disappearance. There is nothing in these texts of medieval art and architecture, philosophy, universities, guilds, aspirations to moral communities where all aspects of life, particularly economic exchange, would be governed by rules ensuring justice to all classes. Nothing of the charities and hospitals that disappeared in more "en-

terprising" periods, or of the shattered dream of European peace and unity under international law. As for the story of democracy, there is nothing on the feudal system as the true source of constitutional government. On the contrary. In speaking of the seventeenth century Boorstin and Kelley, in their *History of the United States*, say of the English people that they were "moving from the medieval world of monarchy into a modern world of representative government," obliterating 400 years of evolution that began with the Magna Carta and the medieval proliferation of parliaments all over Europe.

Strong monarchy, against which the struggle for free self-government would prove so long and bitter, was a product not of the Middle Ages but of the Renaissance and what followed. Here is a place at which to introduce students to the notion that good and bad, progressive and regressive, very often co-exist in history, as in their daily lives. Since they already suspect this, it might raise their confidence in us if we made clear that we know it too. The Renaissance was not progressive for most ordinary people. On those "new horizons" were their smashed guilds and lower wages, the violation of manorial contracts and titles to their land, the replacement of local town government with despots or oligarchy, unlimited taxation, mercenary armies of foreigners, corruption and profiteering in both business and the Church, and the flaunting of a new, secularized culture of the flesh and earthly pleasures.

If this underside of the Renaissance and early modern Europe is not revealed, students will not understand that the Protestant Reformation was in large part a rebellion against the "new," and an attempt to return to what many saw as an age of faith and spirituality, purity and simplicity, under the medieval Church, before it was corrupted by worldly innovators in the Renaissance papacy. And they will miss the larger, vital point that in every revolution there is a powerful longing for the good old days, a nostalgia for some golden age whose virtues have been betrayed by more recent evildoers.

There is no understanding the fervor of the Puritans without this background, together with a clear account of the other causes of the Reformation and of the forces breaking up Christendom in the sixteenth century. Our textbooks do not provide this. The Puritans remain a mystery—yet their story is part of the human quest for freedom. They wanted not freedom from restraint but freedom to institutionalize the kind of restraints, and public mores, they saw as properly human, befitting God's wishes for the community of Christians freed from sin. By failing to clarify their faith and aspirations, the texts leave the impression that they were hypocrites, or more hypocritical than we are, for wanting freedom for themselves but banishing those who questioned their theology and the authority of their church. The texts do not explain why they believed that they had compelling reasons to abhor unorthodox religious doctrine as we abhor, say, unorthodox political and economic doctrines.

Todd and Curti, for example, in their *Triumph of the*

When the day, your kids
come back to haunt you.



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will always



When you were a little kid, nothing was more thrilling than Halloween. You'd run around like a banshee trying on your Dracula fangs, ghoulish mask, or Frankenstein elevator shoes. Then, off you'd go frightfully happy clutching your trick-or-treat bag.

Later, you'd charge back in the door waving your haul of goodies. One look at it, and Mom had visions of monster dental bills.

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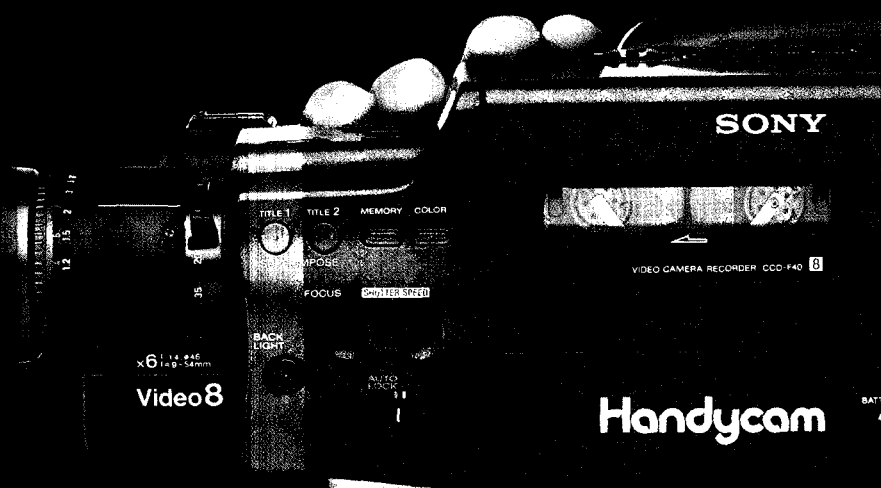
As the evening gloom gathers, you'll find the Handycam still perfect for preserving your little apparitions. It has a precise Charge Coupled Device (CCD) image sensor. This bit of technological wizardry offers remarkable sensitivity in light as low as four lux.

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American Nation, devote less space to Calvinism than to Native American religion. The Puritans' religious notions are expressed mainly in a description of their hounding of Roger Williams and Anne Hutchinson and in a boxed account of the Salem witch trials that compares the trials to McCarthyism and ends with the moral that "Salem still symbolizes the difficulty of making moral choices in the face of community pressures." The other texts take the same line in their easy approval of Williams and Hutchinson and disapproval of their treatment. Davidson and Lytle, in their *United States*; Bragdon and McCutchen, in their *History of a Free People*; and Risjord and Haywoode, in their *People and Our Country*, have boxed accounts of Anne Hutchinson's role, the last remarking that she was "a victim of the times and the society in which she lived." All is pictured as melodrama, where students could much better be introduced to tragedy—the clash of two right impulses.

Students are left with the impression that toleration is the only "religious" idea worth remembering. It is, without question, a much-to-be-sought-after attitude in a democratic society. But its real meaning, its complexity and high cost, in those religious days is incomprehensible without a solid grounding in matters of faith. Modern readers, always ready to mistake their own indifference to religion for the virtue of toleration, could profit from a wider perspective.

THE TEXTBOOKS FIND IT EASIER TO DEAL WITH political developments, the direct English legacy to the colonists. But teachers wishing to focus on the evolution of democracy will find the accounts brief, unexciting, and insufficient. Bragdon begins well, noting that the first eight amendments to the Constitution are rights for which we fought the Revolutionary War: "But every one of these was previously one of the 'rights of Englishmen' whose every phrase was hammered out in nearly five hundred years of struggle between the British people and their monarchs." The point is made, but the uniqueness of the English experience, and the conditions for Parliament's triumph over royal power, are not set forth. Indeed, Bragdon contains nothing at all about the English Revolution or what prepared its way.

Boorstin devotes several paragraphs to the English Civil War and the Glorious Revolution of 1688, but only to explain why the American colonists were left alone for a time. Todd divides its recital of the English Revolution

United States history texts treat women, minorities, and ordinary people much as Parson Weems treated George Washington: they can do no wrong.



into two paragraphs ten pages apart, without analysis or background, and refers only to affairs on this side of the water. In a box headed "Sources" are a few items from the English Bill of Rights of 1689, left unexplained. Eighteen pages earlier appears a "Sources" box of three seemingly randomly chosen, unexplained items from the Magna Carta, *not* including the key point on new taxation! No doubt these boxes are counted as "features," but they will add nothing to the student's understanding.

In general, the Old World sources of the American mind and of American institutions are only sketchily reviewed. Very little is said about the ideas, customs, and values brought from Europe by succeeding generations of immigrants, from the time of Plymouth Rock to that of Ellis Island and

after. All of this would be less serious if the curriculum required earlier courses in Western civilization or world history. American-history texts could then assume some knowledge. They could refer at higher conceptual levels to earlier developments and build upon them with some confidence of being understood. But the American high school curriculum does not yet allow them this luxury. Either the authors are insufficiently aware of the curricular problems they must live with for now or they have too easily given up on the possibility of compensating for their readers' lack of background. In any case, their histories of the United States, if not exactly springing from nowhere, are not well rooted in our longer past.

"Heard Round the World"

AS MIGHT BE EXPECTED, OUR AMERICAN HISTORY texts are generally full on the major events of the Revolution and its antecedents, but they are weak on the role of political leaders. Both Boorstin and Bragdon point out, in sketches of George Washington, that he was one of those men who are able both to fight and to govern, and also a man able to express and exemplify the ideals of the new nation. Bragdon calls him "perhaps the only indispensable man in the history of the United States." None of the other three texts, however, provides a comparably well-rounded evaluation of Washington, though space is hardly lacking and the books abound with sketches of dozens of other figures. For example, Risjord provides, in the first 200 pages, boxed mini-biographies of Cabeza de Vaca, Cotton Mather, Anne Hutchinson, Blackbeard the Pirate, John Peter Zenger, Samuel Adams, Nathan Hale, Bene-

dict Arnold, Abigail Adams, Noah Webster, Dr. Benjamin Rush, and Tecumseh.

In the first 300 pages of Todd we find “profiles” of Nampeyo, Benjamin Franklin (though nothing about his ideas), Eliza Lucas, Phillis Wheatley, Crispus Attucks, James Armistead, Abigail Adams, John Fitch, George Bingham, John Jay, Tecumseh, Benjamin Banneker, and John Chapman. Davidson offers a similar array, adding “Fatt Hing: A Chinese Pioneer.” Meanwhile, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Hamilton, and even that old favorite Franklin all fail to earn adequate descriptions of their ideas, intellect, character, or work. Again, there is no lack of space. Boorstin and Bragdon, too, offer items on most of the supporting actors noted in the other three books. But they clearly take more seriously the importance of mind and personality in those who led—those who were given and who accepted the heaviest responsibility for actions that would profoundly affect all the people. In this respect their books are markedly more useful in the political education of students.

In exploring the causes of revolution, all the texts name the usual ones. They differ in their coherence and their ability to be analytical. Bragdon begins its chapter “Road to Revolution” with a telling epigraph from John Adams: “The Revolution was effected before the war commenced. The Revolution was in the minds and hearts of the people.” It turns directly to the question of why the “freest colonies of any European nation were the first to rebel,” and of what happened to change people’s minds about England in so few years before the Revolution. The chapter is clear on British errors and American obstinacy (not to say greed), but it also stresses the main principle at issue: “No taxation without representation.”

Bragdon adds a boxed account on Sam Adams and the importance at such moments of men with “a genius for agitation,” who can keep tempers high in the lull between storms. Adams “believed in liberty,” it says, but it also notes that the Adams family’s fortune had been ruined by an act of Parliament: “This seemed to flavor Sam’s entire career, for, as Machiavelli wrote, ‘It is better to kill a man’s father than to destroy his inheritance.’” Such history-writing respects teachers and students and offers them much to talk about.

All the texts, however, are weak on intellectual history, and they pay almost no attention to the outside world. On the latter point they have not caught up to the idea of the “Atlantic Revolution,” and so they ignore the reform movement in England that was directed against King and Parliament at the same time as our own. There, too, people complained of being taxed without representation at Westminster. And most curious, they do not stress nearly enough the worldwide impact of the American Revolution. The great expectations of national freedom and political self-government which our victory over George III launched around the globe are all but left aside. Once again Bragdon is the exception, with an eloquent page headed “Wide Influence of the American Revolution”:

The success of the United States promoted ideas of freedom and equality. It gave new hope to the friends of the oppressed in Europe, and endangered the old system of monarchy and a privileged upper class. France was the country most immediately affected. . . . The example of America was a trump card in the hands of those who planned revolution in both society and government.

“Emerson did not exaggerate,” Bragdon concludes, when he said that “the shot fired by the Minutemen on April 19, 1775, was ‘heard round the world.’”

It was one of America’s greatest moments in history—perhaps the single greatest—and it was to be of tremendous importance to struggles for national independence and democracy everywhere. The other textbooks could have said much more to help students understand why Lincoln later could call us the best hope of the earth, and why so many Americans have ever since pleaded that we live up to our proclaimed ideals, at home and abroad.

The intellectual background of the Revolution—and of the making of the Constitution—is weakly drawn in all the texts. There is no systematic treatment of the seventeenth- and eighteenth-century climate of thought known as the Enlightenment, with which American leaders were wholly familiar. Only in Bragdon does the word *Enlightenment* appear in the index. And only in Bragdon and in Risjord are there substantive comments on the rational Newtonian universe of natural laws and the confidence this inspired among thinkers and reformers.

In certain cases intellectual history is badly mauled. Basic ideas of the Enlightenment are ascribed to Americans alone. In listing the objects of eighteenth-century humanitarianism, texts ignore its contemporary British and European elements, and its long history in the Judeo-Christian devotion to social amelioration. That ideas have a history is left unsaid. Somehow Americans “came to believe” such things.

Even the longer biographical sketches of the Founding Fathers do not reveal their education, reading, religious or philosophical stances, cosmopolitanism, regard for the ancients, respect for posterity, or place in the Enlightenment. At best they appear as versatile, energetic tinkers with everything from lightning rods to constitutions. Students are given no way to reflect on the moral and intellectual ingredients of democratic statesmanship.

The vogue of social history makes for imbalance here. The texts include dozens of pages on the social lives of blacks, Indians, women, and what the texts treat as ordinary people. Admittedly, political history and the doings of elites (though not intellectual or comparative history) were overemphasized in older books, and to judge, say, by the quantity of ink given to Jackson and the Bank, superficial political detail is still too heavy. But political history thoughtfully presented is indispensable to educating citizens. For what is democracy but that remarkable system in which “ordinary people” are expected to comprehend, and to judge, the choices made by their elites? They can do neither without studying political leadership in the past.

Nor, for that matter, can students grasp the significance of social history when it remains unconnected to economic and political structures and turning points. Nor can they come to understand other people in their own society so long as the new material on women and minorities remains at the awkward stage found in these books. Many passages on “new people” are gratuitously squeezed in, out of place and out of proportion. Pictures and boxed features are more often than not unrelated to the neighboring narrative, and many are so patently condescending as to embarrass the reader. Just as world-history texts take a pious, uncritical approach to things non-Western, so these United States history texts treat women, minorities, and ordinary people much as Parson Weems treated George Washington: they can do no wrong. As “ordinary people” themselves, students know better.

ON THE FRAMING OF THE CONSTITUTION THE TEXTS are generous with space and effective in presenting the main lines of debate and compromise. They all argue persuasively the greatness of the framers’ accomplishment, and explicate the Constitution’s virtues as an instrument of government that has lasted through the unpredictable transformations of American society to our own day. But they are less helpful in explaining how the framers managed it, so that students might see the many special conditions and the intellectual prowess that allow for successful democratic politics of the long run—as opposed to merely popular politics of the moment.

For example, all the texts mention the critical role of the *Federalist Papers* in the campaign for ratification. But none reprints anything of their arguments and political philosophy, their views of human nature and the resulting political necessities. Students of high school age are ready and eager to argue about human nature and its consequences. If not exactly born liberal or conservative, as the Gilbert and Sullivan song has it, they soon lean in one or the other direction on at least some of the issues that can be related to Constitution-making.

One such issue is the restriction on the right to vote in the new republic. The texts make clear that the framers did not create what we now accept as democracy. But instead of merely noting, usually with some embarrassment, that slaves, women, and poor free men were excluded, the textbooks might venture to explain why these groups could have been considered, even by the best-intentioned members of the elite, to lack certain qualifications for self-government. What could these be, and how do they bear on various notions of human nature and of education? Why, for example, did the framers believe that leisure, or time to read and reflect, was critical to democratic citizens? Thus it would be possible to place American political thought in relation to the major debates of the time in Britain and Europe, especially the debate between bourgeois liberals and the “radical” republicans who demanded universal suffrage (and for whom, except for our strong presi-

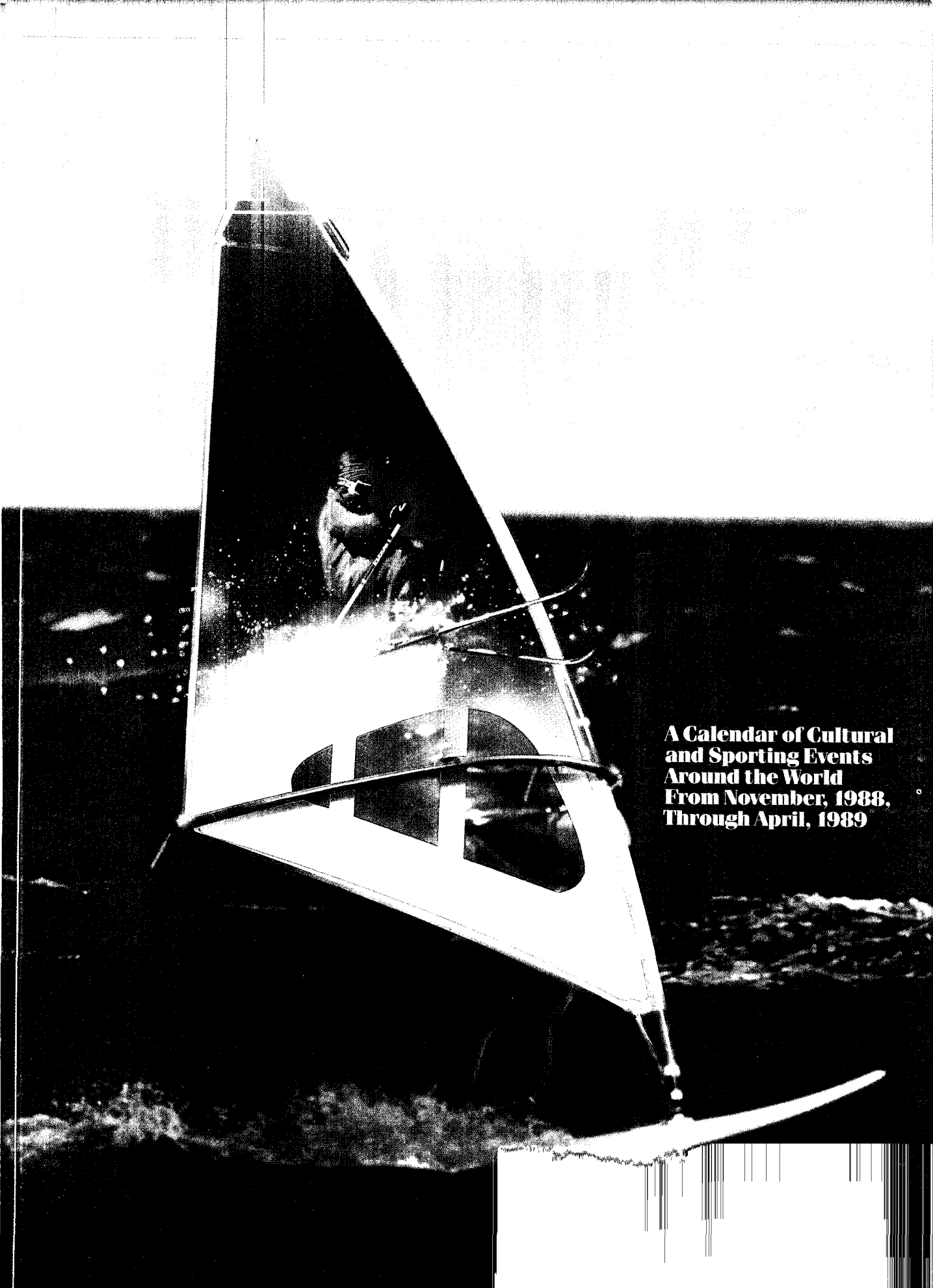
dency and the shame of slavery, the United States soon would stand as the model).

These texts do not pause to illuminate the fundamental notion of a constitution as a contract among different free, competing groups or authorities, each holding its own tangible power. Obligations and rights are assigned, limiting the influence of each power-holder but also protecting the security of each. This most basic axiom—that free politics and the rule of law proceed from actual balances of power within a society—should be explicit throughout. The facts are there, in the arguments of the states and interests represented at Philadelphia. It would take little more space to explain the principle of the balance of power, and this in turn would show how much we owe to the past, from much-maligned “feudalism” through the British party system to the final triumph of Parliament. And it would challenge students to search out the sources and balances of power among classes, interests, and regions in the United States today, and then to speculate on the likely outcome of a new constitutional convention that would reflect the new balances of our time. In what we are repeatedly told is a dangerous world, would modern delegates create a government as free, as open, and as limited as the one the delegates created in the 1780s? Asking a question like this could help students comprehend what was at stake, and how important the framers’ qualities of mind and character were to their accomplishment. We do not have to worship the Constitution as flawless to acknowledge that we stand on the shoulders of giants and to understand that they, in turn, drew strength from the work and ideas of countless generations before them. At stake was the survival of a free republic, and what emerged was both a triumph and the makings of tragedy—not for the first or the last time in history. Students might consider the limits to choice that even giants must admit. The Union had to be made, but circumstances—the real balances of power in the society—determined that it would not be made without the fateful compromise on slavery. Should the compromise have been refused and the Union not made? This is not a question to be settled by instant moralizing or by easy judgment of the framers. Many of them hoped, of course, that the new government would manage to reduce, and ultimately to abolish, slavery. Their hopes were in vain. The tragedy wrapped inside the triumph would be played out for generations to come.

As If Five Million Had Died

IN 1619 SLAVERY WAS INTRODUCED INTO VIRGINIA. SO, too, in the founding of the House of Burgesses in the same year, was the principle of free government. For the fulfillment of the latter and the reversal of the former the price for the generation of the 1860s was to be 600,000 lives and the unmeasurable suffering of millions maimed, bereaved, and impoverished.

What is there about the Civil War that textbooks might stress, to further the education of modern democratic citi-



**A Calendar of Cultural
and Sporting Events
Around the World
From November, 1988,
Through April, 1989**

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National, state, and provincial tourist boards have been our first resource in compiling the listings in this guide. In most cases these agencies stand ready to inform you about package tours, to explain procedures for reserving tickets where it is necessary to do so, and to provide innumerable other kinds of help.

Some of the listings reflect preliminary information, so do confirm dates and programs before making final plans. Also, for many of the events tickets or hotel accommodations or both are expected to sell out early, so do plan ahead.

Barbara Wallraff

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COVER: Photo collage by Roy Wiemann. Photos courtesy of the Bermuda Department of Tourism and the Utah Travel Council.



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APRIL 30–MAY 6, ANTIGUA SAILING WEEK. The grand finale of the Caribbean sailing season.

For information: Government of Antigua & Barbuda Dept. of Tourism, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 541-4117.

■ ARUBA

JANUARY 29–FEBRUARY 5, CARNIVAL. The Carnival is capped by big parades in Sint Nicolaas and Oranjestad, this year on the 4th and 5th, respectively.

For information: Aruba Tourist Bureau, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 246-3030.

■ BARBADOS

NOVEMBER 1-30, NATIONAL INDEPENDENCE FESTIVAL OF THE CREATIVE ARTS. Dance and theater performances, art exhibitions, and jazz, gospel, and calypso music. The festival events, which are competitions, take place all over Barbados. The festival is organized by the National Cultural Foundation and concludes on Independence Day, November 30.

MARCH 25 AND 27, OISTINS FISH FESTIVAL. On the days fore and aft of Easter,

Oistins hosts a small-town street fair plus fishing-boat races, fish-boning competitions, and a Coast Guard exhibition, in festive tribute to the local fishermen.

For information: Barbados Board of Tourism, 800 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 986-6516.

■ BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS

MARCH 25-27, VIRGIN GORDA FESTIVAL. Calypso singers and reggae bands, island foods, and a parade on the 27th.

APRIL 14-16, BRITISH VIRGIN ISLANDS SPRING REGATTA, Tortola. The third leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

For information: British Virgin Islands Tourist Board, 370 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 696-0400.

■ CAYMAN ISLANDS

APRIL 22-23, BATABANO CARNIVAL, George Town, Grand Cayman. The Caymans hold this Carnival after Easter, but Batabano is otherwise in the mainstream, with a colorful parade, calypso and steel-band music, and dancing in the streets.

For information: Cayman Islands Dept. of Tourism, 250 Catalonia Ave., Coral Gables, FL 33134. (305) 444-6551.

■ DOMINICA

FEBRUARY 6-7, CARNIVAL. Certain Caribbean cognoscenti like nothing better than Dominica's down-home Carnival celebration. You drive around until you come across some locals roasting a pig or the like; you join them, share your rum with them, sample the pig; and then you get back in the car and start again.

For information: Dominica National Development Corp., P.O. Box 73, Rosa, Dominica. (809) 448-2351.

■ FRENCH WEST INDIES

DECEMBER 1-10, INTERNATIONAL GUITAR FESTIVAL, Fort-de-France, Martinique. The theme this year will be "Guitar and Dance." The classical performers will include Manuel Barrueco, Victoria de Los Angeles, Ichiro Suzuki, and Leo Brouwer;

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JANUARY 31-FEBRUARY 6, MUSIC FESTIVAL, St. Barthelemy. Instead of throwing a Carnival blow-out, St. Barts presents a series of concerts in the Church of Lorient; even these are suspended on the weekend. Gustavia and some of the hotels do make gestures in the direction of Mardi Gras, but most of these won't extend beyond February 7, Mardi Gras itself.

FEBRUARY 4-8, CARNIVAL, Fort-de-France, Martinique, and Pointe-a-Pitre, Guadeloupe. In both cities Carnival keeps right on going through Ash Wednesday, February 8, in order to give King Carnival a memorable funeral.

For information: French West Indies Tourist Board, 610 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 757-1125.

JAMAICA

DECEMBER 17-31, JUNKANOO. Everyone dons a mask and a costume and heads for the streets, to parade and dance.

FEBRUARY 3-8, MIAMI TO MONTEGO BAY RACE. At 811 miles, the longest sailing race off the East Coast. (305) 524-5508.

FEBRUARY 9-16, JAMAICA SAILING WEEK, Montego Bay. The finish of the highly competitive Miami to Montego Bay regatta marks the start of this series of social events and informal races.

For information: Jamaica Tourist Board, 866 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 688-7650.

NETHERLANDS ANTILLES

NOVEMBER 11, ST. MAARTEN'S DAY, St. Maarten. This day, said to be the anniversary of the island's discovery by Columbus, on his second voyage to the New World, is always a party. The anniversary in question is the 495th.

JANUARY 28-FEBRUARY 7, CARNIVAL, Bonaire and Curacao. Bonaire will hold Carnival parades, with floats, musicians, and costume-contest hopefuls, on the 4th and 5th. Curacao in late January will have a four-day competition among the island's "tumba" bands to decide whose song all the bands will play on the road march during Carnival itself. Curacao's big day is "Dimanche Gras," February 5.



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Caribbean

For information: St. Maarten/St. Eustatius/Saba/Bonaire Tourist Office, 275 Seventh Ave., New York, NY 10001-6708, (212) 989-0000; or Curacao Tourism, 400 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 751-8266.

■ PUERTO RICO

THROUGH DECEMBER 30, BIENAL OF LATIN AMERICAN GRAPHIC ARTISTS, San Juan. Including a group show of works by distinguished Latin American artists at the Arsenal de la Puntilla.

DECEMBER 28, INNOCENTS' DAY, Hatillo. The celebrations start on the previous day, with real innocents—the local children—engaging in Halloween-like pursuits in honor of Jesus' flight from Herod's soldiers. On the 28th adults assume the role of Herod's soldiers searching for the baby Jesus, donning elaborate masks and costumes for the afternoon's Parade of the Masks. In the evening small groups of masqueraders go visiting on horseback.

JANUARY 6-15, FOLKLORIC FESTIVAL OF PUERTO RICO, Santurce. This celebration, in the Centro de Bellas Artes, is being produced by Areyto, one of the island's leading folkloric dance companies. It will feature music and dance groups from Europe, Israel, Australia, South America, and the mainland U.S.

MARCH 10-12, COPA VELASCO, San Juan. The first leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

For information: Puerto Rico Tourism Co., 575 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 599-6262.

■ ST. LUCIA

DECEMBER 13, ST. LUCIA DAY. Street celebrations and sports contests highlight one of the biggest events of the year—the island's official discovery day and, not coincidentally, its traditional patron saint's day.

FEBRUARY 6-7, CARNIVAL, Castries. Parades, and calypso and steel-band competitions.

For information: St. Lucia Tourist Board, 41 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 867-2950.

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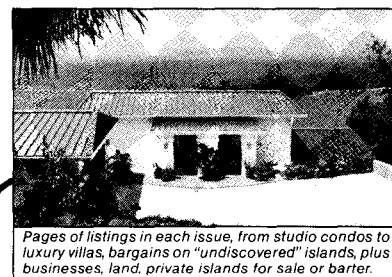
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FEBRUARY 6-7, CARNIVAL. At 156 years old, the Trinidadian Carnival is among the New World's most venerable. The centers of activity are Port of Spain and San Fernando, Trinidad, and Scarborough, Tobago.

For information: Trinidad & Tobago Tourist Board, 118-35 Queens Blvd., Forest Hills, NY 11375. (718) 575-3909.

U.S. VIRGIN ISLANDS

DECEMBER 25-JANUARY 6, CRUCIAN CHRISTMAS FIESTA, St. Croix. An all-out Christmas party, with Carnival-style festivities as well as more specifically Christ-

masy traditions, such as carol-singing (from four to seven each morning, yet). On the 6th, Three Kings Day, a fanciful costume parade calypsos through Christiansted.

MARCH 24-26, ROLEX CUP REGATTA, St. Thomas. The second leg of yachting's Caribbean Ocean Racing Triangle.

APRIL 22-29, CARNIVAL, St. Thomas. When the Africans arrived on these islands, their festive dances, called *bamboulas*, were a form of ritual worship of the gods of Dahomey. In time Christianity took hold of the ritual, redirecting it into an Easter celebration. Now it's shaken free of that, too, and finally the celebrations—music and dance competitions and, on the final day, a parade featuring costumed bands of as many as 200 revelers—exist for their own sake.

For information: U.S. Virgin Islands Dept. of Commerce, 1270 Sixth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212) 582-4520.

THE BAHAMAS & BERMUDA

THE BAHAMAS

DECEMBER 26 AND JANUARY 1, JUNKANOO, Nassau and Freeport. The celebration is named after Johnny Canoe, a folk hero to the early West African slaves in the Bahamas. Each day it involves a parade of fantastically costumed celebrants, dancing to the beat of cowbells, trumpets, whistles, goatskin goombay drums, bicycle horns . . . The parades begin at 3 A.M. The judges, sensibly, hold off until nine or so.

JANUARY 8-14, VINTAGE GRAND PRIX, Freeport and Lucaya, Grand Bahama. Vintage sports and racing cars compete, somewhat gingerly, in a series of trophy races through the city streets. A Concours d'Elegance is held midweek.

JANUARY 22-29, BAHAMAS INTERNATIONAL WINDSURFING REGATTA, Cable Beach, Nassau. The richest pro-am event in the North Atlantic, attracting a world-class field of competitors.

MARCH 12, NASSAU CUP RACE. Nassau's prestigious annual regatta.

APRIL 27-29, FAMILY ISLANDS REGATTA, George Town, Great Exuma. Sleepy George Town wakes up once a year. The race for Bahamian work loops is the high-

light: the competition at sea is as fierce as the celebration on the harbor is friendly.

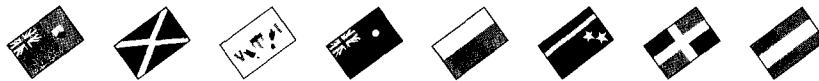
For information: Bahamas Tourist Office, 150 E. 52nd St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 758-2777.

BERMUDA

JANUARY 11-FEBRUARY 25, BERMUDA FESTIVAL, Hamilton. The exuberant Hubbard Street Dancers, from Chicago, will open this arts festival. Among the musicians participating are the Modern Jazz Quartet, the English Chamber Orchestra, the Beaux Arts Trio, and the pianist Emanuel Ax. Derek Nimmo and a West End cast will perform an English comedy, and the New York cast of *The Fantasticks* will stop by on a Monday night, and then zip back home to continue setting the record, at 28 years now, for the longest-running show ever.

FEBRUARY 25, BERMUDA STREET FESTIVAL, Hamilton. What's heard on this street—Front Street—will be steel bands. Goombay dancers and other local artists, too, will help entertain the crowd.

For information: Bermuda Department of Tourism, 310 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 818-9800.



LATIN AMERICA

■ ARGENTINA

THROUGH MARCH, WILDLIFE BREEDING SEASON, Valdes Peninsula. From November through January huge sea elephants raise their young on this peninsula, about 640 miles southwest of Buenos Aires. Here also, in protected rookeries, gulls, cormorants, and flamingos breed from September through December, and sea lions breed in December and January. And at Punta Tombo, about 120 miles farther south, the females of a flock of three million penguins raise their young from late October through March.

For information: Argentina National Tourist Council, 12 W. 56th St., New York, NY 10019, (212) 603-0443; or Aerolíneas Argentinas, Commercial Dept., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY 10020; (212) 698-2050.

■ BELIZE

MARCH 9, BARON BLISS DAY, Belize City. Baron Henry Edward Ernest Victor Bliss died, in 1926, without ever having set foot on Belizean soil. Nonetheless, what he saw of the country (then British Honduras) from the deck of his yacht persuaded him to establish a philanthropic trust fund for it—and to endow an annual regatta, which is held on the anniversary of his death. The grateful Belizean government has declared the day a national holiday. Ten categories of craft compete, including sailing dugouts, fishing and work sloops, and windsurfers.

For information: Embassy of Belize, 1575 I St., NW, Washington, DC, 20005. (202) 363-4505.

■ BRAZIL

NOVEMBER 25-27, FESTIVAL OF GUARANA, Maues. This village on the Maues Guacu tributary of the Amazon celebrates the harvest of the *guarana*, a local fruit said to be an aphrodisiac. With the new crop on display, Maues turns the festive red and green of the *guarana's* skin.

DECEMBER 31-JANUARY 1, FESTIVAL TO IEMANJA, Rio de Janeiro. In the evening thousands gather on the beaches, Copacabana being the favorite. Some pound drums, others dance, and most place offerings of fruit, flowers, lipsticks—whatever might please Iemanja, the goddess of the sea—on tiny rafts or boats, and send the offerings out to sea. Candles stuck in the sand illuminate the scene; fireworks light up the sky at midnight.

FEBRUARY 3-7, CARNIVAL, Rio de Janeiro. Adventurous ophobics will be pleased to know that from November on, a

foretaste of the action is available at Rio's "samba schools," which are similar in function to New Orleans's krewes.

For information: Brazilian Tourism Foundation, 551 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10176. (212) 286-9600.

■ MEXICO

DECEMBER 23, FESTIVAL OF THE RADISHES, Oaxaca. At booths that fill the town square, farmers display large radishes that they have grown and then carved in the shapes of saints, demons, animals, buildings . . . The whole city comes to tour the radish galleries. Actually, *La Noche de los Rabanos* is only the most exotic component of Oaxaca's Christmas festivities, which begin on December 16.

FEBRUARY 16-20, TOUR OF THE AMERICAS, Mexico City. The capital will host five races in this bicycle series, which will begin in Venezuela and end in Florida. For information: (305) 561-1022.

For information: Mexican Government Tourist Office, 405 Park Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 755-7261 or (800) 262-8900.

■ URUGUAY

FEBRUARY 5-7, CARNIVAL, Punta del Este. Those Uruguayans and Argentines who can afford to spend the holiday in this pretty resort area do, attending special performances in the theaters and Rio-style parades. A favorite is the parade featuring the local *canvombe* music and dance.

For information: Embassy of Uruguay, 1918 F St., NW, Washington, DC 20006. (202) 331-1313.

■ VENEZUELA

FEBRUARY 10-14, START OF THE TOUR OF THE AMERICAS, Barquisimeto, Valencia, and Caracas. The hemisphere's richest bicycle series, with a purse of \$200,000, will start in Barquisimeto, 200 miles west of Caracas (as the cyclist pedals), and finish in Miami some two weeks later. The participants, who include amateur as well as professional teams, won't be cycling all the way. Rather, they will complete five races in Venezuela, fly to Mexico City to complete five races there, and then fly to Florida to complete the tour's final eight races. For information: (305) 561-1022.

For information: Venezuela Consulate General, 7 E. 51st St., New York, NY 10022. (212) 826-1660.

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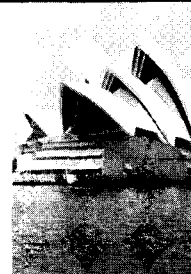
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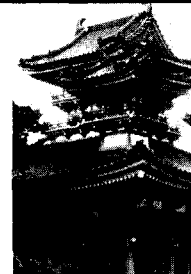
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■ AUSTRIA

THROUGH JUNE 30, STAATSOPER SEASON, Vienna. Virtually every night an opera or a ballet is on. The operas entering the repertory of Claudio Abbado's company or appearing in new productions through April are Wagner's *Tannhauser*, having its premiere November 20; Mussorgski's *Khovanshchina*, January 21; Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle* and Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, February 9; Gottfried von Einem's *Besuch der Alten Dame*, February 25; Verdi's *Forza del destino*, April 9; and Schoenberg's *Moses und Aron*, April 30. The ballet company will introduce a new production of *La Fille mal gardee*, with Frederick Ashton's choreography, November 11. And at New Year's the Staatsoper's Vienna Philharmonic concerts and performances of Strauss's *Fledermaus* rank right up there with the Imperial Ball among holiday traditions.

JANUARY 22, DOLOMITENLAUF, Lienz to Lienz (loop route). A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (60 km).

For information: Austrian National Tourist Office, 500 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10110. (212) 944-6880.

■ BELGIUM

NOVEMBER 23-DECEMBER 21, MONAIE DANCE GROUP/MARK MORRIS SEASON, Brussels. The first season for Mark Morris's company in its new home will consist of two programs: a new work by

Morris, to music by Handel, and, opening December 2, a mixed-repertoire program probably including a new solo by Morris.

For information: Belgian Tourist Office, 745 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10151. (212) 758-8130.

■ FINLAND

FEBRUARY 13-26, NORDIC SKIING WORLD CHAMPIONSHIPS, Lahti. Ski-jumping, men's and women's cross-country, and Nordic combined events.

MARCH 5, FINLANDIA HIIHTO, Hamenlinna to Lahti. The world's largest cross-country skiing marathon, with more than 15,000 participants each year. The 75-km Finlandia is on the Worldloppet circuit.

For information: Finnish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

■ FRANCE

THROUGH MAY 31, PARIS OPERA SEASON. This season is opera-goers' last chance to make up their minds about those Chagall frescoes in the lovely 19th-century Paris Opera: when the new Bastille Opera opens, next summer, the opera company will settle in there and the Paris Opera will be given over almost entirely to dance. Rudolf Nureyev's opera company will present the world premiere of York Holler's *Der Meister und*

Margarita on May 20, and Nureyev's ballet company will present a new production of his *Sleeping Beauty* March 18-April 25.

JANUARY 1, BICENTENNIAL YEAR OPENING CEREMONY, Paris. It will be the best of times, it will be the worst of times, to visit France. A few museum exhibits on the theme of the French Revolution are already on view, but the commemorative activity will begin in earnest with this celebration on the Place de la Concorde, introducing Paris as a focus of the Bicentennial celebrations and also the EC's Cultural Capital for 1989. A few highlights among the many events planned for later in the year: the Eiffel Tower will celebrate its centennial, with sound-and-light shows, fireworks, and exhibits April through October; the Etats Generaux meeting of May 5 will be re-enacted on the Place de la Concorde on that date; the meeting in Versailles's Salle de Jeu de Paume will be re-enacted there (the room has just been restored) June 17-18; an international dance festival will be held at the Grand Palais, in Paris, May 15-August 28; those of the world's tall ships that won't be en route to Hamburg, Germany, will meet in Rouen July 9-16; and in Paris on Bastille Day the new Bastille Opera will be inaugurated with a production of Mozart's *Don Giovanni*.

FEBRUARY 2-19, NICE CARNIVAL. Torchlit processions and flower battles on the Promenade des Anglais on Saturdays and Wednesdays, in addition to fireworks and full-time folderol. The theme this year is "Le Roi de l'amour."

FEBRUARY 19, TRANSJURASSIENNE, Lamoura to Mouthe. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (76 km).

For information: French Government Tourist Office, 628 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020-2452. (212) 757-1125.

■ WEST GERMANY

THROUGH JUNE 28, BERLIN PHILHARMONIC SEASON. Herbert von Karajan's orchestra will perform with an all-star lineup of soloists and guest conductors. The Meister himself is scheduled to conduct only on December 4, 30, and 31, and May 9.

THROUGH JULY 31, MUNICH OPERA SEASON. The National Theater is scheduled to reopen April 9. Until then Wolfgang Sawallisch's company will perform in various venues (and will be on tour in Japan mid-November to mid-December). The company will present a new production of Borodin's *Prince Igor* February 26, and the ballet company will introduce a new program consisting of four works March 11.

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Europe

DECEMBER 31, PORT OF HAMBURG JUBILEE YEAR OPENING GALA. In 1189 the Holy Roman Emperor, Frederick Barbarossa, exempted Hamburg from paying customs duties on goods it shipped on the River Elbe, and thus paved the way, as it were, for Hamburg to become a major port city. The celebrations will begin with a public New Year's Eve bash on the harbor. The high points of the year will include a riverside fair celebrating the anniversary of the investiture of the port, May 4-7; ballet, theater, and rock-music festivals in June; and a gathering July 13-23 of those of the world's tall ships that won't be at Rouen, celebrating the French Bicentennial.

FEBRUARY 5, KONIG LUDWIG LAUF, Ettal to Oberammergau. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (65 km).

For information: German National Tourist Office, 747 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 308-3300.

GREECE

FEBRUARY 19-MARCH 12, CARNIVAL, Patras. Celebrated on the weekends only.

APRIL 28-30, GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION AND GREEK EASTER, Athens. On Good Friday a large and solemn candlelit procession travels from the ornate Cathedral—the Greek Orthodox Mother Church—to cosmopolitan Syntagma Square and back. On Easter morning the solemnity gives way to the nation's largest, happiest annual celebration.

For information: Greek National Tourist Organization, 645 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 421-5777.

IRELAND

MARCH 14-21, SAINT PATRICK'S WEEK, Dublin. About a quarter of a million Irishmen, honorary or otherwise, annually turn out for the Gaelic football, hurling, horse racing, and concerts and dancing on St. Stephen's Green. The Lord Mayor's Ball, the band and drill-team competitions, and the parade are among the highlights.

For information: Irish Tourist Board, 757 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 418-0800.

ITALY

DECEMBER 7-JUNE 31, TEATRO ALLA SCALA OPERA SEASON, Milan. Riccardo Muti will conduct Rossini's *William Tell* on opening night.

JANUARY 29, MARCIALONGA, Moena to Cavalese. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (70 km).

JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 7, CARNIVAL IN VENICE. Operas and plays in the theaters, and music and dance in the Piazza San Marco, in addition to the traditional masked balls, parades, and fireworks displays.

MARCH 24, GOOD FRIDAY PROCESSION, Rome. The Pope leads a religious procession along a torchlit route from the Colosseum past the Forum and up the Palatine Hill.

For information: Italian Government Travel Office, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 245-4822.

MONACO

FEBRUARY 2-6, INTERNATIONAL CIRCUS FESTIVAL, Monte Carlo. Leading circus attractions from many nations compete for the Golden Clown award.

MARCH 24-APRIL 21, MONTE CARLO SPRING ARTS FESTIVAL. The English Bach Festival will take part in the first performance of the complete French-language version of Gluck's opera *Alceste* to be given since the 18th century. Also, performances by the Monte Carlo Ballet and Monte Carlo Philharmonic, chamber concerts and recitals, and visual-arts exhibits.

For information: Monaco Government Tourist and Convention Bureau, 845 Third Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-5227.

NETHERLANDS

MARCH 25-MAY 31, KEUKENHOF GARDENS SEASON, Lisse. Keukenhof, a 70-acre wooded park about halfway between Amsterdam and The Hague, contains some six million daffodil, narcissus, tulip, and hyacinth bulbs. The growers who've put them there tend to be less interested in the flowers than in the bulbs, which are the commercial product; tourists tend to feel otherwise.

For information: Netherlands Board of Tourism, 355 Lexington Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 370-7367.

NORWAY

FEBRUARY 13-19, EROTIC WEEK, Stavanger. Art exhibitions, music performances, and lectures on the theme of staying warm through the Scandinavian winter.

MARCH 2-12, HOLMENKOLLEN SKI FESTIVAL, Oslo. The world's largest Nordic spectator event.

MARCH 19, BIRKEBEINER-RENNET, Lillehammer to Rena. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km).

For information: Norwegian Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017, (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

PORTUGAL

DECEMBER 31, S. SYLVESTRE'S EVE, Funchal, Madeira. Funchal, the capital of the semitropical island of Madeira, sits between a pretty bay and hills that rise like an amphitheater behind it—which amounts to an awfully nice place to watch a New Year's fireworks display.

For information: Portuguese National Tourist Office, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 354-4403.

SPAIN

MARCH 12-19, FALLAS DE SAN JOSE, Valencia. Hundreds of elaborate, satirical cardboard *falla* figures—many of them a year in the making, and some several stories high—are on display throughout this mischievous festival. On Saturday at midnight, in the Nit del Foc, they are ignited, to spectacular effect.

APRIL 11-16, SEVILLE FAIR. The town, transformed by avenues of colorful tents, paper lanterns, and strings of twinkling lights, gives itself over to singing, dancing, and admiring the cavalcades of riders.

For information: National Tourist Office of Spain, 665 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10022. (212) 759-8822.

SWEDEN

MARCH 5, VASALOPPET, Salen to Mora. At 90 km, the most ambitious of the Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathons.

For information: Swedish Tourist Board, 655 Third Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 949-2333; or Scandinavian Airlines System Tour/Events desk, (800) 221-2350.

SWITZERLAND

MARCH 12, ENGADIN SKIMARATHON, Maloja to Zuoz/s-Chanf. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (42 km).



Europe

For information: Swiss National Tourist Office,
608 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10020. (212)
757-5944.

UNITED KINGDOM

THROUGH JULY, ROYAL OPERA HOUSE SEASON, Covent Garden, London. The operas entering the repertory of Bernard Haitink's company or appearing in new productions are Massenet's *Manon*, which will have its premiere November 14; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, December 8; Strauss's *Fledermaus*, January 6; Berio's *Re in ascolto*, February 9; Mozart's *Così fan tutte* (in a co-production with the Vienna Staatsoper), March 6; and Verdi's *Trovatore*, June 7. The ballet company will give a new ballet by David Bintley its premiere November 22 and will present a new production of a Balanchine ballet in March.

NOVEMBER 14-17, WHISKY FESTIVAL, Aviemore. Talks, demonstrations, and tastings on the theme of staying warm through the Scottish winter.

JANUARY 17-22, EUROPEAN FIGURE SKATING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Birmingham. On the last day of the championships the skaters will perform in an exhibition gala.

JANUARY 27-FEBRUARY 25, JORVIK VIKING FESTIVAL, York. When the Vikings occupied York, some 1,100 years ago, they called the city Jorvik. By now the Anglo-Saxons have forgiven them and each year celebrate the Viking period with torchlight processions, banquets, exhibitions, and boat burnings. Well, almost forgiven them.

MARCH 30-APRIL 1, GRAND NATIONAL MEETING, Liverpool. The Grand National steeplechase itself will be run on April 1, over four miles of the Aintree Racecourse.

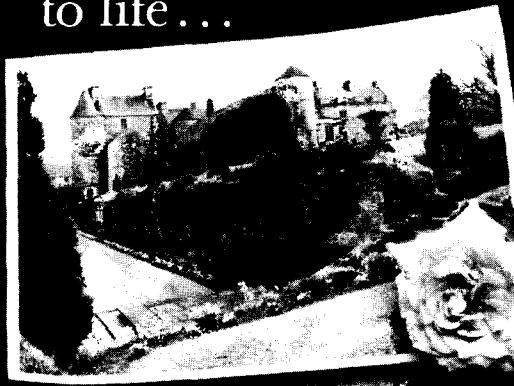
For information: British Tourist Authority,
40 West 57th St., New York, NY 10019. (212)
581-4700.

USSR

DECEMBER 25-JANUARY 5, RUSSIAN WINTER FESTIVAL, Moscow. A kaleidoscopic compendium of the performing and visual arts and traditional Russian winter pageants and games. Celebrated in Suzdal, Sochi, Irkutsk, Kiev, and Tbilisi as well as Moscow, the festival is at its most festive in the capital.

For information: Intourist, 630 Fifth Ave.,
New York, NY 10021. (212) 757-3884.

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ASIA, OCEANIA, & AFRICA



Snow sculptures at the Sapporo Snow Festival, Japan

■ AUSTRALIA

DECEMBER 31–FEBRUARY 1, FESTIVAL OF SYDNEY. Australia's favorite summer arts festival. The highlights include outdoor performances by the Australian Opera, the Sydney Symphony Orchestra, and jazz artists; ferry-boat and schooner races on Sydney Harbor, on the 8th and the 26th, respectively; a writers' week; and a vintage-car rally January 15.

JANUARY 16-29, AUSTRALIAN OPEN TENNIS TOURNAMENT, Melbourne. One of the four "Grand Slam" tournaments; 128 men and 128 women will compete.

For information: Australian Tourist Commission, 489 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 687-6300.

■ BHUTAN

MARCH 18-22, PARO FESTIVAL, Paro. Perhaps the most widely known Bhutanese festival, or *tsechu*, is the one at Paro Dzong. Narrative and humorous mask dances are performed in the courtyard, against the spectacular backdrop of the ancient monastery, or *dzong*, and the snowcapped mountains beyond.

For information: Bhutan Travel Service, 120 E. 56th St., New York, NY 10022, (212) 838-6382; or Innerasia Expeditions, 2627 Lombard Street, San Francisco, CA 94123, (800) 551-1769 or (415) 922-0448.

■ CHINA

DECEMBER 31, HANSHAN TEMPLE TOUR, Suzhou. At this famous temple, immortalized in a poem by Zhang Ji, in the Tang Dynasty, the ringing of bells in the morning and the beating of drums in the evening tell everyone nearby the time. At New Year's the bells are rung and the drums sounded together. Being on the scene—where two special night markets have been set up as well—has become the Chinese equivalent of waiting in Times Square for the ball to descend. This will be the 10th anniversary of the temple tour.

FEBRUARY 6-8, SPRING FESTIVAL, throughout China. It's Chinese New Year, by another, official name. Everyone is on his best behavior, to create good luck for the rest of the year. The major cities have fireworks displays and other public festivities.

FEBRUARY 18-22, LANTERN FESTIVAL, Harbin. While the residents of most cities are hanging ornate lanterns made of paper, silk, glass, or horn, the population of the capital of China's northernmost province is flocking to the park bordering the Sunghua River, to see the spectacular display of illuminated ice sculptures there. In fact the sculptures will be on view from January 5 until a few days after Lantern Day, a national holiday, on February 21.

For information: China National Tourist Office, 60 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10165. (212) 867-0271.

■ COOK ISLANDS

FEBRUARY 15-20, CULTURAL FESTIVAL WEEK, Rarotonga. Including a *tivaevae*, or quilts, competition, canoe races, and displays of arts and crafts.

For information: Cook Islands Tourist Authority, P.O. Box 14, Rarotonga, Cook Islands.

■ EGYPT

FEBRUARY 22, ABU SIMBEL TEMPLE FESTIVAL. Although the Great Temple of Abu Simbel, 170 miles south of Aswan, was moved out of the way of Lake Nasser, it remains the only ancient Egyptian temple whose sanctuary ever sees the light of day. The rays go the distance twice a year.

For information: Egyptian Tourist Authority, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111. (212) 246-6960.

■ HONG KONG

FEBRUARY 5-6, CHINESE NEW YEAR CELEBRATIONS. In olden days the head of the family would, for superstitious reasons, lock the family into the house and seal the door on New Year's Eve. Now one might guess from the size of the cheerful, aimless crowds at large that everyone had been locked out. Huge illuminated decorations adorn the streets of the central district and Tsimshatsui, in Kowloon. The New Year



Asia, Oceania, & Africa

period continues for two weeks, until the Lantern Festival (here, February 20). For the residents New Year is the biggest festival of the year. It is family-oriented, much as Christmas is in the U.S.

MARCH 20, BIRTHDAY OF HUNG SHING KUNG. Stories about Hung Shing Kung's days on earth vary widely; about all that people agree on is that he is now a patron god of seafarers. Several temples to Hung Shing Kung hold big celebrations, which include performances of Chinese operas starting two days before the birthday and continuing for a day or two after, and lion dances on the birthday itself.

For information: Hong Kong Tourist Association, 548 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10036. (212) 869-5008.

INDIA

JANUARY 14-MARCH 6, KUMBH MELA, Allahabad. The Kumbh Mela celebration at Allahabad is perhaps the Hindu equivalent of the Moslems' pilgrimage to Mecca—except that it's held only once every twelve years. Holy people and lay people converge on the confluence of the Ganges and Yamuna rivers (into which the Saraswati also used to flow) for ritual baths, and also simply to be there and meet others who've come.

MARCH, KHAJURAHO DANCE FESTIVAL. The 22 temples of ancient Khajuraho, in central India, are adorned inside and out with carvings of voluptuous women. In this annual festival, which lasts about a week, female dancers bring to life as much of the sensual and spiritual tradition of the place as is now considered to be within the bounds of decency.

For information: India Tourist Office, 30 Rockefeller Plaza, North Mezzanine, New York, NY 10112. (212) 586-4901.

INDONESIA

DECEMBER 26, KESODO, Mount Bromo, East Java. Thousands of people, bearing offerings of rice, fruit, vegetables, and flowers, ascend in procession to the rim of this large, active volcano. The ceremony, whose purpose is to secure the blessings of the god of the volcano, Betoro Bromo, begins at dawn and ends at midnight, when everyone throws his offering into the crater.

MARCH 9, NYEPI DAY, Bali. The Balinese New Year. On the eve there will have been much banging of gongs and cymbals, and parading with flaming torches. However, the Balinese observe New Year itself

Festive



A painted elephant at a spring fair, Varanasi.

Majestic



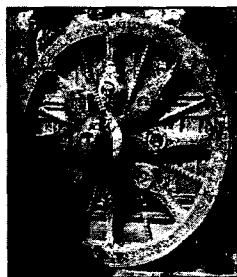
A view of the Himalayas, Darjeeling.

Wild



The Tiger Reserve, Sunderbans.

Timeless



Ancient stone temple carvings, Konarak.

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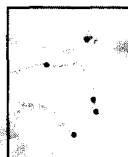
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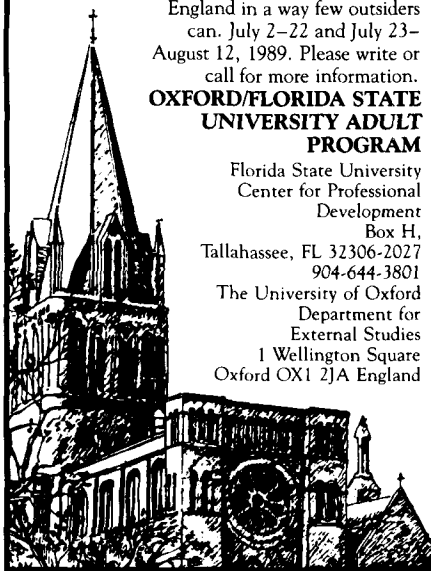
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3457 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90010.
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ISRAEL

DECEMBER 24-JANUARY 12, LITURGICA, Jerusalem. Each year the Jerusalem Symphony Orchestra organizes a choral-music series, in which guest choirs from abroad participate. Yet more choirs will take part in a Christmas International Choir Assembly in Bethlehem on Christmas Eve, and in an International Choirs in Concert program to be presented in Jerusalem on December 25, Haifa on the 28th, and Acre on the 29th.

*For information: Israel Ministry of Tourism,
350 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10118. (212)
560-0650.*

JAPAN

FEBRUARY 5, SAPPORO INTERNATIONAL SKI MARATHON, Sapporo to Sapporo (loop route). A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (50 km).

FEBRUARY 6-12, SAPPORO SNOW FESTIVAL, Sapporo, on the northern island of Hokkaido, puts on the island's biggest festival of the year. Magnificent snow sculptures are exhibited on the main street. A parade, sports events, and cultural activities round out the program.

MARCH 17-SEPTEMBER 3, ASIAN-PACIFIC EXPOSITION, Fukuoka. A 193-acre expo on the theme of "The Quest for New Communication in Our World"—meaning exhibits and entertainments presented by Japanese corporations and foreign polities, including some as far removed from Asia and the Pacific as the UK's South Glamorgan County and Guatemala—in the largest city on Japan's southernmost island.

MARCH 25-OCTOBER 1, YOKOHAMA EXOTIC SHOWCASE. A 150-acre expo on the theme of "Space and Children"—meaning space-age exhibits and entertainments that children can be expected to enjoy—in Japan's second-largest city.

*For information: Japan National Tourist Organization, 630 Fifth Ave., New York, NY 10111.
(212) 757-5640.*

KENYA

NOVEMBER, SERENGETI MIGRATION, Masai Mara National Game Reserve. This

astonishing natural spectacle—a procession of hundreds of thousands of wildebeest and thousands of zebra—occurs whenever the animals have had their fill of the grasses in the game reserve, generally in November. The animals flood into Tanzania, in search of greener pastures. Some months later the animals mass again, for the return.

For information: Kenya Tourist Office, 424 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10017. (212) 486-1300.

MALAYSIA

DECEMBER 1-31, PESTA PULAU PINANG, Penang. Performances of Malay, Indian, and Chinese theater; dragon-boat races; parades of floats; and a Chingay procession, in which the marchers balance huge triangular flags on their lower jaws, foreheads, and shoulders.

JANUARY 26, THAIPUSAM, Kuala Lumpur. The shrine in Kuala Lumpur's Batu Caves is the site of one of the world's most awesome observances of this hellish Hindu religious spectacle. Devotees doing penance stick long needles into their backs and chests, or push skewers through their tongues and cheeks, or carry a *kavadi*—a heavy wooden altar supported by steel spikes that pierce their skin. Incredibly, they don't bleed.

For information: Malaysia Tourist Information Center, 818 W. Seventh Street, Los Angeles, CA 90017. (213) 689-9702.

NEPAL

MARCH 6, MAHA SHIVARATRI, Kathmandu. Hundreds of thousands of Hindus visit the temple of Pashupatinath to offer flowers, fruit, coins, prayers, and hymns to Shiva. At Tundikhel, in the afternoon, the Royal Nepalese Army makes its offering in the form of ceremonial volleys of gunfire.

*For information: Royal Nepalese Embassy, 2131 Leroy Place, NW, Washington, DC 20008.
(202) 667-4550.*

NEW ZEALAND

JANUARY 30, AUCKLAND ANNIVERSARY DAY REGATTA. Since 1880, yachts have converged on Auckland's harbor for the anniversary of the city's founding. By now the regatta is the world's largest single-day sailing event, with 20,000 or so boats participating.

MARCH 13-19, NGARUAWAHIA RIVER REGATTA, Rotorua. In a tradition that



Asia, Oceania, & Africa

dates back nearly to the turn of the century, tribes of Maoris, New Zealand's original inhabitants, gather in native costume to compete in singing and dancing and to have a big canoe race at the confluence of the Wai-kato and Waita rivers. The regatta itself will be held on the 18th.

For information: New Zealand Tourist and Publicity Office, 10960 Wilshire Blvd., Los Angeles, CA 90024. (213) 477-8241.

SINGAPORE

FEBRUARY 12, CHINGAY PARADE.

More than 1,500 Singaporeans take part, riding on floats, playing in Chinese bands, doing lion and dragon dances, roller skating, demonstrating martial arts, walking on stilts, twirling swords, and tossing back and forth three-story-high flags.

For information: Singapore Tourist Promotion Board, 342 Madison Ave., New York, NY 10173. (212) 687-0385.

TANZANIA

NOVEMBER, SERENGETI MIGRATION, Serengeti National Park. The opposite perspective on the processions of wildebeest and zebra described under "Kenya." Tanzania's Serengeti Park is the less convenient and somewhat more expensive, but also less crowded, place from which to view the spectacle.

For information: Tanzania Tourist Corporation, 205 E. 42nd St., New York, NY 10017. (212) 972-9160.

THAILAND

NOVEMBER 23, LOY KRATHONG, Sukhothai. Loy Krathong is celebrated nationwide, but the ruins of the ancient capital, where the festival began, make an especially affecting place from which to observe it. Thais launch *krathong* boats, made of banana leaves, and bearing candles and flowers, into a river. They make a wish, and, according to lore, if the boat sails away out of sight before it sinks, their wish will come true.

APRIL 13-15, SONGKRAN, Chiang Mai. Songkran, or Thai New Year, is celebrated nationwide, by the splashing of water on everything and everyone, a custom borrowed from the Hindu observance of Holi. In Chiang Mai there is also dancing and a lovely traditional procession.

For information: Tourism Authority of Thailand, 5 World Trade Center, New York, NY 10048. (212) 432-0433.

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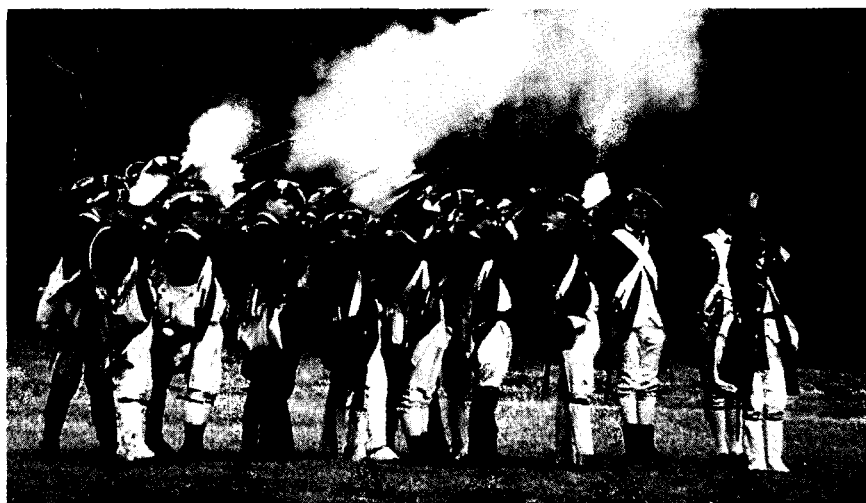
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NEW ENGLAND

THROUGH APRIL 29, BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA SEASON, Mass. Seiji Ozawa's orchestra will give *One Hundred and One*, by John Cage, its world premiere on April 5. The Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig will make a guest appearance March 30–April 1. (617) 266-2378.

THROUGH MAY 20, YALE REPERTORY THEATER SEASON, New Haven, Conn. Lloyd Richards's company will present Manuel Puig's *Kiss of the Spider Woman*, through November 12; Jonson's *Alchemist*, November 21–December 17; the Winterfest series, world premieres of four plays, in repertory January 10–February 4; John Guare's *Moon Over Miami*, February 14–March 11; Lee Blessing's new play *Cobb*, March 21–April 15; and a comedy (to be announced) April 25–May 20. (203) 432-1234.

NOVEMBER 19-27, OLD STURBRIDGE VILLAGE THANKSGIVING, Mass. At Old Sturbridge Village, which lives eternally in the 1830s, the holiday special events will begin with a competitive turkey shoot (actually, the muskets will be aimed at historically accurate paper targets). All week the village's costumed "interpreters" will be demonstrating the cooking techniques used to prepare a Thanksgiving dinner 150 years ago. On Thanksgiving Day, dinner will be served at the Bullard Tavern (reservations are required), and services will be held in the meetinghouse. (508) 347-3362.

NOVEMBER 25–JULY, AMERICAN REPERTORY THEATRE SEASON, Cambridge, Mass. Robert Brustein's company

will present a repertory season of Carlo Gozzi's *Serpent Woman*, opening November 25; Chekhov's *Platonov*, opening December 16; Larry Gelbart's new play *Mastergate*, opening February 3; Moliere's *Miser*, opening May 12; and Calderon de la Barca's *Life Is a Dream*, opening May 26. (617) 547-8300.

DECEMBER 31, FIRST NIGHT, Boston, Mass. In the city's churches, theaters, concert halls, and shop windows, and on its streets and plazas, environmental art, ice sculptures, music, dance, theater, performance art, storytelling, film, poetry, and, finally, fireworks greet the new year. (617) 542-1399.

JANUARY 20-29, WINTER CARNIVAL, Stowe, Vt. Ice-sculpting contests, parades, sled-dog races, ski races, a winter triathlon, and other sporting events, of both silly and serious kinds. (802) 253-7326.

FEBRUARY 10-12, WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP SLED-DOG DERBY, Laconia, NH. (603) 253-6265.

MARCH 16-19, STRATTON SKI CLASSIC, Vt. Including the U.S. men's pro ski tour championships in slalom and super-giant slalom. (802) 362-2100.

MID-ATLANTIC

THROUGH MAY 6, METROPOLITAN OPERA SEASON, New York City. James Levine's company performs virtually every night, except Sundays. The remaining new productions this season are Bartok's *Bluebeard's Castle* and Schoenberg's *Erwartung*, on a double bill, having their premiere Janu-

ary 16; and Strauss's *Salome*, February 20. (212) 362-6000.

THROUGH MAY 27, NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC SEASON, New York City. Zubin Mehta's orchestra will present the premieres of a violin concerto by Stanley Wolfe (with Mark Peskanov on violin), on February 9, and a trumpet concerto by Joseph Turrin (with Philip Smith on trumpet), on April 27. In concerts throughout the season music by Leonard Bernstein (the orchestra's laureate conductor) will be featured, in honor of his 70th birthday, which was this summer. (212) 799-9595.

THROUGH MAY 28, ARENA STAGE SEASON, Washington, DC. Zelda Fichandler's company will present, in the Arena, Jean Anouilh's *Ring Round the Moon*, through November 20; Alan Ayckbourn's *Chorus of Disapproval*, December 30–February 5; Sam Shepard's *Lie of the Mind*, March 3–April 9; and Leonard Bernstein's *On the Town*, April 21–May 28. The productions in the Kreeger Theater are Pirandello's *Six Characters in Search of an Author*, through November 20; Mustapha Matura's *Playboy of the West Indies*, December 2–January 22; and George Walker's *Nothing Sacred*, March 24–May 14. The second Stage Four series of new American plays will run throughout the season. (202) 488-3300.

NOVEMBER 6, NEW YORK MARATHON, New York City. (212) 397-8222.

NOVEMBER 15–DECEMBER 31, YULE-TIDE AT WINTERTHUR, Del. This year a number of the Christmas displays at the lovely Winterthur Museum will be on the theme of how people in the 18th and 19th centuries entertained. (800) 448-3883 or (302) 888-4600.

NOVEMBER 19, 125TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE GETTYSBURG ADDRESS, Pa. Six score and five years ago our President Lincoln brought forth upon this site a rousing speech, conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a reenactment of this event. The Lincoln impersonator, James A. Getty, of Gettysburg, will arrive by steam train and deliver the address, a Civil War Troops Parade will lead a procession to the National Cemetery, and the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, William Rehnquist, will speak there. (717) 783-8320.

NOVEMBER 22–FEBRUARY 26, NEW YORK CITY BALLET SEASON, NY. In addition to the traditional production of Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* December 1-31, Peter Martins and Jerome Robbins's company will present 41 ballets in repertory, including a new ballet by Martins, which will



United States

have its premiere February 2. (212) 870-5570.

JANUARY 28-29, SUBARU USSA SKI JUMPING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Lake Placid, NY. (518) 523-2445.

MARCH 18-19, JOCKEY HOLLOW ENCAMPMENT, Morristown, NJ. Here General George Washington endured most of the 28 blizzards of the "Hard Winter" of 1779-1780. When St. Patrick's Day came, he declared it a holiday, both to compliment the many Irishmen in his troops and to taunt the enemy. In commemoration, this encampment, at which a few dozen hardy souls demonstrate what a Revolutionary War soldier's life was like, is always held on the weekend closest to St. Patrick's Day. (201) 539-2085.

APRIL 2-30, DUKE ELLINGTON MONTH, Washington, DC. A celebration of the 90th anniversary of the Duke's birth. The highlight will be the "Duke Ellington 90th Birthday Festival" weekend, including a parade and an outdoor jazz concert on April 29 and a concert at the Kennedy Center on April 30, in which Mercer Ellington and the Duke Ellington Orchestra, and their guests, will perform *Sacred Concert* and *A Drum Is a Woman*, two Ellington works that don't get around much anymore. (202) 362-0858.

APRIL 30, BICENTENNIAL OF GEORGE WASHINGTON'S INAUGURATION, New York City. He who is sworn in in January will be upstaged by the Father of Our Country not long after. The Presidential oath-taking ceremony will be re-enacted, and there will be (as there was the first time around) a flotilla on New York Harbor, an ecumenical church service, a parade, a concert, and fireworks. Also, the new Museum of American Constitutional Government, at Federal Hall, the site of Washington's inauguration, will be dedicated. (212) 566-1989.

SOUTHEAST

NOVEMBER 24, CREEK INDIAN THANKSGIVING DAY HOMECOMING AND POWWOW, Poarch, Ala. In the best American tradition the Poarch Band of Creek Indians welcome all comers to their celebration. Thanksgiving foods are available, and the activities include an Indian dance competition, a turkey shoot, and a greased-pig chase. (205) 368-9136.

DECEMBER 1-JANUARY 1, WILLIAMSBURG YULETIDE CELEBRATION AND GRAND ILLUMINATION, Va. A cornucopia of Christmas events and programs. Colonial Williamsburg's Grand Illumination will take place on the 4th. (804) 253-0192.

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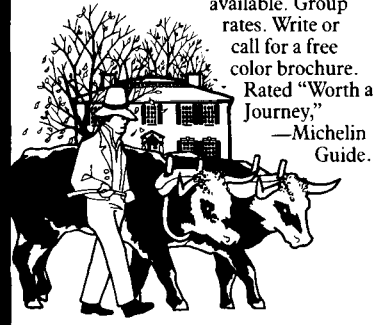
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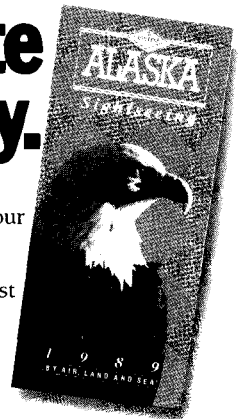
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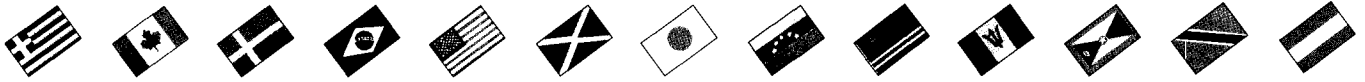
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United States

DECEMBER 2-11, OPEN-CLASS WORLD WINDSURFING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Fort Lauderdale, Fla. Some 40 countries will participate. (714) 499-5742.

DECEMBER 16, CHRISTMAS SING IN THE CAVE, Mammoth Cave National Park, Ky. In a 105-year-old tradition, barber-shop quartets perform and groups of children lead visitors in caroling among the stalactites and stalagmites. Hot apple cider and cookies are served. (502) 758-2328.

JANUARY 13-15, ART DECO WEEKEND, Miami Beach, Fla. This 10th annual street fair will feature continuous jazz, big-band performances, a lecture series, and tours of the square mile that the city's historic district occupies. (305) 672-2014.

JANUARY 18-22, BUSKERFEST, Key West, Fla. "Buskers," or street performers—aerialists, fire-eaters, storytellers, musicians, dancers, mimes, jugglers—will descend on the southernmost spot in the U.S. (305) 294-3099.

FEBRUARY 22-26, FINISH OF THE TOUR OF THE AMERICAS, Fla. The final eight races of the hemisphere's richest bicycle series (with a purse of \$200,000) will proceed from Jacksonville to Coconut Grove, by way of Gainesville, Ocala, St. Petersburg, Tampa, Orlando, West Palm Beach, Fort Lauderdale, and Miami. The participants, who include amateur as well as professional teams, will have raced in Venezuela and Mexico City over the previous two weeks. (305) 561-1022.

FEBRUARY 23-MARCH 7, AUDI SORC YACHTING SERIES, Fla. This year the Miami to Nassau Race and the Nassau Cup Race have been dropped from the Southern Ocean Racing Conference schedule (though they will still be held, under the sponsorship of the Miami and Nassau yacht clubs). The SORC series will proceed as follows: February 23-24, two triangular races in Tampa Bay, at St. Petersburg. February 26-28, St. Petersburg to Fort Lauderdale Race. March 3, Mark Baxter Memorial Race, from Fort Lauderdale to Miami. March 4, Lipton Cup Race, and March 5, Coral Reef Yacht Club Race, both races starting and finishing in Miami Harbor. March 6-7, Gulf Stream Race, also starting and finishing in Miami Harbor. (305) 667-1671.

MARCH 1-31, SPRINGFEST, Hilton Head Island, SC. Simultaneous food, wine, seafood, music, theater, art, and children's festivals, plus sports competitions and environmental tours of the island. (803) 785-3673.

APRIL 6-9, MASTERS GOLF TOURNAMENT, Augusta, Ga. (404) 738-7761.

MIDWEST

THROUGH FEBRUARY 5, GUTHRIE THEATER SEASON, Minneapolis, Minn. It's the Guthrie's 25th-anniversary season. Garland Wright's company will present Ibsen's *Wild Duck* and Shakespeare's *Hamlet*, in repertory through November 20 and 18, respectively; Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, November 22-January 1; and Howard Brenton and David Hare's *Pravda: A Fleet Street Comedy*, January 7-February 5. (612) 377-2224.

THROUGH MAY 20, CHICAGO SYMPHONY SEASON, Ill. Sir Georg Solti's orchestra will present the premieres of George Lloyd's Symphony No. 7, on November 10, and Ellen Taaffe Zwilich's Concerto for Trombone (with Jay Friedman on trombone), on February 2. (312) 435-6666.

THROUGH JULY 9, GOODMAN THEATRE SEASON, Chicago, Ill. Robert Falls's company will present Dickens's *Christmas Carol* November 19-December 28; *The Piano Lesson*, by August Wilson, January 6-February 11; a play to be announced, February 24-April 1; the premiere of *The Speed of Darkness*, by Steve Tesich, April 14-May 20; and *A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, by Stephen Sondheim, Larry Gelbart, and Burt Shevelove, June 2-July 9. (312) 443-3800.

DECEMBER 3-31, CHRISTMAS AT THE HENRY FORD MUSEUM AND GREENFIELD VILLAGE, Dearborn, Mich. Demonstrations of traditional crafts and cooking techniques and displays of traditional decorations amid the world's largest collection of 19th-century Americana. (313) 271-1976.

JANUARY 12-15, INTERNATIONAL FINALS RODEO, Tulsa, Okla. The top International Professional Rodeo Association money-winners compete for cash prizes. (918) 592-7177.

JANUARY 15-21, SUBARU USSA CROSS-COUNTRY SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Giants Ridge, Minn. (218) 865-4143.

FEBRUARY 24-25, SHARPING BROTHERS LONGHORN AND EXOTIC ANIMAL SALE, Chamberlain, SD. On Friday they auction the hoofed animals, such as yaks, buffalo, exotic sheep, and miniature horses. On Saturday they do the elk, aoudads, camels, zebras, nilgais, eland, ostriches, emus . . . (605) 894-4335.

FEBRUARY 25, AMERICAN BIRKEBEINER, Hayward to Cable, Wisc. A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km). (715) 634-5025.

WEST

NOVEMBER 24-27, AMERICA'S OPENING PRO CUP, Park City, Utah. The opening races for the men's and women's pro skiing circuits. (801) 649-8111.

NOVEMBER 26, MARTHA GRAHAM: A RATIFICATION CELEBRATION, Billings, Mont. In honor of Montana's centennial of statehood and also the bicentennial of the ratification of the U.S. Constitution, Martha Graham and the Martha Graham Dance Company will appear at the Alberta Bair Theater. (406) 256-8915.

DECEMBER 3-11, NATIONAL FINALS RODEO, Las Vegas, Nevada. The richest rodeo in the country, with a purse of \$2 million. (702) 731-2115.

MID-DECEMBER-MID-APRIL, NATIONAL ELK REFUGE SLEIGH RIDES, Jackson Hole, Wyo. Horse-drawn sleighs take visitors to see the 7,000 elk that winter near town. (307) 733-8084.

JANUARY 6, THREE KINGS DAY CELEBRATIONS, Taos, San Idelfonso, and San Juan, NM. The Rio Grande Indians celebrate with animal and eagle dances. (505) 827-0312.

JANUARY 20-29, U.S. FILM FESTIVAL, Park City, Utah. An annual showcase for new work by independent filmmakers. This year's program will include a series of Latin American films based on stories by Gabriel Garcia Marquez and a screening of F. W. Murnau's 1927 classic *Sunrise*, with a full orchestral score performed live. (801) 328-3456.

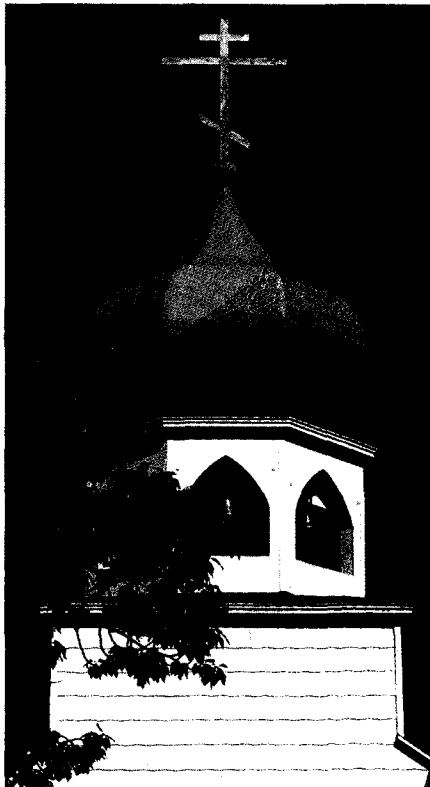
JANUARY 29-FEBRUARY 12, WORLD ALPINE SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Vail and Beaver Creek, Colo. The skiing event of the year—at least. These championships have been held in the U.S. only once before, in 1950. (800) 525-3875 or (303) 476-9500.

MARCH 3-5, GUILD INDIAN FAIR, Phoenix, Ariz. At The Heard Museum, Indian food, performances of Indian music and dance, and both demonstrations of arts and crafts and the opportunity to buy the finished products. (602) 252-8848.

MARCH 16-23, SUBARU U.S. ALPINE SKIING CHAMPIONSHIPS, Crested Butte, Colo. (303) 349-2281.

MARCH 27-28, BORAH SYMPOSIUM, Moscow, Idaho. An annual public event intended to call attention to "the causes of war and the conditions of peace." The focus is generally on an aspect of U.S. foreign policy. (208) 885-6484.

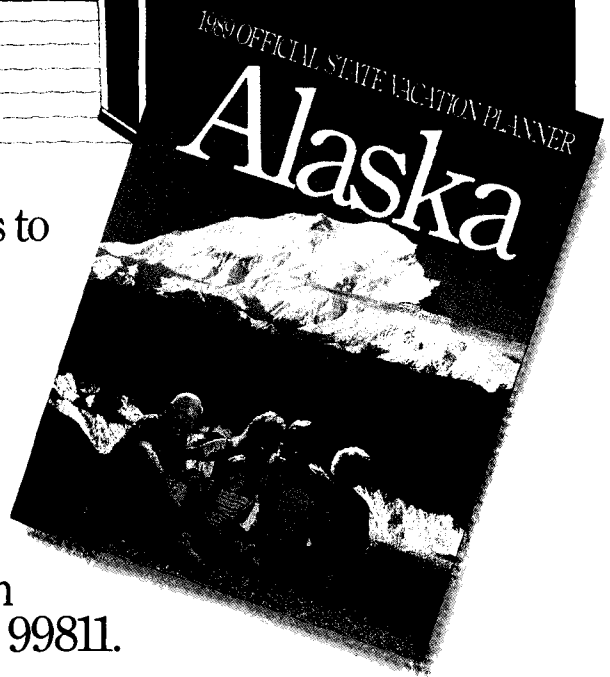
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■ PACIFIC

THROUGH MAY 6, SEATTLE OPERA SEASON, Wash. It's the opera's 25th-anniversary season. Speight Jenkins's company will present Gounod's *Romeo et Juliette* through November 5, a new production of Wagner's *Flying Dutchman*, January 14-25; a new production of Massenet's *Werther*, February 25-March 5; and Puccini's *Madame Butterfly*, April 29-May 10. (206) 443-4711.

THROUGH MAY 7, LOS ANGELES PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA SEASON, Calif. Andre Previn's orchestra will present the premieres of *Corona*, by Robert Erickson, on February 2, and a work by Daniel Lentz, on March 30. It will host the East Berlin Symphony Orchestra, November 2-6; the Bavarian Symphony Orchestra, March 13-14; the Israel Philharmonic, March 19; and the Munich Philharmonic, April 7-8. (213) 410-1062.

THROUGH MAY 27, AMERICAN CONSERVATORY THEATER SEASON, San Francisco, Calif. Edward Hastings's ACT is presenting, in repertory, O'Neill's *Marco*

Millions, through November 5; Alan Ayckbourn's *Woman in Mind*, November 2-December 10; Dickens's *Christmas Carol*, December 3-26; August Wilson's *Joe Turner's Come and Gone*, January 6-February 11; J. B. Priestley's *When We Are Married*, January 25-March 7; Shaw's *Saint Joan*, February 22-April 7; George F. Walker's *Nothing Sacred*, March 22-May 6; and Stephen Sondheim, Larry Gelbart, and Burt Shevelove's *Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum*, April 19-May 27. (415) 673-6440.

THROUGH AUGUST 27, MARK TAPER FORUM SEASON, Los Angeles, Calif. Gordon Davidson's company will present *Frankie and Johnny in the Clair de Lune*, by Terrence McNally, November 6-December 18; *Le Cirque Imaginaire*, with Jean-Baptiste Thierree and Victoria Chaplin, December 20-31; the premiere of *Dutch Landscape*, by Jon Robin Baitz, January 8-March 5; the premiere of *Sansei*, a musical by the band Hiroshima, March 12-May 7; and two subsequent plays. (213) 972-7373.

DECEMBER 2-31, TRIPLE CROWN OF SURFING, Oahu, Hawaii. The specific

dates for all events will depend on wave action. (808) 638-7266.

DECEMBER 13-MAY 7, SAN FRANCISCO BALLET SEASON, Calif. Helgi Tomasson's company will present Tchaikovsky's *Nutcracker* December 13-31, and thereafter eight programs in repertory, including the world premieres of works by Tomasson, James Kudelka, and Val Caniparoli, and a new production of Jiri Kylian's *Forgotten Land*. (415) 621-3838.

FEBRUARY 10-19, ANCHORAGE FUR RENDEZVOUS, Alaska. Open-air carnivals, hot-air-balloon races, a snow-sculpting contest, and sled-dog races, among other entertainments. (907) 277-8615.

MARCH 4, START OF THE IDITAROD TRAIL SLED-DOG RACE, Anchorage, Alaska. Each winter more than 100 mushers compete in this grueling 1,049-mile race to Nome. (907) 376-5155.

MARCH 27-APRIL 2, MERRIE MONARCH FESTIVAL, Hilo, Hawaii. The annual hula Olympics. (808) 935-9168.

CANADA

THROUGH MAY 31, MONTREAL SYMPHONY SEASON, Quebec. Charles Dutoit's orchestra will play host to both the Gewandhaus Orchestra of Leipzig, on April 17. (514) 842-9951.

THROUGH JUNE 30, TORONTO SYMPHONY SEASON, Ontario. This season Andrew Davis has become conductor laureate, and Gunther Herbig is in effect conductor, though his official title is "artistic adviser." The symphony will present the premiere of Raymond Lucdeke's *Tales of the Netsilik* on February 22. (416) 593-7769.

NOVEMBER 4-6, BANFF FESTIVAL OF MOUNTAIN FILMS, Alberta. Galen Rowell will speak, and some 20 films, on such themes as mountain sports, environmental issues, and mountaineering, will be screened. (403) 762-6351.

NOVEMBER 9-MAY 13, NATIONAL BALLET OF CANADA SEASON, Toronto, Ontario. This will be Valerie Wilder's and Lynn Wallis's final year as co-artistic directors: Reid Anderson, formerly the ballet-master of the Stuttgart Ballet and recently a founder of Ballet British Columbia, is to take over in January, 1990. The company

will present three programs through December 2 (one including the world premiere of a work by John Alleyne), *The Nutcracker* December 13-31, three programs February 8-26, and two (beginning with the premiere of a work by Glen Tetley) April 26-May 13. (416) 362-1041.

DECEMBER 12-13, CANADIAN OPEN SLED-DOG CHAMPIONSHIPS, Fort Nelson, BC. With an international field of mushers. (604) 785-2544.

FEBRUARY 2-12, QUEBEC WINTER CARNIVAL, Quebec City. Each year a majestic snow castle is erected and its grounds are turned over to entertainers and to entrants (from a dozen or so countries) in the snow-sculpting competition, who work with 12-foot cubes of compressed snow. The locals also make snow sculptures, along the rue Ste-Therese. And there are arts events, children's entertainment, a splashy opening ceremony, night parades, and an international canoe race across the St. Lawrence. (418) 626-3716.

FEBRUARY 3-12, WINTERLUDE, Ottawa, Ontario. Speed skating, ice-boating, outdoor curling, harness racing, snowshoeing, barrel-jumping, sleigh rides, and a snow-sculpture display. Virtually all the action oc-

curs on the world's longest man-made skating rink, the Rideau Canal. The Canadian Ski Marathon will be held February 4-5. (613) 239-5209.

FEBRUARY 10-19, FESTIVAL DU VOYAGEUR, St. Boniface, Manitoba. St. Boniface, the French-speaking district of Winnipeg, toasts its fur-trading past with one of Canada's biggest winter celebrations. There will be a parade on the 12th, sled-dog races, demonstrations of frontiersman's skills, snow-sculpture displays, fiddling contests, and lots of French-Canadian food and *joie de vivre*. (204) 237-7692.

FEBRUARY 19, GATINEAU 55, Gatineau Provincial Park, Quebec (loop route). A Worldloppet cross-country skiing marathon (55 km). (613) 239-5209.

MARCH 24-26, CARIBOU CARNIVAL AND CANADIAN CHAMPIONSHIP DOG DERBY, Yellowknife, Northwest Territories. Traditional and not-so sporting contests and frolics, simultaneous with a 150-mile sled-dog race on Great Slave Lake. (800) 661-0788 or (403) 873-3131.

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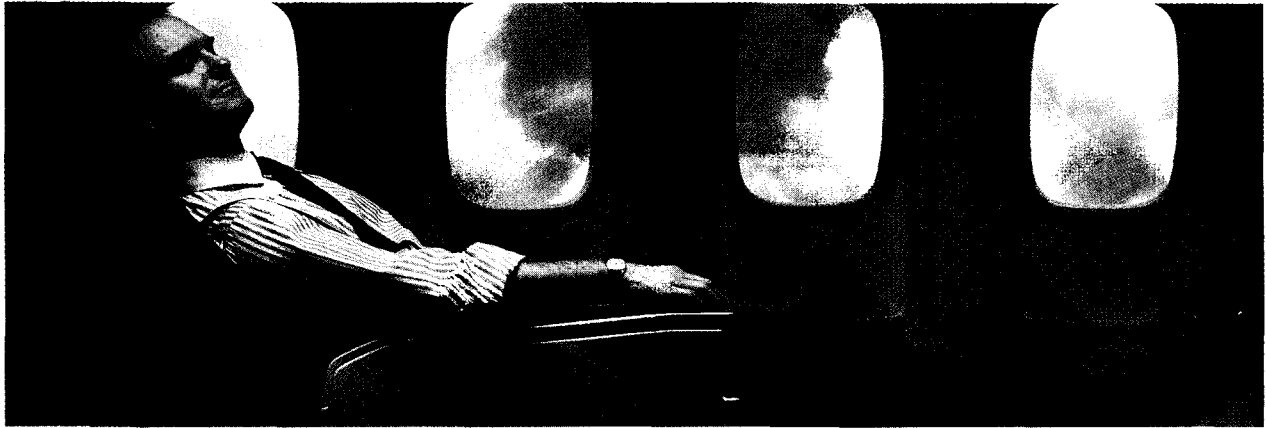
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zens? The unrelenting depth and duration of the tragedy, to begin with. Second, the consequences, not only of that particular war but of war in general and of how wars are fought, for people and societies. Third, the difference leadership can make, to lessen tragedy—or to explain it, which itself is vital to a self-governing people. Finally, texts could make clear the uses of comparative history, to provoke interest and help students to achieve perspective.

The portrayal of the Civil War years in each of our five texts is competent and often quite moving. But the books could do more to teach the difference between tragedy and the melodrama typical of television mini-series. Each side believed in the rightness of its cause. Neither understood the other's fierce faith.

Only one text, Davidson, reprints an eyewitness account—of hospital wards, from the diary of a Confederate nurse, who portrayed the agony of incomprehension.

Gray-haired men—men in the pride of manhood—beardless boys—Federals and all, mutilated in every imaginable way, lying on the floor, just as they were taken from the battlefield; so close together that it was almost impossible to walk without stepping on them. . . . What can be in the minds of our enemies, who are now arrayed against us, who have never harmed them in any way, but simply claim our own, and nothing more!

Only one text, Bragdon, makes the point that by 1860 reason had fled; fury, pride, and misconception of the other had taken over. There was, as ever in history, a universal inability to look ahead and to comprehend the possible costs.

If the North had realized that it was going to cost the lives of 360,000 of their young men to subdue the Confederacy. . . . If the leaders of the Confederacy had foreseen that the war would bring utter defeat, devastation, and destruction of their entire social system. . . .

The texts could also do more to present the sheer magnitude of the tragedy. With our current population at about eight times that of 1861, comparable losses today would mean the deaths of five million men. Let students reflect on such trauma. No European conflict since the Thirty Years' War had been so bloody in relation to the populations involved. All the nineteenth-century revolutions of Europe put together are dwarfed by the human cost of preserving the American Union. Yet somehow we manage to congratulate ourselves on two centuries of constitutional stability and even "peaceful evolution," in favorable contrast to other nations.

Why did the Civil War not continue long afterward to haunt the American consciousness? One answer is that it did, in the defeated, devastated South. But the American consciousness, in literary, historical, and political utterance, was to be shaped much more commonly by northerners. Perhaps more important, the tremendous growth of population, the westward push, the enormous activity and mobility that accompanied the post-Civil War indus-

trialization, rendered our self-inflicted scars less disfiguring than those of smaller, more static European societies. For the millions of immigrants arriving after 1865, the Civil War was not their war but something memorialized (as I remember from my own childhood) by those others, the "old Yankees" with "American names."

In reality, of course, a great many non-Anglo-Americans died for the Union, including blacks, who fought in increasing numbers. The textbooks are clear in that regard—a benefit of the new pluralist consciousness. But none puts the war's enormity in large enough perspective. Some do not record the numbers of killed and wounded at all. And only Boorstin and Davidson try to explain why the losses were so high. The latter emphasizes the primitive medical practices of the era: "One Confederate officer wrote that his men had as much to fear from their own doctors as they did from Union troops."

Boorstin alone takes seriously the analysis of military history. Losses soared, he says, partly because officers on both sides clung to the doctrine, taught by out-of-date textbooks at West Point, that the attackers always had the advantage. But with the much more accurate longer-range rifle having replaced the musket, the defenders now had the advantage, especially when they also took care to dig in. "This was the start of trench warfare," Boorstin says. "The spade was now as important as the gun." No quick victory was likely.

Military history has been out of favor for quite some time, and there is relatively little of it in modern textbooks. But events on the battlefield have profound and fateful effects on entire societies, and democratic peoples need to know more, if anything, of military matters than others do, in order to exercise proper oversight of their experts. It is a commonplace that most of the truly innovative methods and strategies in the World War of 1914–1918 sprang from civilians and the lower ranks, while the generals—having failed to learn the lessons of our Civil War—persisted in their murderous obsession with frontal assaults. That both wars dragged through four years of slaughter determined much of what followed in peacetime society. Citizens need to know why, and how even the best of military plans and preparations are almost always undone by the "fog of war," the pressures and confusions of combat. And they need to learn that defeat may well be a step to victory, as Boorstin shrewdly observes of the first battle of Bull Run, in July, 1861.

In the long run the South was actually hurt by this first victory. Now the Southerners made the mistake of believing that it would be easy to defeat the North. For the North, on the other hand, the defeat at Bull Run made people realize that the war could not be won in a few days. And they steeled themselves for the hard years ahead.

The most surprising failure in these textbooks is that they do not provide a substantial biographical sketch of Abraham Lincoln. As with military affairs, democratic citi-

zens need to know more about political leadership than others do. Although the textbooks sometimes suggest the importance of individual character in politics, they rarely pause to draw a character in full dimension. No man deserves such a portrait more than Lincoln, and none could be more instructive to students looking for the traits one would hope to find in democratic leaders, especially those destined to confront great crises. Granted, even the fullest biographies may miss the ultimate reasons for greatness in men or women, may fail to find the source for genius of any kind. But certain important characteristics deserve mention. In Lincoln's case, texts should relate his formative experiences; what he read; some of what he knew and believed; the sources of his eloquence, his temperament, his humor, and his melancholy; and his conduct of affairs under the awful pressure of war. His convictions were rooted in the oldest American political and religious traditions, absorbed from his readings in history, law, and Scripture. His ideals were bonded to reality by his hard life and hard work on the frontier, and by his law practice and his politicking among the people of Illinois, both the ordinary and the powerful.

Boorstin gives Lincoln six paragraphs, which constitute the longest portrait. But it does not reach Lincoln's beliefs or the depth of his character. Boorstin, among others, offers instances of Lincoln's political acumen, as in the debates with Douglas and in his widely different tactics in saving Maryland, Missouri, and Kentucky for the Union. Davidson comments on Lincoln's "political skills" but says nothing about where he might have learned them. In the chapters on the Civil War, Davidson finds room for at least seven pages' worth of maps and special features, not counting pictures, but presents no biography of Lincoln. Risjord devotes twenty pages out of forty-three to pictures, maps, and special features (there are "Sidenotes" on *Uncle Tom's Cabin*, women during the war, photography on the battlefield, and Lee's crisis of conscience), but has no Lincoln sketch. Todd uses twenty-three of fifty pages for such items, including tips on study skills, review questions, summaries, a profile of John C. Frémont, and, inexplicably, even a two-page spread on regulating water rights today in the western states, but no analysis of Lincoln.

Several texts do reprint the Gettysburg Address, and Davidson offers an excerpt from Lincoln's second inaugural address. Surely all texts should reprint the latter in its entirety. It may be the greatest political utterance in American life, and is certainly superior to any other in its combination of moral power and historical realism. The closing passage, "With malice toward none, with charity for all . . .," is often quoted as testimony to Lincoln's far-sighted generosity. But for teachers of history, who strive to portray historical tragedy and the unyielding interrelatedness of events and generations, the preceding section, with its biblical recital of the law of consequences, is most revealing of Lincoln's capacity of mind. It expresses the central truth about the war which he hoped Americans would comprehend.

Neither party expected for the war, the magnitude, or the duration, which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the *cause* of the conflict might cease with, or even before, the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding. Both read the same Bible, and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered; that of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offenses, for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh!" If we shall suppose that American Slavery is one of those offenses which, in the providence of God, must needs come, but which, having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South, this terrible war, as the woe due to those by whom the offense came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a Living God always ascribe to Him? Fondly do we hope—fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue, until all the wealth piled by the bondsman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash, shall be paid by another drawn with the sword, as was said three thousand years ago, so still it must be said, "The judgments of the Lord, are true and righteous altogether."

Finally, the ultimate tragedy of the Civil War looms all the more bitter for its having failed to remove most of the oppressions of the slave system, despite its legal repudiation. These textbooks do explain the shortcomings of merely formal emancipation, without the lasting and constantly enforced state and local political guarantees—including education for both races—that would have been required to bring black people to something like emancipation in fact. But the books all fail to stress sufficiently the fundamental changes in economic conditions which would also have been needed. It is as if the authors shared the radical republicans' view (still widespread in American politics) that political and civil rights alone, coupled with a certain amount of education, will make everything else come out all right in the end.

On the economic plight of the ex-slaves, the texts could offer students a look at the Russian counterpart of the American Emancipation: Czar Alexander II's freeing of the serfs, in 1861. Comparative history could be very useful in survey courses—at all school levels, including the university—to capture students' interest and to open up wider perspectives. The contrasts between the two contemporary efforts at emancipation are striking. The czarist program followed upon long planning and centered on the allocation of land to the serfs. Though often not enough, and not the best, land went to the ex-serfs, the Russian approach appears as a model of social responsibility in con-

trast to the American government's lack of planning and utter failure to act on evident economic need.

What would this exercise of comparative history illuminate? First, the contrast between the European monarchist, czarist ideology of conservative paternalism, which assumed the right of government to intervene in economic and social matters and the duty to regulate them for the general welfare, and the nineteenth-century version of European and American liberalism, which insisted on governmental laissez-faire (except, of course, for action that would directly benefit dominant business enterprise). Second, in point of contrast, the distribution of land to the serfs was always assumed to be necessary; there was an obvious need to provide subsistence for the 40 million ex-serfs, who were numerous everywhere in Russia. American northerners who ran the federal government found it far less urgent to think about the three and a half million ex-slaves, who were mostly out of their sight. Third, the Russian process was pursued in the (relative) calm of peace; planning was to be expected, for the serf-owners were not only the allies but the very pillars of czarism. In the heat of war the Union government was not likely to take the long view of any issue, least of all an enormous economic intervention contrary to its own ideology. But most significant, of course, is the racial contrast. Russian ex-serfs, however they might be despised, were mainly white and accepted as wholly Russian. The black ex-slaves were a people apart, regarded by many, North and South, as not wholly human.

Tocqueville's grim prophecy of thirty years before was borne out. Slavery might recede, but "the prejudice to which it has given birth is immovable," he had said. "If I were called upon to predict the future, I should say that the abolition of slavery in the South will, in the common course of things, increase the repugnance of the white population for the blacks."

The terrible sacrifices of the war brought little improvement in the daily lives of blacks. In the short run the war brought greatly increased suffering, and, not long after its conclusion, the scourges of the Ku Klux Klan and Jim Crow. The North spent 360,000 lives, but the Union was not truly made, because the federal government turned its back on the South. The consequences of 1619 rolled on through the rest of the nineteenth century, and through the twentieth century as well. The textbooks designed for educating citizens should place the Civil War and the Emancipation in this long and bitter perspective.

In Lincoln's case, texts should relate his formative experiences: the sources of his eloquence, his temper- ament, his humor, and his melancholy.



Go-Getters

A CENTRAL THEME OF THESE American history texts is the explosive growth of industry, commerce, and finance, moving us from the status of a developing nation before the Civil War to a commanding position in the world's economy by 1914. Their narratives are breathless about the energy and ingenuity of American entrepreneurs. But the texts much underplay the great advantages our enterprises enjoyed. And by leaving out the concurrent, or earlier, economic development of Britain and Western Europe, they create the impression that modern industrialization was mainly an American product and that we did it all by ourselves.

This is, of course, a simplification of history, and as such it is dangerous to our hold on reality. It is particularly misleading when invoked as a "lesson of history" to guide us in economic policy-making at home or abroad. When textbooks fail to discuss such matters with the complexity they deserve, they spawn economic illiteracy at a moment when a realistic view of economics is more important than ever to us, struggling as we are with agricultural and industrial dislocation, with corporate mismanagement and faltering productivity, with the flight of capital and jobs, with overseas competition (some foreign, some from American-owned facilities), and with the entire range of issues posed by poverty and underdevelopment in the Third World. At the very least, the textbooks should explain the special, favorable conditions that allowed the rapid advances in the American economy of the nineteenth century, so that we do not deceive ourselves over how they happened or how they might be replicated, here or elsewhere.

In many respects the new American nation and the Industrial Revolution were made for each other, children of the same generation. The machine found in America a *tabula rasa*; the organizers of industry had a free hand. Earlier development of commerce and industry in Britain and Europe had created reserves of capital ready for investment in the New World. Along with capital, technical assistance flowed to us, from James Watt, Samuel Slater, and Henry Bessemer, and, it must be said, flowed swiftly back in the other direction, as America's own inventions proliferated. Encouraging the swift introduction of machines was the westward movement, the immense domestic market free of barriers, yearly adding a broad new margin of consumers. In such conditions building big was not so much a risk as a necessity. The frontier allowed the United States to escape the worst consequences of labor surplus,

while immigration was insurance against labor shortage.

How many of these circumstances do our textbooks describe, and how sharply do they portray their importance? The answer is disappointing. Most of the texts are satisfied to relate the parade of American inventions, the building of railroads and industry, the growth of cities, and the rise of the great corporations and their magnates, who are depicted as colorful "Go-Getters"—a term that Boorstin uses again and again. In every text Andrew Carnegie and John D. Rockefeller, and their careers and methods and aspirations, are given much more space than is Abraham Lincoln. The implicit message is that they were more important to what is essential, or special, about the United States. And by failing to analyze the broader setting in which they operated, the textbooks overplay their individual roles, presenting them as giants pulling themselves up by their giant bootstraps.

Overall, Boorstin's is the most admiring of the accounts of economic expansion. It describes a people "eager to learn," creating a system of production that would build an "American standard of living," run by "Go-Getters," "a peculiarly American breed." There is a good deal of truth here, but students will learn very little of gritty economic history from Boorstin, whose text concludes with the astonishing declaration that American go-getters have always been "makers of something out of nothing."

ONLY TWO OF THE TEXTS, RISJORD AND DAVIDSON, relate the notion of social Darwinism to *laissez-faire*, and say that business leaders seized upon both to justify aggressive tactics and to ward off government regulation. This connection is absent in the other three—a surprising lapse for Bragdon, which is usually the strongest in such matters. It does relieve them from explaining (as Risjord and Davidson also do not) why the one-sided, pro-business application of *laissez-faire* in the Western world of the nineteenth century was not what Adam Smith had in mind. But the ideas of Adam Smith, Malthus, and Ricardo are missing from these books, so the students are not introduced to nineteenth-century ideologies of liberalism and classical economics—and how they were used and misused in debates over the role of government. Once more, the texts remain both parochial and feeble in ideas.

They also miss the chance to instruct students in practical economics. Although Bragdon is more analytical than the others, even it does not say outright what is obvious: American economic expansion was heavily subsidized by American consumers, taxpayers, and workers, and also by slave labor in the South and by an earlier generation of British and Europeans, whose labor produced investment capital. *Subsidy* remains a bad word in the American lexicon, yet it is axiomatic that all enterprise must in some way be subsidized to one degree or other. Capital goods must be paid for by somebody, whether the economy is capitalist, communist, or somewhere between. The texts could

say that there is nothing wrong with subsidy as such, provided that the gains and losses are reasonably distributed. It is another name for community effort.

In stressing the individualistic, risk-taking side of entrepreneurship, the texts ignore another lesson in practical economics: the importance to free enterprise of a generous measure of predictability. It was, after all, to minimize risk and to ensure predictability that Rockefeller built Standard Oil. He did so by systematically destroying the predictability of his competitors' business conditions. The drive to business concentration, to trusts horizontal and vertical, was then, and still is, a drive to escape the risks of a "free-market economy." As the texts do point out, many if not most risk-takers failed. Those who succeeded did so by eliminating any risk that could be decisive. This aspect of free enterprise, so vital these days to developing countries—predictability of prices, of labor costs, of access to markets and credit—is left out, even though successful nineteenth-century businessmen enjoyed it all. The texts are needlessly weak on economic lessons.

THE FAILURE OF AMERICAN LABOR UNIONS TO achieve their aims in this period is described by all these texts in sections directly following their accounts of industrial development in the post-Civil War era. It is, or should be, axiomatic by now that a free, strong labor-union movement is one of the indispensable supports of political democracy in the industrial age. The history of most of the world's democratic societies reveals that effective labor unions gave workers some assurance that economic justice could be won by peaceful, gradual means. Where trade unionism was weak or oppressed, political democracy remained unstable or nonexistent and extremist movements on the left tended to prosper. None of the texts makes such connections. The most one hopes for, then, is a clear and balanced narrative of labor's struggles from the Civil War onward, and in general that is provided—though why the student should regard unions as significant to the health of a democracy is not made clear, so teachers must add the point.

Here Bragdon is the most analytical of the texts, explaining the difficulties of the labor movement under five general headings. First, American industrial labor was mobile and diverse, coming from farms and foreign countries. Second, there was a confusion of aims within the labor movement itself, between moderates and radicals. Third, employers enjoyed unlimited power, exercised by means of blacklists, lockouts, and scabs, to crush unions and their efforts. Fourth was the antipathy of "public opinion" toward unions that it pictured (or had pictured for it) as radical and greedy. Fifth was the unanimity of the courts in taking the side of employers, particularly by quickly issuing injunctions at the request of employers and local officials.

Todd also stresses the allied power of employers and government as the big reason for labor's defeats. The em-

employers' advantages were numerous: they could afford the best lawyers and lobbyists; they could buy favorable publicity; they could hire strikebreakers, private detectives, spies inside the unions, *agents provocateurs* to stir up violence, for which the newspapers dependent on them could blame the unions. State militias and federal troops were ready at the call of politicians friendly to, and also dependent on, the employers. "Most Americans," Todd says, blamed industrial conflict on "power-hungry" labor leaders, and usually supported the businessmen. What "most Americans" thought is, of course, unknowable.

With the exception of Boorstin, the textbooks are generally quite clear about the problems of working people and about the vastly uneven struggle they were forced to wage with employers. Boorstin manages to take a relatively sunny view of the worker's life, starting with his defense of northern factory owners who were accused by southerners of discarding "worn-out workers just like worn-out machines." The book asserts, "Free American workers could change jobs and learn new jobs." That very many workers had no choice but to stay and wear themselves out to keep their families alive is left unsaid.

Students could better grasp the drama of industrialization and the plight of labor, along with so many other things, if the American story were placed in the larger context of the Western world. Except for Bragdon, which does make helpful comparisons, the texts contain very few references to Europe, and these are as often confusing as they are helpful. Since "foreigners" are blamed for some of America's labor conflict, the impression is left (a hundred years later!) that foreign labor unionism was markedly more radical or revolutionary than American unionism was. Boorstin is the most explicit on this point; it depicts the leader of the American Federation of Labor, Samuel Gompers, as developing "a special American approach."

In those years many workers in Europe were organizing to make revolutions. Over there desperate workers were trying to abolish capitalism and take over the factories themselves. But Gompers was no revolutionary. A hard-headed, practical man, he believed that in the long run American workers would be better off if they organized swiftly for a larger share of the profits.

The facts do not bear this out. Most European labor in Gompers's day was also taking an evolutionary approach. In Scandinavia, Great Britain, the Low Countries, Germany, and even France most unions took the "bread and butter" line and their allied political parties pressed for social legislation in parliamentary fashion.

Of them all, only France was as far behind by 1914 as the United States in providing protection for injured, disabled, unemployed, and retired workers, and primarily for the same, obvious reason: industrial labor did not yet make up a large proportion of the population. Moreover, in both nations the countryside and small towns still dominated national politics (this was most obvious in the two

upper houses, the Senates). It was easy for employers to have their way in clashes with their workers, and easy to defeat social legislation because of what it would cost other segments of the population. Thus, both here and in France, leaders elected as "liberals"—Cleveland and Clemenceau—did not hesitate to send troops against strikers. Sheer numbers are, after all, important in democratic societies. The balance of power was against any reform that would accomplish much for workers and their families, and it remained so until the era of the New Deal.

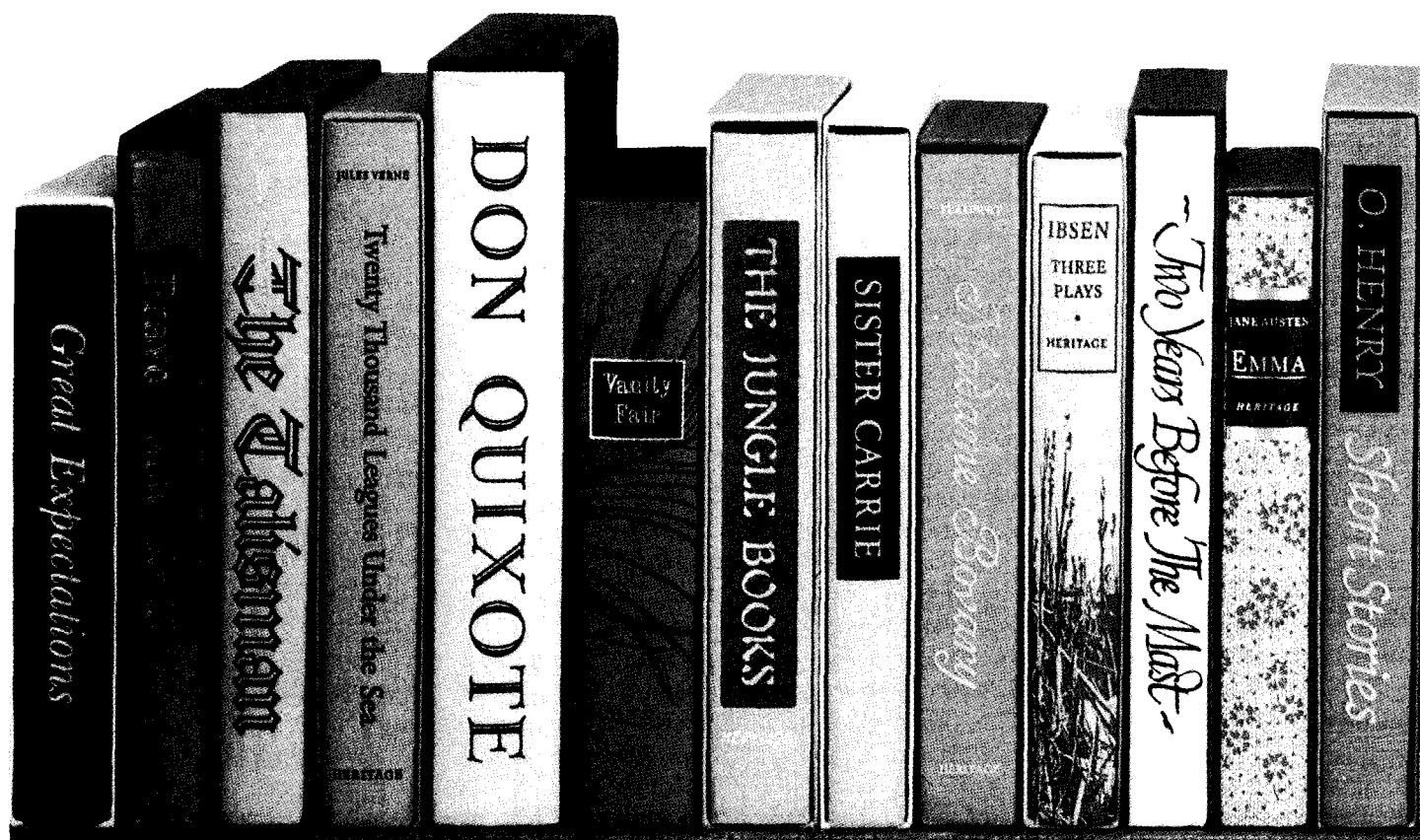
Progress?

THE PERIOD FROM 1865 TO 1917 IS THE TURNING POINT for all the major themes in the American-history course. In foreign affairs the United States joined the imperial powers of the earth, intervened decisively in a general European war, and became the world's leading creditor nation. In the gathering of our people some 25 million new immigrants arrived; millions of Americans, old and new, moved westward; tens of thousands of blacks moved out of the old Confederacy to the North and West. In economic matters the explosive growth of American capitalism created great new wealth, a new working class, new distances between rich and poor. In politics those who worried over democracy's future saw the unprecedented concentration of privately held economic power—in railroads, banking, commerce, and manufacturing—threatening to hold millions in peonage as surely as history's political tyrants had ever done. Would the ancient curse of plutocracy and pauperism destroy the middle ground and send modern democracy the way of Rome?

It was a common question, posed by the people of every European nation aspiring to democracy as well as by Americans. What happened and did not happen in the United States could be much more easily grasped if it were taught in a wider, comparative, setting, and would be of considerably sharper interest to students—especially as the contrasts can well be explored through social and family history.

In the years before the Great War the lives of most people of whatever class were shorter and harder than our lives are now, but hope for the future was high. In measuring their lives against those of their parents and grandparents even lower-class men and women saw good evidence of progress in most spheres of human life, and they saw greater promise for their children, as public education spread. Advances in sanitation, medicine, and surgery were especially striking when measured against the memories of their elders' time. Science in those days appeared to be cleaning up the world. Invention and engineering offered comforts and novelties apparently unending: automobiles, airplanes, ocean liners, streetcars, electrically lighted streets and parks, telephones, phonographs, radio, and moving pictures.

The same technology that challenged political democracy also produced a higher standard of living for most



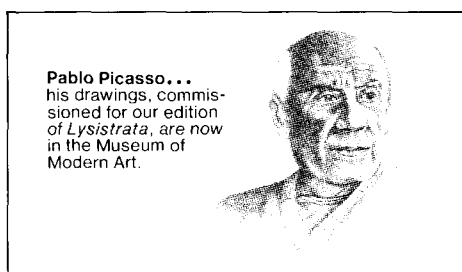
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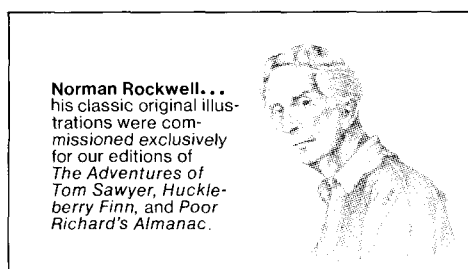
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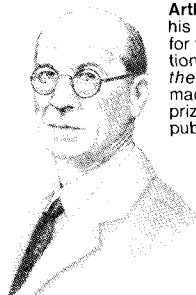
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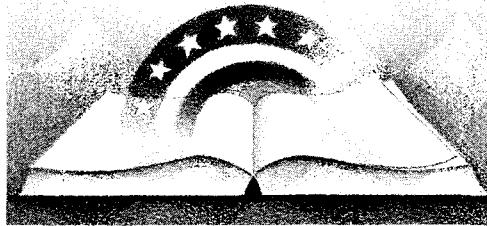
people, in food, clothing, shelter, housewares, and recreation. The puzzle was how to bring the gigantic forces of the modern age under democratic guidance without slowing the parade of benefits. We are still working at it. With luck we shall be working at it forever, but the first attempts to solve it were Populism, Progressivism, Theodore Roosevelt's Square Deal, and Woodrow Wilson's New Freedom.

For the sake of focus and drama, textbooks should deal with these four major streams of reform all at once, uninterrupted by other matters, and focus on the most important question: What did the period demonstrate about democracy's capacity to reform itself, to respond to change, to preserve and to extend itself under pressure? But none of the textbooks pursues that question explicitly, so a drama relevant to our own day is reduced to a recital of facts about the past. Still, teachers will find substance enough in any one of these books upon which to build memorable lessons—provided they manage to add supplementary readings. Two examples may be especially helpful. One, a success, is the vast expansion of public schooling. The other, the greatest failure, is the neglect of the rights and well-being of black Americans.

To take up the second example first, "failure" is hardly the word, because no significant reform was tried. On the contrary, it was during the Progressive era, from the 1890s onward, that the outrages of Jim Crow and white supremacy reached their peak. Blacks were denied their rights to vote, hold office, or sit on juries. Segregation, exclusion, violence, and humiliation were the daily lot of men, women, and children in every aspect of life from school to work to prison, and, in Bragdon's words, were "enforced not only by law, but by intimidation, which took its most extreme form in lynching and other forms of mob violence."

The other texts also relate the facts, though they soften their impact by doing so earlier, in the sections on the Civil War and Reconstruction. And no text can convey the depths of the black experience in an era otherwise progressive nearly so graphically as can memoirs, court records, and passages from literature. Students reading selections from Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* and Toni Morrison's *Beloved* are not likely to forget that at the turn of the twentieth century, and long after, blacks remained a people apart, subject to unanswerable violence to body and spirit. Democracy for them was far removed, further than it had been in the deceptive years of Reconstruction.

**What is most
impressive about the
Progressives is
the degree of reform
they were able to
achieve, against the
circumstances of
their day.**



The positive side of the era is just as difficult to dramatize in textbooks. The sharp rise in the availability of education (even for blacks in some localities) emerges flat and dry from these pages. Absent is the wonder and sense of hope it instilled in so many parents of poor and immigrant children before the Great War. Curiously, the educators who write these books are uninspired and uncritical when they deal with schools. They are content to repeat other people's clichés about the natural superiority of "progressive" over "traditional" education, as though either term ever described the realities of the classroom. None remarks, for example, that the traditional and common curriculum that the Committee of Ten in 1892 prescribed for all students, whether or not they planned to go on to college, was in

fact democratic. In contrast, the progressive notions that later won the day were in fact elitist in their tracking of students into widely differing curricula according to their supposed abilities and economic and social prospects.

Nowhere is it clearer than in the sections covering the Populist and Progressive eras that relentless mentioning without taking up central questions of drama and significance is confusing and soporific. Item after item appears; names, dates, laws, elections pass in review, often being well presented in themselves. But larger contexts are missing, as are the ideas, the contrasts, and the comparisons that might awaken students and help them grasp the issues involved. To take an issue still clouded by political rhetoric, each text refers in one way or another to the debate over government intervention in the economy as opposed to the doctrine of laissez-faire. But none is clear on the question, and some actively confuse it.

Bragdon, for example, leaves it a mystery as to why liberal reformers of the pre-war years should abandon the principle of their great predecessor, Thomas Jefferson: That government is best that governs least. Yet the reformers saw no mystery. Times had changed. In earlier days, when private enterprise was open, widespread, and less powerful than government, laissez-faire was in the interest of the many. Government interference could hamstring the individual farmer or entrepreneur, and government activism would raise his taxes. Later, as the economy spawned giants of business and industry whose power to destroy or to exploit the free enterprise of others was greater than the government's power, laissez-faire simply gave license to predators to pillage the majority. Government needed to set the rules of the game, reformers believed, precisely to preserve free enterprise, private initiative, and

the possibility of a fair return for one's labor or investment. As Bragdon notes, Theodore Roosevelt warned that capitalism had to be reformed or it would end by destroying itself. That Jefferson's words are still invoked by some on the American right wing—as though Jefferson would not have recognized a new circumstance when he saw one—says little for our political discourse. Perhaps better textbooks would help, in time.

By treating the pre-war era within a narrowly American frame, these books lose the chance to put the matter of government regulation into perspective. They leave students with the impression that government responsibility for protecting the public welfare was a novel idea on earth. They do not explain the economic and social legislation enacted by European nations at the time. Nor do they remind students that government action against price-gouging, cornering, false weights, adulteration of food, and shoddy goods, and against monopoly, usury, and exploitation of labor, dates back to medieval and ancient societies the world over, and has been called for by the tenets of every major religion and ethical system. In a well-ordered social-studies curriculum centered on history, students would, of course, already have encountered such realities.

All these textbooks do nonetheless provide a factual basis for the study of Populism, Progressivism, and the Roosevelt, Taft, and Wilson years. Each text describes the widespread suffering of farmers between the Civil War and 1900. They differ only in the degree to which they blame the active greed of banks, railroads, and middlemen, on the one hand, and broader, impersonal forces, such as the worldwide instability of food prices and the coming of drought, on the other. Somewhere between lay the protective tariffs that drove up the prices of the manufactured goods that farmers had to buy. From what is presented about these forces, and about the lethargy of the two major parties, students may readily understand the need for a third party, the Populists, at this time. Risjord most clearly points up the importance of third parties, as illustrated by the Populist era.

Radical though it seemed in its day, the Populist platform was a comprehensive response to the problems created by the growth of industry and the mechanization of farming. Marking an end to the sterile politics of the Gilded Age, the Populists proposed a genuine effort to bring the nation's political thought in tune with its economic might. Moreover, nearly every Populist proposal—except for free silver and government ownership of rails and utilities—was enacted over the next 25 years.

Most of the texts repeat William Jennings Bryan's plea for national attention to farms instead of to city interests: "Burn down your cities and leave our farms, and your cities will spring up again as if by magic; but destroy our farms, and the grass will grow in the streets of every city in the country."

The appeal that Populism held in those days is clear enough, but no text exposes the two-sided nature of the

populist impulse: its frequent bigotry and reformist ardor to protect small, vulnerable local interests and people on the one hand, and on the other its often paranoid view of the outside world (including other parts of the United States) and its perennial temptation to find villains among the "others." Unhappily, the negative side of the populist impulse has been more evident in recent times, as the world has gotten more complex.

FOR ALL THE HELPFUL PRECEDENTS SET IN STATE reform—new forms of taxation, the control of utilities, child labor laws, the regulation of hours of work, women's suffrage, and much else—the major gains of the Progressive era had to be won at the national level. The leading actors were to be Theodore Roosevelt and Woodrow Wilson. In their cases, unlike Lincoln's and the founders', the textbooks find room for biographical sketches. But the result is often no better. Little is said about the deeper reaches of character in Roosevelt and Wilson, about the religious and political principles they held, or about the substance of their reading and education. What, in effect, made them unusually productive leaders of reform for a democratic society?

Not very much is explained by Roosevelt's ferocious energy or by Wilson's great determination. The same qualities drove some of the most dreadful figures in all of history. Only Bragdon probes beneath the surface and the amusing details of Roosevelt's life to describe his reading and writing of history, his eagerness for all kinds of experience and to know all kinds of people, the several offices he held which demanded several sorts of talent, his ethical code, and—despite the flamboyance—his keen sense of the possible in political reform.

It is the consensus of these textbooks that Roosevelt's most significant contributions were his outspoken assaults on privilege and his spelling out of desirable change, most particularly in the Progressive Party platform of 1912. Davidson quotes Roosevelt's famous answer to conservatives who blamed his "anti-business" attitude for the slump of 1907.

Roosevelt denounced the "malefactors [evildoers] of great wealth" and promised to continue his campaign against "speculation, corruption, and fraud." Executives of large companies, he said, had opposed "every measure for honesty in business that has been passed during the last six years."

But Davidson, like the other texts, is erratic in the coverage given to the party platforms for presidential elections. Closer detail on each could help students to follow at least the ostensible lines of party debate and party evolution, or lack thereof. But too often the texts highlight only the tactics and personalities of politicians, much as the media do today. The Bull Moose platform of 1912 is an exception. Although the texts fail to note Roosevelt's apparent abandonment of the politics of the possible, they

do list the remarkably progressive measures he espoused, from women's suffrage to a minimum wage and unemployment insurance. Implementation of that platform would have put the United States in the forefront of reform democracies on earth. Instead, of course, Roosevelt's defeat handed the Republican Party over to its most conservative wing, and Woodrow Wilson, more conservative and cautious than Roosevelt, became the President of the United States.

As the texts make clear, Wilson later evolved toward direct government intervention in economic and social matters (always excepting the interest of blacks, which he, at best, disregarded), but time was lost after 1912, the progressive impulse was divided by party, and America's entrance into the First World War closed the era of reform, which was to be reopened only on the heels of another catastrophe, the Great Depression. When that time came, the Progressive platform of 1912 was revived and much of it became law.

Finally, the texts are not explicit on the critical need for gifted leadership if democratic societies are to reform themselves. Nor do they remind students that both Roosevelt and Wilson arrived at the White House by chance—the assassination of McKinley, and the Republican Party split of 1912. Would either of these men, outstanding in the parade of Presidents from Lincoln to FDR, have reached the White House under the usual party practices? Texts do not suggest the necessary combination—sometimes accidental—of circumstances, ideas, and leadership that democracy requires to survive and to grow.

It is easy for historians to minimize the significance of the Progressives. Many reforms were short-lived; others benefited the middle class and skilled workers but not the poor. Immigrants remained under suspicion, regulatory agencies were ignored or bypassed, and black Americans found no rescue. Why, then, do Bragdon and others say the movement restored faith in the processes of democracy? The best answer, which none of the texts explores, begins with the general historical lesson that reform in the face of powerful interests is always extraordinarily hard to accomplish peacefully. What is most impressive about the Progressives and their legacy to future generations is the degree of reform they were able to achieve, against the circumstances of their day, against the balance of power in American society at the time, which was still decidedly conservative—as the ensuing decade of the 1920s was to prove.

It Tolls for Us

ONE OF THE INDISPENSABLE THEMES FOR A HIGH school course in American history is our changing role as a world power and how that role has affected the character of American political democracy. Like the other questions deserving close study, it must be brought down to the present day. It is as important in studying our foreign relations as it is in studying domestic affairs that our memories not be selective, repressing instances of error and failure and moments when we did not appear at our best, even to ourselves. Even less may we be parochial,

HOMER'S SEEING-EYE DOG

Most of the time he worked, a sort of sleep
with a purpose, so far as I could tell.
How he got from the dark of sleep
to the dark of waking up I'll never know;
the lax sprawl sleep allowed him
began to set from the edges in,
like a custard, and then he was awake,
me too, of course, wriggling my ears
while he unlocked his bladder and stream
of dopey wake-up jokes. The one
about the wine-dark pee I hated instantly.
I stood at the ready, like a god
in an epic, but there was never much
to do. Oh now and then I'd make a sure
intervention, save a life, whatever.
But my exploits don't interest you
and of his life all I can say is that
when he'd poured out his work

the best of it was gone and then he died.
He was a great man and I loved him.
Not a whimper about his sex life—
how I detest your prurience—
but here's a farewell literary tip:
I myself am the model for Penelope.
Don't snicker, you hairless moron,
I know so well what faithful means
there's not even a word for it in Dog,
I just embody it. I think you bipeds
have a catchphrase for it: "To thine own self
be true, . . ." though like a blind man's shadow,
the second half is only there for those who know
it's missing. Merely a dog, I'll tell you
what it is: ". . . as if you had a choice."

—William Matthews

leaving out what other peoples have thought about our behavior and its effects on them.

Our victory over Spain in the 1890s and our seizure of empire brought us suddenly to the world stage (for the first time, it may be argued, since the American Revolution, when our role was a rather different one). Our part in and after the Great War, and the weakness of the European nations, put us squarely in the limelight. We were respected for our strength, envied for our wealth, resented for our easy winnings. We helped to win the war and to lose the peace. Thereafter we sought to avoid commitments, to avoid effort and expense, while seeking whatever economic advantages could be gained from Europe's disarray.

It is not the story we tell ourselves—or that textbooks tell. But it is what the world believed of us, from 1919 to Pearl Harbor. In presenting the record of the United States as a new world power, textbooks ought to make clear that to study foreign affairs without putting ourselves into others' shoes is to deal in illusion and to prepare students for a lifelong misunderstanding of our place in the world.

No event reveals the vulnerability of all nations to outside forces more sharply than the war of 1914–1918 and its consequences. None can better prove to students the need to see American history always in its world context. Historians cannot know whether war was inevitable, with or without the pistol shot at Sarajevo. But war came, and its causes should be at least as prominent in our history books as the details of progressive legislation.

For the education of citizens the months of June, July, and August of 1914 carry historical lessons on the complexity of cause: the importance of the accidental and irrational in history; the particularity of events (the “lessons” of 1914 were wrong for the 1930s); the terrible consequences of earlier, seemingly minor decisions; the importance of individual character at moments of crisis; the role of armaments and military plans, of the daily press, of missed communications and mutual misunderstandings; the impotence of high personages and seasoned diplomats trapped in webs woven years before; the dubious worth of secret intelligence (good information was often ignored, and false was taken as vital, if it fit the policy already chosen).

One feature of the time, not enough noted, was that the autocratic governments in Vienna, Berlin, and St. Petersburg were adrift and torn by distrust and insubordination. In contrast, the liberal, representative governments of Britain and France kept their staffs and policies in control, maintaining clear lines of civilian authority over the military, and making better use of the intelligence at hand. The belief that democracies were less prone than autocracies to rush to war was based on fact, at that time. But the entanglement of France and Britain with Russia was not to be escaped, and they fell into the abyss.

American students need to know this story, and to reflect on what American, and European, journalists were choosing instead as the big news of July, 1914. Awash in the doings of high society in the glorious summer of that year, they were scarcely prescient. History has a way of

hiding behind the headlines, on the inside pages. It is too bad to find it hidden, or ineffectively presented, in textbooks for the American-history course. As in the descriptions of our Revolution or of our industrial development in the nineteenth century, the global perspective is not much evident. The larger significance of the First World War to the United States, and thereby the significance to us of its causes, is not clear in any of these texts.

To add to the student-citizen's political acumen, the war's effects must be related to its military character—the stalemate of trench warfare, the repeated and futile frontal assaults, the deaths by the millions—which resulted from the failure of the German victory plan of 1914. In the first six weeks one side or the other might have won, and cut the slaughter short. Neither did so. The greater tragedy ensued, sowing revolutions and wars to come. In this light the Battle of the Marne is more important to American history than all the battles later fought by our soldiers in France. Because the length and the losses of the war rendered the world far less safe for democracy than it had been in 1914, its military history is crucial. But as in the case of our Civil War, the textbooks largely ignore the import of military plans and their implications for postwar society and for democracy in particular.

Some may object that it is unreasonable to expect textbooks in American history to include so much of the history of other nations and events. The answer has been given above. We must widen our focus. American history is what has happened to us and why, no matter where it happened. The European causes of the war are of prime importance; our reasons for entering are secondary. The Battle of the Marne is more important than those of the Argonne. What European diplomats failed to do in 1914, what the Big Four failed to do at Paris, shaped the lives of all of us, more directly than much of what takes up space in our history books. If we are to comprehend American history, we must learn it differently.

LIKE AMERICAN ECONOMIC GROWTH BEFORE THE FIRST World War, the coming of the Great Depression is merely narrated. Its causes—especially as they relate to the war—are not helpfully explained. Yet the depression that began in 1929 was one of the great shaping experiences of American history, ranking with the Revolution, the Civil War, and the Second World War. This ought to be said to students at the outset. The personal and social disasters of the Depression raised the gravest challenge in history to democracy. In Germany the Weimar Republic was unable to withstand the strain, and Adolf Hitler strode to power. Though the American, British, and French democracies managed to survive (the French Republic expiring only after the military debacle of 1940), they had to fight off extremist groups on the right and left, which extolled the Fascist and Soviet systems and which agreed only on the coming collapse of “decadent” liberal democracy. Many Americans spoke seriously of the possi-

bility of revolution as the Depression continued to deepen in the election year of 1932. Some feared, and some welcomed, Franklin D. Roosevelt's New Deal precisely because they expected a dictatorial regime offering salvation by decree, outside constitutional procedures.

On the New Deal and its works, the textbooks could be much clearer about how tax reform, labor legislation, union rights, and the regulation of business worked to shift economic power in American society from the overwhelming domination by capital that had characterized previous eras. The shift was only moderate, as subsequent events have shown, and it could hardly be called a "middle way" in European terms, since in Europe even conservative governments sponsor national health care, own and manage transport, communications, and utilities, and engage in investment planning for their economies.

The textbooks agree that Roosevelt was forced to pause in 1938, ending the so-called Second New Deal. And they agree that only the coming of the Second World War ended widespread unemployment and raised the purchasing power of the mass of Americans. What they do not add is that the Second World War may well have saved American capitalism from greater shifts in the balance of power and a pursuit of the middle way of a mixed economy, as the world outside our textbooks generally defines it.

The New Deal's failure to achieve recovery and reasonably full employment, and its failure to raise blacks, migrant workers, the rural poor, and many farmers above the poverty level, suggests that economic problems analogous to those we now call structural were at work even then. Had the war not intervened to hide them, it is possible that a "Third New Deal" would have emerged in response to continuing economic crisis, perhaps extending to the words no politician dares utter even now—economic planning. Instead, the Second World War and our domination of a world economy largely free of competitors until the mid-1960s allowed us to postpone discussion of fundamental economic issues that, over the years, have taken on new and unforeseen forms.

The textbooks do better on the subject of Nazism and our entrance into the Second World War. But their explanations of U.S. isolationism within the larger frame of Anglo-French appeasement are minimal, and again of little help to students' grasp of foreign affairs—or of how the "lessons" of history can be misleading, or actively abused.

What are the general lessons from the 1930s that the textbooks might present? First, that the prevailing opinions behind appeasement were predictable responses to oversimple explanations of the Great War current in schoolbooks and the press. Second, that political leaders will very often make the choices that are easiest to explain, given the prevailing notions of their day, for to do otherwise is to risk attack from simplifiers who have the public with them. Third, that leaders will likely take such a risk only with some assurance that the public is at a level of historical and political sophistication which permits it to listen attentively to unfashionable and unpleasant ideas.

IF HISTORY IS TO CONTRIBUTE ALL IT CAN TO THE CIVIC education of students, it needs pursuing down to the present day. These textbooks tend to be bland about our history since 1945, and lacking in focus. Teachers who wish to follow the ups and downs of recent political democracy will have to provide their own framework. Among the many possible stopping places, six topics suggest themselves: democracy's solutions for war-related problems at home and abroad and the strains on democracy produced by them, the Cold War response to the threat of Soviet power, the tragedy of Vietnam, the rise of the "imperial presidency," the dramatic advances made by women and minorities in civil rights and in political and economic life, and the emergence of new economic and environmental problems that affect democratic society in the technological age.

To begin with, the response of American democracy to the economic and political problems erupting from the Second World War is one of modern history's great success stories. American life down to the present could have been markedly less comfortable if our government had failed as dismally in the 1940s as it had in the 1920s to face economic realities. Happily, American leaders proved that they could learn from history, reversing the policies that had so aggravated the economic and social problems of the 1920s and that had led to the Depression. Overseas relief aid continued, keeping farm exports and prices up. Instead of insisting on the collection of war debts that could not be paid and leaving loans to the short-term considerations of private banking, the United States offered the Marshall Plan, to help the economic rebuilding of Europe. At home the bonus was not delayed: the GI bill spurred the housing industry, farms, and small business, and got millions of veterans into school and out of jobless lines.

The textbooks are weak on the importance of the Marshall Plan to our economic health at home and on the striking contrast it made with our foreign economic policies of the 1920s. Assuredly a great and generous gift to Europeans, it was also an act of enlightened self-interest which citizens must comprehend if our leaders are to enjoy the support they need to propose similar measures in the future. The Marshall Plan was an investment by American taxpayers to preserve exports and employment in the short run, to sustain troubled democracies, and to prepare healthy trading partners in the long run, for the sake of the next generation. It was costly. It was denounced as a "giveaway" by partisan opponents who could not, or would not, look beyond the quarterly balance sheet. Texts should meet such arguments straight on, for political sophistication requires a high tolerance for the long-range view that is a mark of enlightened self-interest.

Intelligent citizens also know that governments, like individuals, often do the right thing for a different reason, and they know how fortunate this has been for human history. It is all but certain that the Marshall Plan would never have been adopted if it had not been for the Communist threat to Western Europe. The massive presence of the

Red Army in Eastern and Central Europe, and the unprecedented activism of Communist parties in Western Europe, required decisive responses. Unlike the 1920s, when the British and the Americans could suppose they were safe, the Cold War forced them to take a much more sensible approach to economic problems, to the German question, and to the needs of collective security. Moderate and liberal Democrats and Republicans united to defeat opponents on the left who persisted in denying the danger to democracy and opponents on the right who resisted both the idea and the expense of commitments abroad. Textbooks could be more explicit on the success of the Western democracies since 1945.

If a new world-consciousness and farsighted economic and political policies abroad were to the Cold War's credit, no such silver lining appeared at home. The Communist threat became the staple of politicians and pundits, who made careers for themselves out of pushing what Boorstin and Risjord both call "the second red scare." On the better reasons for the anti-Communist anxiety of the late 1940s and early 1950s, the texts are clear: Soviet tyranny in Eastern Europe, the Soviet development of the atom bomb, the atomic-spy cases, the "loss" of China to the Communists, and the outbreak of the Korean War. The rise and fall of Senator Joseph McCarthy are narrated more or less fully, but little is said about the effects of McCarthyism on American political discourse. Had the texts followed the theme of political democracy, they could have noted that the essence of free politics is open debate and that the anti-Communist mode of political argument and career-building sometimes amounted to censorship of alternative views—a form of political bullying not wholly dissimilar to that practiced by leftists in a later era. The epithet "soft on communism" forestalled searching discussion of policies toward our allies, the Third World and "neutralist" nations (few recalled our own neutrality in the 1930s), and China—until a politician whose career had been built on anti-communism, Richard Nixon, became President.

The Vietnam War and the opposition to it are generally well narrated in these textbooks. No text says so outright, but John F. Kennedy and Lyndon Johnson, as Democrats, were especially sensitive to charges of softness on communism, which seemed to have hurt their party after the "loss" of China and the Korean stalemate. Saying so would help students see the lasting influence of political polemic.

Bragdon and Boorstin say that American officials

**All the texts
refer to the growth
of presidential
power since
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War, but none
examines its full
implications.**



assumed that without U.S. intervention all of Southeast Asia would fall to the Communists, and then Bragdon adds a vital point made by no other text. American military experts "grossly underestimated the will and the ability of the Viet Cong to continue fighting," though it does not follow up the point. No text mentions the vastly mistaken faith in the efficacy of aerial bombardment. All texts note that the scale of bombing exceeded all American drops in the Second World War, but none underlines the war's futility, or its horror. The texts say nothing about the American government's decision to put aside the warnings of authorities and allies who were knowledgeable about Southeast Asia. So they miss the chance to emphasize the importance of knowing the particularities of an area's geography, people, cul-

ture, and history before launching military actions. The texts underplay another unanticipated factor: the great difficulty of sustaining public support for a long, bloody war that is conducted in the open, on the nightly news.

If Vietnam was the most tragic overseas example of zealotry spurred by the Cold War, the emergence of what some have called the "imperial presidency" was its leading expression at home. All the texts refer in one way or another to the growth of presidential power since the Second World War, particularly in foreign, military, and intelligence affairs, but none examines its full implications for a democratic system. There is, moreover, a problem associated with the imperial presidency which no text confronts directly. In the name of national security, violent covert action has been carried out abroad, contrary to international law and to other countries' statutes, without public or congressional discussion. The texts could ask whether such action is compatible with the spirit of the Constitution. Few people would question the need for undercover intelligence-gathering, nor would most oppose undercover support for genuinely democratic forces abroad. But violence against foreign persons, parties, and governments outside of wartime is a different matter, despite the persistent coupling of the two functions by defenders of covert action.

Opponents offer the argument that so many covert operations have failed or backfired, either in the short run or in the long run, because they cannot by their nature be subject to disinterested discussion beforehand. Second is the political argument: the essence of democracy is open government and the public discussion of political problems, their possible solutions, and the solutions' likely costs. How to deal with Mossadegh in Iran, and with Castro in

Cuba, were properly public questions, not matters for secret action, which, if handled differently, might not have led to problems far greater—the fundamentalist Iranian revolution and the Cuban missile crisis—than those that Eisenhower and Kennedy believed they had found quick answers for. Students know that this is often the way with shortcuts. Texts could say such commonsensical things wherever they apply.

A third argument is moral. When Kennedy authorized assassination plots against Castro, he was, in a technical sense, not acting “above the law.” But is the law he was acting under true to the spirit of democratic principles? Murder is not the normal business of a government proclaiming the rule of law. CIA-sponsored booklets of advice on political tactics which advocate the murder in Central America of friends, in order to blacken enemies, are shameful, and cast our republic into the company of Borgia poisoners. The issue goes to the heart of the democratic polity and national security. In a world that is dangerous, how should we set limits on our responses to the lawless acts of others, including terrorists?

There is, happily, another side to American democracy’s adventure since 1945: the great advance in civil rights for blacks, other minorities, and recent immigrants, and the wider opportunities in general for them and for women. The nation that fought the war to save democracy finally took the necessary (and long overdue) steps to extend political rights to all its citizens. In the past twenty-five years a second Reconstruction, this time enforced by the Union, has been largely accepted. As in the first Reconstruction, however, there is no guarantee that the letter of the law will be turned into equal social opportunity. None of the five texts says outright that the gains made, on paper and in actuality, may not even be held, much less extended, unless we manage to expand our economy to allow most people, of any race and background, to feel fairly confident about achieving decent economic and social lives for themselves and their children. The textbooks are simply not explicit on the degree to which good feeling among all the groups and regions of America depends on such confidence.

In their closing pages the texts fail systematically to tackle the problems of structural changes in the economy—brought about by new technologies, foreign competition, agribusiness, the failure or emigration of industries—and how these problems can be addressed. No text raises the specter of a permanent underclass, unemployed by our evolving economy. And none forthrightly considers the nation’s aging, decaying infrastructure, or the immensely complicated relations between the economic and environmental choices before us. The lively students we most want to engage in the study of history and citizenship are perfectly well aware of most of these problems. To have textbooks end without treating them seriously is to leave such students with the impression that books and

schooling have little to do with the realities they and their families confront in daily life.

As it is, the books conclude with markedly different messages to students. Bragdon is downright subdued, its final chapter opening with words from Jimmy Carter: “We have learned that ‘more’ is not necessarily ‘better,’ that even our great nation has its recognizable limits, and that we can neither answer all questions nor solve all problems.” Todd is broadly typical. Its more positive closing chapter, “Into the Future,” is a catalogue of problems set in tripartite form: first, challenge; second, concern; third, vague and optimistic allusions to forthcoming solutions. Boorstin provides the sunniest conclusion of all in an epilogue, “The Mysterious Future”: “If the future is a mystery story, then, that does not frighten Americans. For we Americans have always lived in the world’s greatest treasure house of the unexpected.”

It is not surprising that the texts should close on varied notes, from Bragdon’s sobriety to Boorstin’s hearty optimism, for there are good historical reasons to take either position, or any stopping point between. But what more should we ask to make texts more effective tools of education for democracy? For one thing, some plain speaking on history’s lesson that hard work, high costs, and genuine sacrifice—toil, tears, and taxes—have been required to produce our great achievements and will be required again. For another, some suggestion that students and citizens be wary of those who promise deliverance without pain. As Bernard Baruch observed at the dawn of the atomic age, we are in a race between the quick and the dead. Democracy’s fate may hinge, as it has before and elsewhere, on the level of debate we manage to reach. It is not encouraging that government spokesmen and candidates for public office so often talk as though assuming their audience to be morally irresponsible, politically obtuse, and ignorant of history.

Textbooks would not need to be partisan in order to point out the danger of the partisan skewing of public issues. Left and right so often prefer to cry wolf, or conspiracy, when dull fact says otherwise. And it is not only in children’s stories that when the facts justify alarm they are not heeded, because alarm has been so often abused. The quality of public debate is not helped by the left’s reluctance to find problems with Soviet power, military-bashing, quick disarmament, moral relativism, and the general leveling of society. It is not helped by the right’s reluctance to find problems with secret government and covert violence, environmental destruction, the arms race, overbearing corporate power and extreme disparities of wealth. Nor is it helped by the lack of understanding at both extremes of the consequences, in foreign as well as domestic affairs, of a weak central government. If the center is to hold—as the founders held in Philadelphia, against the simplifiers of their day—we will need an audience prepared and willing to listen to complications. □

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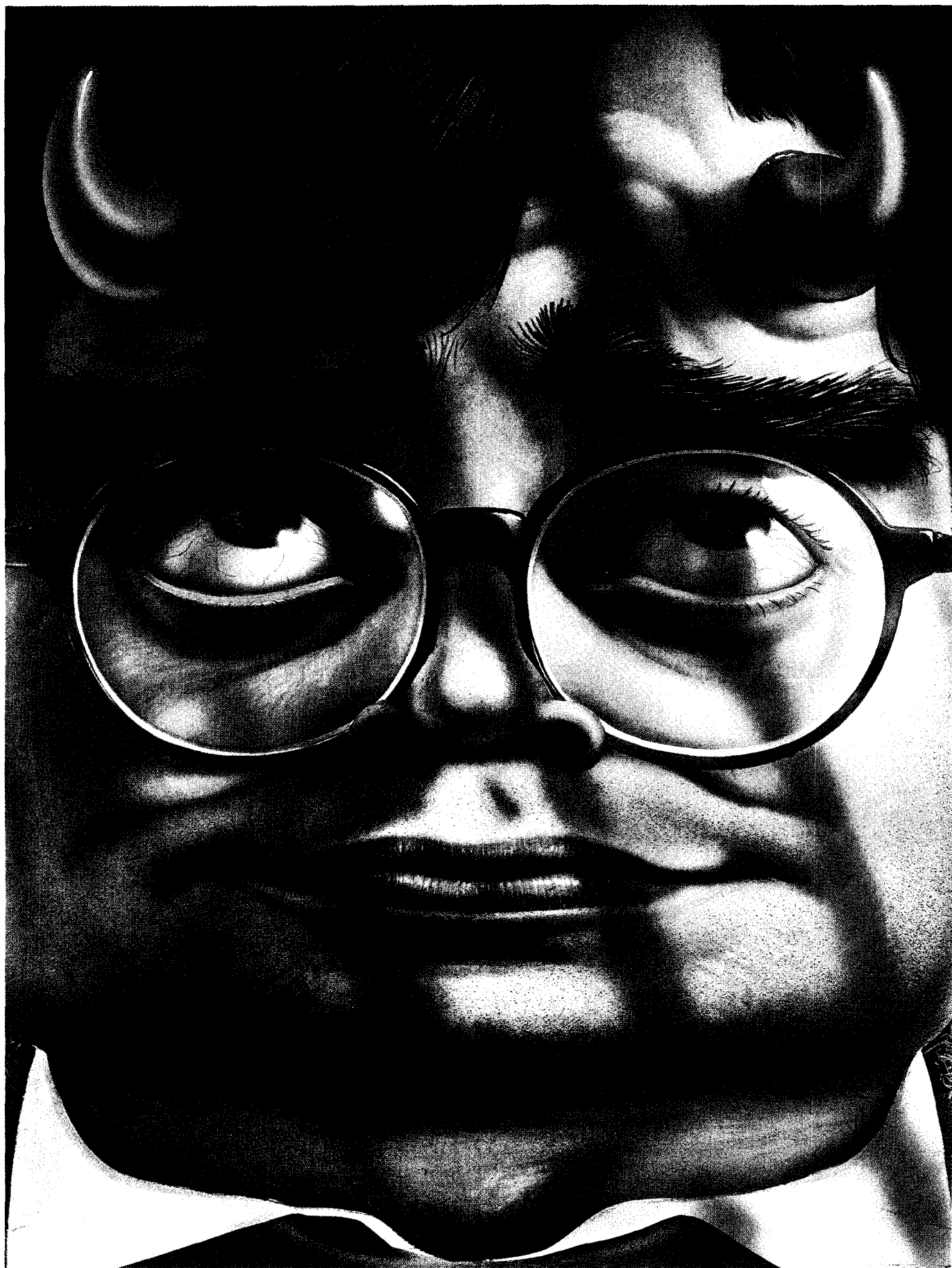
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*A reflection on
fame, guilt, and an unjust sentence*

MY LIFE IN PRISON

BY GARRISON KEILLOR

EVER SINCE THE DAY I FIRST WALKED OUT ON STAGE and blinked and cleared my throat, people have written some terrible things about me that aren't true, but it doesn't matter. I've done a lot of terrible things in secret that nobody wrote about, so it all evens out.

My sister used to say terrible untrue things about me to my parents, but it didn't matter, because they didn't believe in innocence anyway. When they caught us pounding on each other, they just grabbed the nearest one and sent him up to his room, and if I said, "She hit me first!" (the truth) it made no difference: I still got punished to make up for the times they probably had made a mistake in my favor.

Their punishment backfired in my case. I loved to be sent up to my room. My books were there, my tablets, my plastic soldiers, it was good up there. If they wanted to punish me, they should have sent me out to play with other children. Solitary confinement was my idea of fun. It was a chance to sit down and talk to myself, and that's what naturally led me into radio, which led to so much more, including those terrible untrue things.

This is the sort of thing I mean, which happens often: A reporter calls up and says how much he's always liked my work, could he take me to lunch, so he does, something expensive like walleye sushi, and he asks me ten questions about life and love and laughter, and then he turns on his tiny tape recorder and asks, "What's the worst thing your folks ever did to you?" I tell him that sometimes they punished me for nothing, and he writes his story, "RICH WRITER BITTER TOWARD MOM, 74."

I understand, he's only doing his job, there's nothing personal about the piece. Journalism is a moral art, it draws pictures in bold strokes. The newspaper columnist back in St. Paul who combed the town for children whom I had disappointed is a deeply moral writer:

TIMMY LIES IN PAIN WHILE "HERO"
LAPS UP N.Y. GLITZ AND GLAMOR

A very sick little boy lies on a broken bed in a dank basement apartment on the South Side waiting for hours for the mailman. A few minutes after one o'clock, when he hears the rustle of mail in the fetid hallway, he climbs painfully from the soiled sheets and limps to the door and stops with his little hand on the cold knob and says an Our Father.

But so far it hasn't been answered.

Every day Timmy whispers Garrison Keillor's name and looks for an envelope containing the autographed photo he requested from the former *Prairie Home Companion* host way back in March, 1987. Doctors say that such a signed photo could give Timmy the spark of hope he needs in order to live. His aunt Brenda, Timmy's custodian since his parents and sister died at the hands of a furloughed maniac on Christmas Eve, says, "If only Garrison knew how much it means to us, surely as a Christian he would spare thirty seconds to autograph a picture."

But would he?

Keillor, who sleeps all day and spends his nights cavorting with the glitterati in the niteries of Sodom, is said to be quite satisfied with his new famous friends and his new life of luxury and excess.

Last Tuesday night, while Timmy was running a 110½° fever and moaning, "Please, please, an autograph," over and over in an inaudible voice, Keillor was stuffing his face with expensive crab salad in the company of fancy-pants friends at the Stork Club, two of them known homosexuals.

With so many Americans unemployed, you might think that the bard of Lake Wobegon would at least choose a domestic wine.

Well, guess again.

A 1984 Pouilly Fuisse.

Thirty-five bucks.

Meanwhile a little boy lies waiting.

Hoping. Believing.

A lot of folks could probably use \$35 to put food on the table, but never mind. I can understand a big shot wanting to indulge himself, and that's his right. Still, couldn't he take ten seconds to put his John Hancock on a napkin and maybe save a kid's life?

Nuff said. . . .

I understand very well the idealism behind a column like that, and should I complain that the columnist has left out a few facts that might have favored me? Should Moses in his description of the Midianites have mentioned that sometimes they sang songs and were fun to be with? No, certainly not. Nevertheless, I have canceled my subscription to that paper, and I've gone from bookstore to bookstore, collecting copies of *Geek: An Unauthorized Biography of You Know Who (The Big Jerk)* and reshelving them in Religion, behind C. H. Mackintosh's commentary on Ephesians.

My sense of guilt is as powerful as a locomotive. I don't appreciate a book packed full of people grumbling at me.

"He was awful darn hard to work with," recalls Chuck Frick, who parked cars behind the World Theater. "He'd come in here before the show and hardly speak to us, maybe say, 'Hi, how ya doin'—what kind of recognition is that for guys who bust their butts parking cars so he can have an audience? Once I gave him a tape of my songs and didn't hear back about it for *three weeks*, and then he didn't offer any constructive criticism or anything, just said, 'Sorry, it isn't quite right for us'—what kind of thing is that to say? I worked on those songs for six years and he dismisses them with six words. Those were good songs. He treated them like they were *nothing* to him. He didn't even invite me out to lunch. He was a crummy tipper, too. And his car was messy. Burger wrappers on the back-seat floor. Once I saw him get in the car with a woman who worked on the show. They were talking real quiet, and you can't tell me there wasn't some hokey-pokey going on there. But people are afraid to talk, otherwise there'd be a lot more that'd come out that you wouldn't believe."

I read that book and suddenly realized why PR people send out gallons of Johnny Walker at Christmas and serve prime-rib sandwiches in hospitality suites in hotels. Journalists are hungry people. The PR guy, courtly, English, walks up to the sleaziest writer in the room and lays an arm across his dandruffy shoulders and murmurs, "You know who you remind me of? Edward R. Murrow. I mean it. You've got that same intensity, that kind of grace, like what Yeats wrote about—how does that line go? 'Nor law, nor duty bade me fight, Nor public men, nor cheering crowds, A lonely impulse of delight / Drove to this tumult in the clouds.' Can I get you a Scotch?"

The reporter, a man with watery eyes and forty pounds of old cheeseburgers around his waist, blushes and stares down at his Hush Puppies, and for the next twenty years you will have no problem with him at all. He will go chase the university president ("TAX MONEY LAVISHED ON EXECUTIVE SUITE WHILE THE DYING LIE IN DIM ALCOVES AT U HOSPITAL") or snipe at the archbishop ("PRELATE FAILS TO ATTEND CRIPPLES' DINNER FOR THIRD YEAR IN ROW") or haul off and slug the mayor ("POLITICIAN DENIES PERSISTENT RUMORS OF PET MOLESTING"), and he will not go writing your unauthorized biography full of everybody who has a grudge against you. He'll write:

Everyone in this town knows Garrison Keillor as a wonderful entertainer and devoted father, but I wonder how many of us are aware of those dozens of little unsung deeds he does for the poor and unfortunate every week.

A PR guy would sing some of those deeds in a nice low voice so that a columnist could hear them. I don't have a PR guy, but once I did hire someone named Milo to attend rehearsals and yell "*All right!*" every time I sang a song. I was sensitive about my voice and needed affirmation in order to do my best. He sat among the band and in that awkward

silence after a song, when the musicians reach for a smoke, Milo yelled, "*All right! Far out! Whoooo! You sang that one, all right!*" Milo is quoted in *Geek* as saying that I was selfish.

I WAS SELFISH, AND I'M SORRY ABOUT IT, BUT THE ONE thing a PR guy can't do is the one thing you really need, which is to resolve your guilt, compared to which bad publicity is a picnic. A rotten story by a jerk who snapped the picture when your face was blank and your finger was in your ear is a mild heartache compared with the violence a man can do to himself, given the right start in life.

One deed my parents never sent me to my room for was hitting my cousin on the head with a pair of stilts one summer day behind our garage, back in Brooklyn Park, Minnesota. (I don't want to use his real name, so I'll just call him Abel.) The stilts were mine, Abel had them, and I grabbed them away, and when he grabbed at me I whacked him with the stilts across the side of his skinny head. He had tremendous presence of mind for a ten-year-old. When he looked around and saw no adult to appeal to, he turned and said to me in a very clear small voice, "You know what's going to happen to you someday? You're going to go to prison for the rest of your life."

The quiet way he said it made me believe him instantly, absolutely. I offered him the stilts and he accepted them, but that didn't change anything. It would be prison for me: no trial, no defense, no judge or jury; a policeman would simply pick me up and drive me to the state prison. The steel doors of the children's cellblock would clang shut and the officer's footsteps fade away back down the long concrete hall *tap tap tap tap tap* toward the light, and not far away a maniacal laugh and the squeaking of mice and water dripping in the dank sewers below. Prison.

When you're a little kid, your heart is open and tender and a harsh word can go straight in and become part of your life. I've been living under his sentence for almost forty years now, going along from year to year, waiting, knowing that all the good things I've done won't matter one bit when the cops come and take me away. Once I was helping Grandma bake johnnycake and she said, "I never saw anyone who could grease a cake pan half as good as you can." Her kind compliment made me feel talented and useful, and I still feel talented, even competent sometimes, but that doesn't change fate. Probably I'll be making a useful contribution to society right up to the day I go to prison, and then I'll make good license plates.

Will the police arrest a performer, a man who stands on stage singing and saying funny things in his tuxedo, a microphone in hand, a smile on his face, delighting the big audience? Will Sergeant D'Agostino march out from the wings and into the spotlight and grab that man's wrists as he sings "O you, it's you I adore, I give my life to you" to the beautiful audience and slap the cuffs on him and advise him of his right to remain silent? Maybe if the audi-

ence is big, and if the biggest ones sit in the first row, and if it's a *good* audience, with a lot of liberals, some nuns and community organizers, some extremely good people like vegetarian Danish Catholic theologians who are fasting for the salvation of South America and sit smiling weakly in their wheelchairs enjoying the show as they also weave simple cotton garments for the poor on tiny handlooms, then the police may decide to wait until the show is over, but they'll come eventually, and then I'll be on *Eyewitness News* that night, cringing, holding a newspaper over my face, a forty-six-year-old humorist being hauled away to the precinct station for something like Failure to Declare Value of Illegal Drugs on 1979 Income Tax Return. If I'd been caught in 1979 I'd have done twelve months in the county workhouse, but each year the penalty doubles and now I'm going to the pen for 512 years. There's no trial, because under this particular set of circumstances, after six years you forfeit your right to one. So ruled the Supreme Court in a 1985 case exactly the same as mine.

"You could deny everything and make them prove it," says a lawyer who is in the holding tank with me, charged with a minor securities infraction, "but I'm afraid guilt is written all over your face." He's right. Sweat pops from every pore, my eyes dart back and forth furtively, and I cannot make myself stop biting my lips and humming. I jump at the slightest sound. My heart pounds. My knees buckle as they lead me into the tiny green interrogation room.

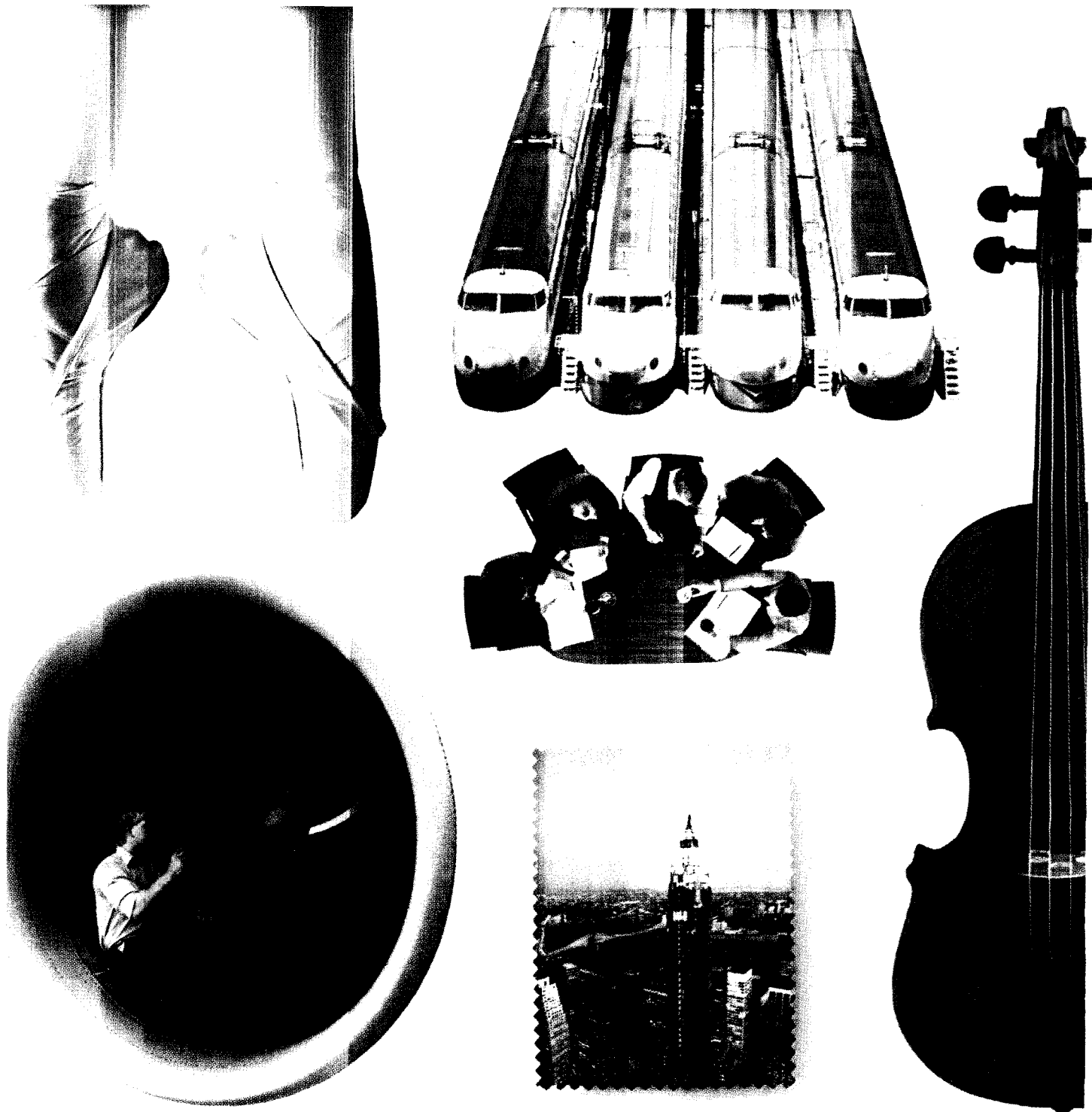
"Care for a cup of coffee?" Lieutenant Matthews asks. I drink the bitter black municipal coffee and wait, but there is no interrogation. He and his partner, Sergeant Sloan, know everything. I know they know everything and they know I know they know, so we're cool and relaxed. "The van should be here in twenty minutes," Sloan says, offering me a Pall Mall. I light it. I quit smoking four years ago but now that I'm bound for the Big House, all bets are off. It tastes good. The van arrives. The guards are four guys I went to high school with, who used to call me Foxfart. They're glad to see me. "Hey, Fox, we've been reading about you for years, man," they say. "You really made us proud, the way you were going along so great there for a while, but then you went to Denmark and you got sloppy. You must've figured you were in the clear. Too bad you came back so soon. The statute of limitations would've come into effect in three more days. *Three days*. Now you're going to spend the rest of your life in prison. Five hundred years. That's a tough break, huh? Oh, well. You're tough. You'll be okay. See ya, Fox." And Carl pops me in the shoulder the same way he always did in English when I got an A and he got a D.

They drive me to LaGuardia and put me on board a Minnehaha flight to Minneapolis. All fugitives are sent to prison in Minnesota on Minnehaha, which pre-boards us on a conveyor belt that carries us into a special section to the rear, behind Smoking, where flight attendants prod us with sharp sticks to make us squeeze in tight. We sit on the steel floor of the aircraft. There are two hundred of us, all fugitives and their families, plus fifty head of sheep and

quite a few goats and some crates of chickens. The others carry big shopping bags full of clothes, and after takeoff, when the captain turns off the NO COOKING sign, they light fires and cook up some pork fat and succotash in old bean cans. Children sob in the corners and old women rock back and forth moaning and praying for the good earth to return to the bottoms of their feet. We men sit hunkered around the fire, smoking, not talking. We're all going to spend the rest of our lives in prison and we know it and what is there to say about a thing like that? The plane bucks and the fires flicker. Night comes on. We sit and chew and spit. The plane shakes as the flaps are lowered. Through the tiny window appear the lights of Minneapolis, a big city where I attended Sunday school regularly for many many years and worked hard and tried to be a good citizen, but it's too late to think about that now, or about the neat book reports that received gold stars, the bowline I tied that was shown to other Scouts as a model of how that knot looks when it is perfect—they are immaterial evidence now that I am a crook.

The press waits at the gate, a blaze of lights, a thicket of microphones, and my cousin Abel—they are interviewing him. He says that he feels no bitterness at all. My sister is there, her children in tow, her husband, Buck, smiling. He always thought I thought I was better than him, so this is a sweet moment and he has brought his Super-8 movie camera. "We'll always love you," my sister says. "We'll do everything we can." One thing she did years ago was bang me on the head with a cast-iron skillet as I stood washing dishes at the kitchen sink. I could see the Milky Way shining between the bright blue veins in my eyeballs. She yelled, "It was an accident—it slipped when I was putting it away!" and my mother accepted that story even though we kept the skillets in a low cupboard by the oven and if she had really been putting it away she'd have banged me in the ankle. But it doesn't matter.

In the airport terminal some Lutheran women are allowed behind the ropes to feed us peanut-butter sandwiches and green nectar while the cameras roll, and then we get into buses for the long ride to Stillwater Prison, through the streets of St. Paul, and out east to the slammer, or facility as they call it. The walls of my cell are beige with green trim, similar to my old high school, and it smells of the same disinfectant. The bed is not unlike what we had at YMCA camp, where I hid in the woods to avoid swim class. The Army blankets are like old friends, my dad having bought all our bedding from surplus stores. The food is the same as what I ate for years, fish sticks and string beans and Jell-O, and every day we get the St. Paul paper, whose world view mirrors that of Mr. Magendanz, our basketball coach, who taught world history. His view was: Us and Them—Which One Are You? Every morning the guard, Rich, who was in Sunday school with me, stops at my door and says, "So how's everything this morning then?" "Oh, about the same then," I say. "They treatin' you okay then?" They're treating me fair and square. It's not home but it's not so bad. Pretty soon it's like I never left. □



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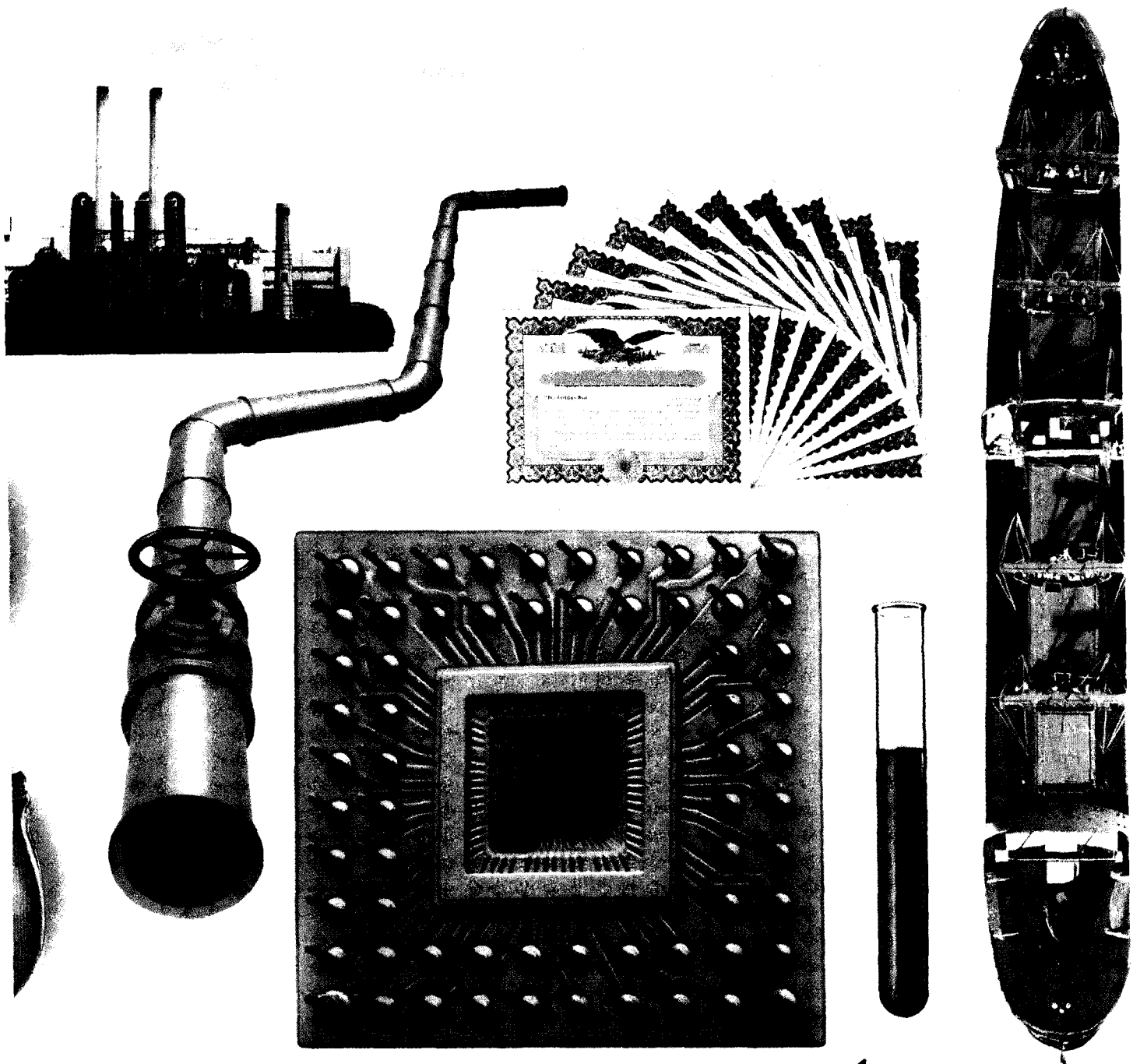
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To a President-elect, staffing a new government looks easy next to the challenge of getting elected, but a number of circumstances—some structural, some historical, and some quasi-magical in character—combine to make it an undertaking fraught with risk

LOST IN TRANSITION

BY CARL BRAUER

IF HISTORY IS ANY GUIDE, THE PRESIDENT-ELECT WILL soon be making some key personnel decisions that will haunt him throughout his term. Serious error is all but inevitable, given the range and sheer number of the appointments (several hundred of the more than 3,000 to be made overall) he must make, and given the relatively short time—the two and a half months between his election and his inauguration—the President-elect will have to make them. Of the decisions made in those seventy-three days, one former Jimmy Carter aide remembers, “We won the election but lost the transition. We never recovered from the mistakes we committed then.” The transition, as the interregnum between Administrations is popularly known, can be a fateful time not only for the new President but for the country. For example, would the Kennedy and Johnson Administrations have become entangled in the coils of Vietnam if John F. Kennedy had disregarded his brother Robert’s advice and appointed Senator William Fulbright Secretary of State instead of Dean Rusk? Kennedy respected Fulbright; he knew him; he could communicate with him. Yet he chose as his chief foreign-policy adviser a man he did not know and with whom, it turned out, he could not communicate. Fulbright was an early and eloquent critic of the widening Vietnam involvement. Rusk was an architect and defender of that involvement. Would Fulbright have taken the same line as Secretary of State in 1962 and 1963 that he did as a senator in 1965 and 1966? Would his voice have been persuasive enough to counter the voices of the hawks in the Kennedy and Johnson Cabinets? Would he, in short, have made a difference that could have made *the* difference? These questions serve to remind us of what’s at stake in presidential appointments, and why it might be useful to review the nature and recent history of the appointment process.

Making appointments, of course, is not all a President-elect must do. He must also make basic organizational decisions about his own executive office and its relations with the departments and agencies. He and his subordinates must establish liaison with the outgoing Administration and with the permanent government. Although formal authority rests exclusively with the incumbent President, power rapidly begins to shift to the President-elect, and the permanent bureaucracy and foreign governments look to him for signals indicating his future direction. Public denials notwithstanding, past Presidents have begun to use domestic bureaucracies and conduct diplomacy well

before they assumed office. For example, in the interregnum of 1932–1933, between the Hoover and Roosevelt Administrations, the Hoover Treasury Department helped to draw up what has since become famous as the Roosevelt “Bank Holiday” plan. A President-elect must also interpret his election mandate and decide which campaign promises to keep, which to suspend, and which to forget. He must, in short, develop an administrative and legislative program.

None of these tasks can be carried out, though, until a President-elect begins to make personnel decisions. From a pre-election perspective, winning is an all-consuming task, and making appointments looks easy. It is, however, “a minefield,” to quote Pendleton James, President Reagan’s first director of personnel—one that he “tiptoed through daily, and sometimes I stepped on one of the mines.” “A Goddamn nightmare” is how certain of Carter’s aides refer to personnel operations in that Administration. Harris Wofford, who was a member of Kennedy’s recruitment team, says that the transition was a terrible experience. When he looked at the offices filled with people looking for jobs, he says, he was reminded of the story in which Abraham Lincoln literally had to climb over office-seekers. “Every time I make an appointment,” President William Howard Taft lamented, “I create nine enemies and one ingrate.” Today the ratio has only increased.

Politics, Long Hours, Low Pay

IN ALL WALKS OF LIFE PEOPLE TEND TO HIRE PEOPLE they know, and Presidents are not immune from that tendency. All Presidents have, though, found it necessary to reach out beyond their circle of friends and acquaintances and appoint strangers to their Cabinets, independent agencies, and regulatory commissions, and even to the White House staff itself. As Kennedy explained to his aides soon after his election, “For the last four years I spent so much time getting to know people who could help me get elected President that I didn’t have any time to get to know people who could help me, after I was elected, to be a good President.”

Among the avowed and obvious criteria that newly elected Presidents typically use in choosing personnel are substantive knowledge, managerial experience, personal loyalty, philosophical compatibility, team spirit, ability to withstand bureaucratic or special-interest pressure, cre-

activity, and skills in press, public, and congressional relations. In addition, new Presidents, to one degree or another, want their appointees to reflect various parts of their constituency or of constituencies they hope to acquire—ethnic, religious, racial, regional, and so on. Because of his narrow mandate, Richard Nixon explained in his memoir, he knew that some of his choices for Cabinet posts “would have to serve, even if only symbolically, to unite the country, and ‘bring us together.’” He was not very successful in this regard, however: several prominent Democrats and blacks, including Hubert Humphrey, Henry Jackson, Sargent Shriver, and Whitney Young, either turned him down or imposed unacceptable conditions.

Some appointments, even to the Cabinet, have been rewards for long-standing political loyalty. In the past, ambassadorships were sometimes payoffs for financial contributions to a President's campaign. In Governor Michael S. Dukakis's highly effective campaign apparatus, fundraising coordinators from Massachusetts have been given the honorary title of “ambassador.” Whether any of them become real ambassadors remains to be seen. Wholesale office-buying under Nixon caused Congress to limit the contributions that individuals could make to

candidates. But the influence of money has proved as hard to expunge from politics as the lust for power and preferment.

Other appointments are extorted by members of Congress, particularly senators, whose power derives from the Senate's constitutional role in confirmation and from its tradition of allowing members to place “holds” on candidates—a device used extensively by Senator Jesse Helms in recent years, but not one invented by him or used by him exclusively. New Administrations must decide when to resist such pressure and when to yield to it.

Yielding can sometimes be a serious mistake. Consider the 1952 case of Scott McLeod, a belligerent superpatriot sponsored by Joseph McCarthy and other right-wing senators, who was hired to head the newly established Bureau of Security and Consular Affairs in the State Department. With his staff of 350 investigators McLeod made a shambles of individual rights and wreaked havoc on professional morale in the State Department. He also leaked to his Senate allies unsubstantiated derogatory information

about Charles Bohlen, Eisenhower's nominee to be ambassador to the Soviet Union. After a nasty battle Bohlen was confirmed by the Senate, but had McLeod been loyal to the Administration, instead of to his Senate patrons, the struggle might have been avoided altogether.

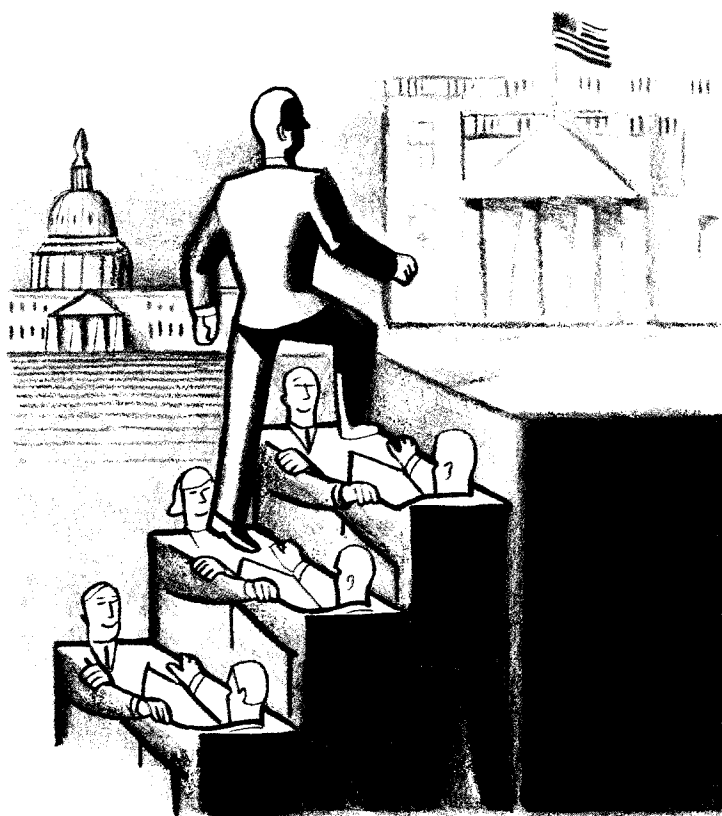
EVEN THOUGH HORDES OF PEOPLE WILL CLAMOR FOR appointments in the next Administration, many highly qualified people who have already served in responsible jobs in government will not be among them. A

survey by the National Academy of Public Administration in 1984 and 1985 of presidential appointees confirmed by the Senate showed that even though most of them looked back upon their service as a high point of their professional lives, many were not interested in making the requisite sacrifice again.

Although the compensation levels for top federal officials are far above what the average American makes or what Ralph Nader thinks they should be—Cabinet Secretaries now make \$99,500, deputy secretaries \$89,500, assistant secretaries and regulatory commissioners \$77,500, and directors of major bureaus \$72,500—they are not high by pro-

fessional standards. New associates fresh out of law school are being paid more than \$70,000 at top New York law firms and more than \$60,000 at Washington firms; partners in such firms, I need hardly add, make several times as much. The 1984–1985 Commission on Executive, Legislative, and Judicial Salaries reported a 40 percent decline in the purchasing power of top federal salaries from 1969 to 1985, a decline that was only slightly checked by the raises approved by President Reagan in January, 1987, and whose results are listed above. In that same sixteen-year period corporate executives' real income rose 68 percent. But top federal salaries are low even when compared with salaries in the nonprofit sector. Police chiefs, foundation executives, hospital administrators, city managers, university presidents, school superintendents, and professors all can earn substantially more than many high federal officeholders.

Not only do top federal management positions pay badly but they also impose costs on those holding them—



among them, the expense of living in, and moving to, Washington, the necessity of divesting oneself of assets posing conflict-of-interest problems, and the time-consuming, unpleasant necessity of completing financial-disclosure forms.

The rigors of the jobs themselves also deter some potential appointees. Three quarters of Carter and Reagan appointees reported working sixty or more hours a week, and nearly as many said that their jobs caused a significant or high level of stress in their personal lives. "I tell people that when I left the government I worked half as hard and got paid twice as much," says the Secretary of Agriculture, Richard Lyng, who has done several stints in government.

Follow-up interviews in that National Academy survey revealed that although yesterday's assistant secretaries aspire to be tomorrow's deputy secretaries and yesterday's deputy secretaries want to be tomorrow's Secretaries, 92.7 percent of appointees had held only one Senate-confirmed appointment; only 6.5 percent had held two, 0.6 percent three, and 0.2 percent four. Senate-confirmed presidential appointees often come to their jobs after several years in nonconfirmed appointments, in either the same or a prior Administration. But having received one Senate-confirmed appointment, they rarely get another. Thus, the general rule among presidential appointees is "in and out and never in again."

This is a serious problem, because it will tend to deprive the President-elect of the services of experienced people, whose judgment can be invaluable. It also has a negative impact on senior career officials, who are demoralized by the poor quality, inexperience, and turnover of political appointees. In a 1987 General Accounting Office survey senior career executives who were leaving government most frequently cited dissatisfaction with top management or with political appointees as a reason for their departure.

Indeed, one of the great challenges that face the next President will be to attract exceptionally able, experienced people to appointive positions and then retain them long enough for them to be effective. Effectiveness usually takes longer than two years, which is the average length of service for a substantial recent group of presidential appointees (one third of them serve 1.5 years or less). Retention will require more than extracting a commitment from appointees at the outset, which Carter tried, unsuccessfully. It will take better pay, plus a greater sense of accomplishment and recognition for appointees.

The Scramble for Access

IT HAPPENS EVERY FOUR YEARS: PRESIDENTS TURN their campaign staffs into their transition staffs and then into their White House staffs. Sherman Adams, Theodore Sorensen, H. R. Haldeman, Hamilton Jordan, and Edwin Meese were all campaign aides who became transition aides and then White House aides. Other key members of the campaign go into departments and agencies, often maintaining a close relationship with the Presi-

dent. Newly elected Presidents also tend to bring a few relative newcomers and strangers onto their staffs. Kennedy hired McGeorge Bundy as his national-security assistant; Nixon hired Henry Kissinger in the same capacity and hired Daniel Patrick Moynihan as an urban-affairs adviser. In what was certainly his shrewdest staffing decision Ronald Reagan named James A. Baker III, a relative newcomer—rather than his long-time aide Meese—as chief of staff. Reportedly, Reagan was persuaded to hire Baker because he had considerable Washington savvy, something that Reagan and his California aides lacked. In contrast, Carter's staff was top-heavy with fellow Georgians, who quickly won a reputation for provincialism which they were never able to shake.

Although there are many top-level appointments to be had, there are few offices in the West Wing of the White House, and the competition for them among a President-elect's campaign staff can be shameless. "Never underestimate the value of proximity," Moynihan once remarked. Few presidential staffers have done so. "People will kill to get an office in the West Wing," Michael Deaver told the journalist Hedrick Smith. "You'll see people working in closets, tucked back in a corner, rather than taking a huge office with a fireplace in the EOB [Executive Office Building]." Often the competition for access has been resolved during the campaign, but sometimes it is settled only in the days after the election.

H. R. Haldeman, in the Nixon Administration, demonstrated his mastery of the concept of access during the interregnum, by outmaneuvering Rose Mary Woods. Woods had served as Nixon's personal secretary since 1951. She continued to hold this title in the Nixon White House, but for the first time since Theodore Roosevelt built the West Wing, the President's personal secretary was not stationed right outside his office door. Haldeman had heard that Ann Whitman, Eisenhower's secretary, had provided an alternate route into the Oval Office, causing Sherman Adams difficulties. He resolved that there would be no such back channel on his watch.

"Nixon had to break this Haldeman-first news to Rose personally, a task he hated," William Safire, who was one of Nixon's speechwriters, later wrote in a memoir,

and she reacted with the grief-stricken fury one might have expected of a woman scorned. Rose and Nixon rode down in the Pierre Hotel elevator afterward and the President-elect spoke to her twice; she would not speak to him; Bryce Harlow, the only other person in that confined space, refers to it as "the longest ride ever taken by a man who had recently been elected President of the United States." . . . There was a purpose in Haldeman's choice of Rose Woods as the first person with whom to do battle. If he could interpose himself between the President and Rose, he could do damn near anything.

Staff jobs in the White House may be among the most sought-after and among the most important in any Administration, but Presidents-elect often pay much more attention to choosing Cabinet members than they do to select-

ing their own staffs. Their lack of attention to staff selection results in part from inertia; having campaigned for months and even years with certain staff members at their sides, they simply carry forward with the same people on the day after election. The one time a President-elect broke from this pattern came in 1976, when, shortly after the election, Carter announced that Jack Watson, who had been running a transition-planning operation during the campaign, would be in charge of the transition. That, however, did not set well with Hamilton Jordan, Carter's campaign manager, who soon overwhelmed Watson and scuttled his plans. Thus, following a short-lived deviation, Carter conformed to the rule.

Picking the Sub-Cabinet

MUCH ATTENTION IS PAID TO A PRESIDENT'S Cabinet selections, but his appointments to the sub-Cabinet and to agencies, bureaus, commissions, boards, and ambassadorships tend to draw less notice. However, these, too, are often vitally important positions, as such names from the Reagan Administration as Elliott Abrams, Everett Koop, John Lehman, Paul Nitze, Ann Burford, and Mark Fowler suggest. All appointments fall under a President's authority, but how vigorously a President-elect exercises that authority has varied over time, as has the degree of his control over the appointment process itself.

Before naming Rusk Secretary of State, Kennedy had already named Adlai Stevenson ambassador to the United Nations and Governor G. Mennen Williams, of Michigan, assistant secretary for Africa. Subsequent to Rusk's appointment Kennedy chose the undersecretaries of state, Chester Bowles and George Ball. Kennedy and Bowles selected all but a few of Rusk's subordinates, including ambassadors. In contrast, Robert McNamara agreed to become Secretary of Defense partly on the condition that he would be able to name his own subordinates, subject to Kennedy's approval. Kennedy named most of Rusk's subordinates and ended up less than satisfied with Rusk's leadership, whereas McNamara selected most of his subordinates and Kennedy admired his leadership. The moral of this story, therefore, contradicts what had become conventional wisdom by 1980 and probably remains so today: that it is essential for a President to exercise his appointive authority fully over subordinate positions in the departments and agencies.

In part because of a poorly conceived and managed pre-election planning process, and in part because of his temporary infatuation with Cabinet government, in 1968 Nixon relinquished to his Cabinet the authority to appoint. "I just made a big mistake," Nixon immediately remarked to an aide. In his memoir Nixon recounted how he then unsuccessfully tried to persuade Cabinet members to purge their departments of holdover Democrats. In fact Nixon had more trouble from independent-minded Republicans who served under him than from Democrats, simply be-

cause there were more of them. At the start of his second term Nixon demanded the resignations of all his appointees and moved to exercise an unprecedented degree of control over appointments. (Of course, the fanatical loyalty demanded by Nixon and his aides contributed directly to their downfall.)

Carter also came to Washington enamored of Cabinet government, and was highly critical of what had become Nixon's imperial presidency, so he gave his Cabinet Secretaries the freedom to name their own subordinates, which all of them were happy to exercise. Soon they began to learn through leaks in newspapers, or in more direct ways, that Carter or his political aides were displeased with their choices. Both the liberal Joseph Califano and the more conservative Griffin Bell later wrote critically about White House displeasure with appointments they had been told were theirs alone to make. When Brock Adams hired his congressional staff members to help him run the Department of Transportation, it created tensions that helped account for Adams's eventual firing. Like Nixon, Carter sought to recapture his lost appointive authority later in his Administration.

Because of lessons learned from the Nixon and Carter experiences, and also because of his strong ideology and commitment to change, Ronald Reagan instituted the most centralized and tightly controlled appointment process of any President new to the job. After Reagan asked someone to serve in his Cabinet, one of his aides would explain to the appointee that the sub-Cabinet appointments would be made by the President. Accordingly, a hundred people were working in the White House personnel office in early 1981. Depending on their own clout, determination, and skill, individual Cabinet members could, however, also exercise considerable influence over the process.

Under Reagan, centralized White House control of all presidential appointments—the sub-Cabinet, boards, commissions, ambassadorships, special assistantships, even judgeships that had historically been handled by the Justice Department—did undoubtedly bring more ardent conservatives into government than would otherwise have come. That did not necessarily lead to cohesiveness or to effective government, however. The poor quality of some Reagan political appointees did not escape the notice of other Reagan appointees or of highly respected Republicans who did not serve Reagan. "This Administration is full of turkeys who have undercut the quality of public service in their areas," Elliot Richardson bluntly told an interviewer in 1985.

Placement Versus Recruitment

AT THE START OF EVERY ADMINISTRATION THERE IS A tension between finding jobs for people and finding people for jobs—between placement and recruitment. Every new President has around him some aides whose mission it is to reward the faithful and others whose

mission it is to seek out good people. Kennedy gave Sargent Shriver, his brother-in-law, the assignment of conducting a talent search, and Lawrence O'Brien, a campaign aide, the assignment of placing deserving Democrats in good jobs. But the momentum generated by political campaigns, with their emphasis on political loyalty, partisanship, and occasionally ideology, tends to skew things in favor of placement. Every President-elect has some Lyn Nofzigers around him. Nofziger, an aide to Reagan, told a reporter early in the Administration, "We have told members of the Cabinet we expected them to help us place people who are competent. . . . As far as I'm concerned, anyone who supported Reagan is competent." That criterion produced some notably loyal appointees who also happened to be either incompetent or ethically insensitive.

Because of the built-in bias in favor of placement, Presidents-elect are wise to lean in the direction of recruitment. Kennedy actually did so, which allowed Shriver's talent scouts to fare well in their competition with O'Brien's placement service. "We'll have no trouble competing with Sarge's gang," John Bailey, the soon-to-be chairman of the Democratic National Committee, declared one day, "if we can just get people who are as good as his people." When Kennedy prepared to name C. Douglas Dillon as his Treasury Secretary, Kennedy's liberal friends were appalled. Dillon was the incumbent undersecretary of state; worse, he had contributed to Nixon's campaign. Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., protested to Kennedy that there "was no precedent for giving a vital Cabinet post to a sub-Cabinet official of a defeated Administration, especially to an official who had contributed to Nixon's campaign and might well have been Nixon's nominee for the same job." "Oh, I don't care about those things," Kennedy replied. "All I want to know is, is he able? And will he go along with the program?"

The methods used by Presidents-elect to fill top appointments have varied, as has their degree of involvement in the process. Eisenhower chose his own White House staff but delegated much of the work of Cabinet selection to a two-man committee consisting of Herbert Brownell, Jr., who accepted the Attorney Generalship after declining to serve as Eisenhower's chief of staff, and

Lucius D. Clay, a retired general, lifetime friend, and colleague, who had become chairman of the Continental Can Company. Clay made Eisenhower promise him that he would not offer him a position in the Administration.

Kennedy was personally involved in choosing his department heads and perhaps several dozen sub-Cabinet, agency, and executive-branch officials. He rejected some leading prospects after interviewing them; one candidate bored him so much that he fell asleep. In filling the top jobs his most influential advisers were his brother Robert, his father, Joseph, his brother-in-law Sargent Shriver, his

personal staff, and certain older former high officials who were not interested in positions for themselves. In this last group were Clark Clifford, Dean Acheson, John McCloy, and, most influential, Robert Lovett. (A Republican who had served in high positions under Truman, Lovett declined, for reasons of health, Kennedy's offer of any Cabinet seat Lovett might choose.)

In every Administration some top appointments come about easily and seem inevitable, right, and logical. John Foster Dulles's appointment as Eisenhower's Secretary of State was one of these, especially after Thomas Dewey removed himself from consideration.

Other appointments come about more by circumstance, sometimes simply because the appointers are running out of time and energy and *someone* has to be named. A case in point is the selection by Kennedy of Dean Rusk to be Secretary of State. Indeed, the recent history of this most prestigious and visible presidential appointment is a bitter comedy on the theme of human misjudgment.

The Secretary of State Hex

KENNEDY, WHO FASHIONED HIMSELF AFTER Franklin D. Roosevelt, wanted to make the major foreign-policy decisions in his Administration; he did not want them made by the Secretary of State or by the careerists at the State Department. Nonetheless, according to Lovett, he was aware that a President could create grave difficulties for his Secretary of State, and that it was not wise to operate the State Department out of his hat. In fact, Kennedy knew what he did not want more clearly



than what he did want. He did not want a Cordell Hull, who had been largely ignored by Roosevelt; an Acheson, who had not been liked in Congress; or a Dulles, who he wrongly thought had cowed Eisenhower.

Nor did he want Adlai Stevenson, his party's standard-bearer in 1952 and 1956. Although Stevenson retained a large following among Democrats and was the sentimental party choice for Secretary, he was not well liked by Kennedy or by those Kennedy consulted most closely about this position, including Lovett, Acheson, and Robert Kennedy. (Robert, who had traveled with Stevenson during the 1956 campaign, had started out as a fan, but became so disillusioned by Stevenson's indecisiveness that he wound up voting for Eisenhower.) Because of Stevenson's popularity among Democrats, Kennedy had to offer him something, however. Given a choice of three positions, including Attorney General, Stevenson chose the UN ambassadorship.

One by one, other candidates for Secretary of State were eliminated. McGeorge Bundy, the forty-one-year-old Harvard dean, was thought to lack the necessary experience. Chester Bowles had ample experience and, in contrast to Stevenson, had supported Kennedy early, but Kennedy regarded him as too soft to negotiate with the Soviets. David Bruce, an experienced diplomat who had been undersecretary to Acheson, though tough enough, did not seem idealistic enough.

Senator J. William Fulbright, the chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, was Kennedy's first choice, because Kennedy knew him well, alone among the candidates, and was impressed by Fulbright's intelligence, common sense, and wisdom. Also, Fulbright would have been a popular choice on Capitol Hill. Robert Kennedy, however, persuaded his brother that Fulbright, a signer of the Southern Manifesto against the *Brown* decision, would give Soviet propaganda a powerful boost in Africa and might force the Administration to take positions that it would otherwise not have taken.

Other potential nominees who in retrospect might have been good choices for Kennedy, such as Averell Harriman and George Kennan, were for one reason or another not given serious consideration. So it came down to Dean Rusk, who had influential support from Acheson, Lovett, and Robert Kennedy. (He also had influential detractors, especially Walter Lippmann, who told Kennedy that Rusk was a "profound conformist" who would "never deviate from what he considered the official view.")

Rusk was a Georgian by birth but an integrationist. A Rhodes scholar, he was a former college professor, Army officer, and State Department official who had served under George Marshall and Dean Acheson. He had been deeply involved in the Korean War, and he was to bring to the Vietnam War an understanding forged in that tragically inapplicable experience. In the 1950s he had been president of the Rockefeller Foundation, which had done extensive work in the developing world, where Kennedy hoped to see American influence expand. He had been a Stevenson supporter, which helped politically, and he had

published an article in *Foreign Affairs* in 1960 titled "The President" that helped him with Kennedy even more. In the article he argued that the President must take the lead on foreign policy.

After Lovett made certain that Rusk would accept the job if it were offered, Kennedy met with Rusk. Afterward Rusk told Bowles, prophetically, "Kennedy and I could not communicate." Rusk concluded, "If the idea of making me Secretary ever actually entered his mind, I am sure it is now dead." The next day Kennedy asked him to take the job.

As things turned out, Rusk was a hardworking, articulate, and loyal Secretary who was well regarded in his department, on Capitol Hill, and among foreign diplomats, but who never fit well into the Kennedy scheme of things. Though he sought to be the President's chief foreign-policy adviser, Rusk never really had Kennedy's ear. There was a lack of rapport between them. Rusk, tellingly, was the only member of the Cabinet whom Kennedy did not call by his first name, and Rusk liked it that way. Rusk stayed out of policy debates within the Administration, so that if the President took someone else's advice, it would not look like a defeat for him. Kennedy later mocked this reticence, by saying that when they were alone, Rusk would whisper that there were still too many people in the room.

AS UNSATISFACTORY, IN CERTAIN WAYS, AS WHITE House-State Department relations were in the Kennedy Administration, they proved to be even worse, sometimes much worse, under the three newly elected Presidents who followed and their Secretaries of State.

William Rogers was evidently not Nixon's first choice for Secretary of State; Nixon later told Kissinger that Robert Murphy, the veteran diplomat, had been but had turned him down. Reportedly, Thomas Dewey and William Scranton, the governor of Pennsylvania, were also sounded out, and were not interested. Rogers was an old personal friend and close political associate to whom Nixon had turned repeatedly for counsel, ever since the Alger Hiss days. He had served as Attorney General during Eisenhower's second term. Nixon had practiced law in New York after he lost the 1960 election, and Rogers, also a prominent New York attorney, had won some major clients coveted by Nixon; this made for a cloud over their relationship. Nonetheless, Nixon told Kissinger that he had come to consider Rogers the ideal man for the job. In his memoirs Kissinger recalled Nixon's perverse reasoning.

Nixon considered Rogers's unfamiliarity with the subject an asset because it guaranteed that policy direction would remain in the White House. At the same time, Nixon said, Rogers was one of the toughest, most cold-eyed, self-centered, and ambitious men he had ever met. As a negotiator he would give the Soviets fits. And "the little boys in the State Department" had better be careful because Rogers would brook no nonsense. Few Secre-

taries of State can have been selected because of their President's confidence in their ignorance of foreign policy.

"The irony of Nixon's decision to choose as Secretary of State someone with little substantive preparation," Kissinger went on, "was that he thereby enhanced the influence of the two institutions he most distrusted—the Foreign Service and the press." Rogers could "not psychologically bring himself to subordinate himself to Nixon, and that played right into Henry's hands," according to Elliot Richardson, who served as undersecretary to Rogers at the start of the Administration. "Rogers felt that in terms of character and judgment he was a better man and he could not subordinate himself, which an effective Secretary of State must do. It's true that Rogers didn't have any inclination to engage in the strategic-planning process—but he didn't try." According to Kissinger, Rogers could not face the proposition that Nixon might have appointed him in part because he expected to be able to dominate him. Rogers quickly became a spokesman rather than a policy adviser and formulator; Nixon did not make much use of him even as a negotiator.

Carter came to office with considerably less experience in foreign affairs than most new Presidents have, but he was interested and willing to learn. In the early 1970s he had been an enthusiastic member of the Trilateral Commission, which had been founded by David Rockefeller to promote cooperation among North America, Western Europe, and Japan. There Carter met Cyrus Vance and Zbigniew Brzezinski, who became his Secretary of State and national-security adviser, respectively. First on the campaign trail and then in the White House, Brzezinski served as Carter's tutor. "I was an eager student, and took full advantage of what Brzezinski had to offer," Carter guilelessly wrote in his memoir. "As a college professor and author, he was able to express complicated ideas simply. We got to know each other well."

Although Carter, Vance, and Brzezinski began with hopes of successful collaboration, these were soon dashed. Carter encouraged Brzezinski to come up with new ideas, which Brzezinski was ever wont to do. Although his job as national-security adviser was supposed to be that of an impartial broker of opinion, he viewed himself as a protagonist in debates and as a competitor for power, not as a molder of consensus. "Coordination is predominance," Brzezinski asserted characteristically in his memoir of the Carter years.

And the key to asserting effective coordination was the right of direct access to the President, in writing, by telephone, or simply by walking into his office. . . . I was determined to maintain an active and personal dialogue with the President on foreign policy issues because only then could I assert my own authority in a manner consistent with his views.

Vance believed in the State Department as an institution. He felt that Presidents and Secretaries of State had in

recent years ignored the department, and that this had weakened not only the morale of the Foreign Service but also continuity in policy from one Administration to the next. A year into the Carter Administration, Vance and Brzezinski were sharply at odds for personal, bureaucratic, and ideological reasons.

The conflict led to muddle. Hodding Carter III, the State Department's press spokesman under Vance, later commented that it had been widely quipped that the President "took speech drafts offered by the State Department and the National Security Council and simply pasted half of one to half of the other. The result was predictably all over the lot, offering the Soviet Union the mailed fist and the dove's coo simultaneously." In the early years of the Administration, Carter leaned more toward Vance's approach. Later he leaned toward Brzezinski's. In 1980 Vance resigned.

Ronald Reagan's troubles with his first Secretary of State had little to do with conflicts of ideology and everything to do with conflicts of personality. Reportedly, many of Reagan's old California friends in his "kitchen cabinet" advised him to choose Alexander Haig as his Secretary of State, instead of Caspar Weinberger, William Casey, or George Shultz, because they were impressed with Haig's foreign-policy experience, hard-line reputation, and military background and bearing. A former aide to Henry Kissinger and the chief of staff and de facto President at the end of the Nixon Administration, Haig was an inveterate bureaucratic infighter with a Napoleonic ego and a quick temper.

Haig's exasperation began before the Inauguration, when his grand scheme for becoming "vicar" of foreign policy was interred in Ed Meese's voluminous briefcase. The Secretary of State's problems were compounded by the ill-fated televised pronouncement that he made from the White House—"I am in control here"—after Reagan was shot. Martin Anderson, one of Reagan's top aides, later wrote, "There was something about Haig. He seemed to ruffle the feelings of almost everyone, and almost everybody seemed to ruffle his feelings." Following a year and a half of seriocomic episodes involving Haig and members of the White House staff, many of which received prominent play in the newspapers and on television, Reagan fired him.

THE NEW PRESIDENT-ELECT WILL, LIKE HIS PREDECESSORS, have to move fast to fill hundreds of important positions that will fundamentally affect his ability to lead and the government's ability to perform. He will make these personnel decisions under enormous pressure of time and without benefit of simple rules. A study of the past, however, suggests one broad lesson that the President should take to heart: When you are basking in the brilliance and sterling qualities of the people you have chosen, remember that your predecessors felt that way too. □

INTERVIEW PROFILE

AGE: 43.

HOME: Santa Monica, California.

PROFESSION: Computer wizard, Chairman and CEO, Peter Norton Company, Inc.

HOBBY: Making contributions to local art museums. "When life hands you a large slice of the pie, you share."

LAST BOOK READ: *Don Quixote* by Miguel de Cervantes.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Seeing his name in lights. At the Museum of New Art where he's on the board of directors.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "As a kid, I loved those things on your coat that were supposed to keep you from losing your mittens. Who else would design a program to find information 'lost' in your computer and then build a business on it?"

QUOTE: "I can't believe my life is happening to me."

PROFILE: Quiet, committed and independent. "Not really, I'm just your classic nerd who got lucky."

HIS SCOTCH: Dewar's White Label with water. "It's as much of a splash as I'll ever make."



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A Short Story



THE SECRET TO NOT GETTING STUCK

BY JAY WOODRUFF

THAT WINTER I WAS SEVENTEEN, AND THE *POST-Dispatch* was calling me the best high school wrestler in Missouri. I hadn't lost since the last match of my freshman year. I could bench-press more than twice my weight, go without eating for days at a time, start running as my father left the house to catch a flight at Lambert Field, and keep going until he'd landed in another state. When I looked at the soft bellies sagging over the belts of parents, teachers, and game-show hosts, I concluded that the world was a weakened, feeble, flabby thing waiting for me to whip it.

In February, near the end of my junior season, my father finally left for good. That night I sat on the edge of what had always been my parents' bed but was about to become my mother's alone. My father stuffed his black-leather bag with hastily folded shirts, and wads of underwear and socks from the top drawer, where he'd always tossed his change at the end of the day and where I'd always found that extra nickel or dime or quarter I always seemed to need.

"Dad," I said, and he looked at me. He needed a shave. I felt the weight of important things to say but couldn't begin to find the words to shape them. "Your shaving stuff."

After tucking his razor and Old Spice into the toiletry kit he looked around the room with a frown, as if trying to remember what not to forget.

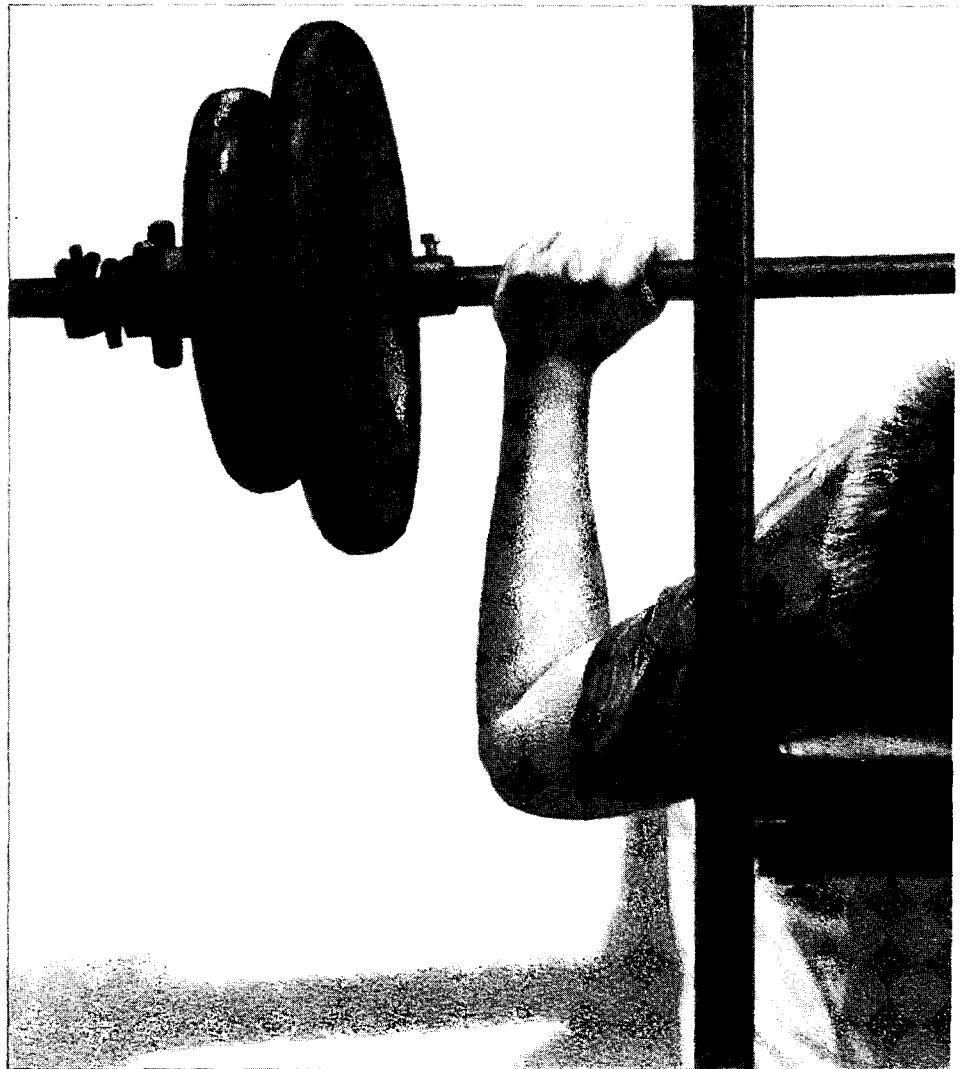
Outside, the night felt like spring. It was one of those winter warm spells in St. Louis, when the air seems to have come up from Louisiana instead of down from Iowa.

"I wish—" my father began, and I knew then that he too was searching for words, "I wish this could've waited till after state."

The state tournament was three weeks away. This was the first night in two years when no thought of it had crossed my mind. When he mentioned the word, I remembered again, suddenly, as if it were an urgent appointment I'd almost forgotten. I shifted beside him on the front walk, wearing the sweats I wore every night, my baggy gray uniform.

"I don't know. . . ." He tried again. We were like a pair of wrestlers from the blind school my squad competed against every season: circling, tentative, groping for contact. "I don't know just what to say."

I watched him back out the driveway, and I followed the



taillights of his Galaxie until they disappeared down the dark and quiet street. My mother was at a friend's. I didn't want to go inside. I had nothing to do, except what I did every night—run.

BACK POINTS COST ME THE STATE TITLE MY FRESH-man year. I didn't get pinned, but my opponent, a towheaded senior named Hudson, with arms like Arnold Schwarzenegger, rode me the whole third period, cranking me over twice. I don't remember being on my back. All I remember is thinking *no!*, the lights of Hearn's Arena a blinding blur. On the films you could see I came within an inch or two of getting stuck. I only watched once: the idea of getting pinned, of giving in, made me sick. I got dizzy and almost puked when I watched myself struggling to avoid it. The moves I used to prevent it were called kicking, squirming, and twisting: no dignity in being forced to your back on the floor of a huge arena.

I took the five-mile route to the high school and walked down the alley between the cafeteria and the wrestling room. Coach Carson couldn't give us a key, but he never locked the window over the low brick entryway. If you

were agile enough, you could scale the downspout and slide inside.

I liked working out alone late at night, when the building was dark and empty and the rest of the world was at home, eating Fritos, getting fatter. I did sit-outs till my sides ached, stand-ups till my legs wobbled, and push-ups till my pecs burned, my shoulders cramped, my arms buckled. The difference between you and the other guy at the end of six minutes might be one push-up, and before you ever step out there on the mat, you have to be able to look at him and say, "Adios, pencil-neck."

I suited up in a set of plastics, grabbed a rope, and started skipping. My mother would get home soon. My father was probably already in his girlfriend's bedroom. They were weak, all of them. Dad couldn't last a period with me. He'd be sucking wind on his back in forty-eight seconds. The whole world was weak, just dozing out there, getting flabbier. If you worked hard enough, you could beat it.

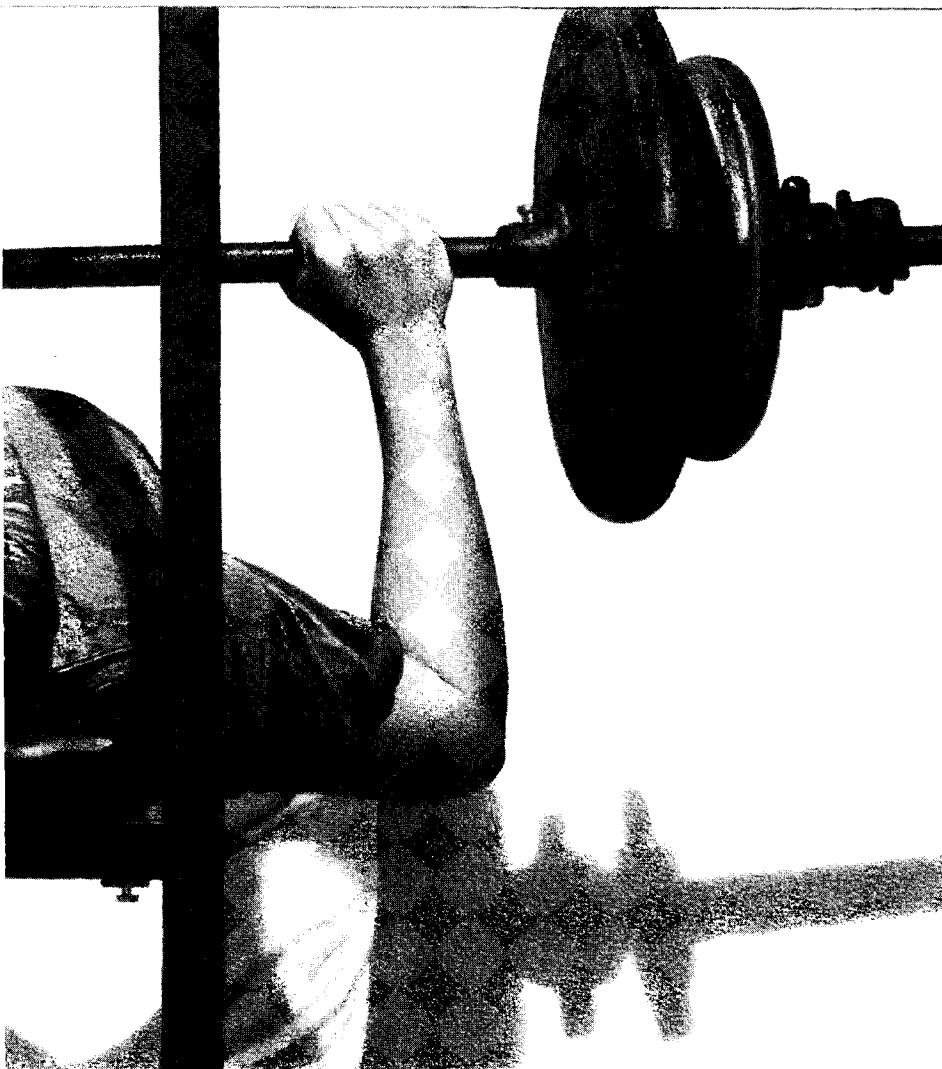
The only sounds in the empty school were my feet shuffling on the mats, my breathing in rhythm with the *nick-nick-nick* of the rope, the rope's furious whir as it sliced through the gym's thick air. Sweat stung my eyes. For whatever reasons, I'd always felt about crying exactly as I felt about getting pinned.

"YOUR FATHER, I'M afraid," my mother told me, "has become a very sad and sorry person."

She picked at her tuna salad with sharp, remorseful stabs. I was enjoying my usual dinner of celery and a hard-boiled egg. We'd agreed last summer: I could lose twice as much as she could take off in the months leading up to the start of October practice. I had the slenderest mother in town.

"I don't see much hope," she continued. She looked worn out and older than I'd ever imagined she might. Her brown hair, flecked with gray, hung limp over one shoulder. "And it's not this . . . this *Kate* woman," she went on. "It's the Goddamn booze. If he could just quit drinking."

She put down her fork and lit a cigarette, and I was struck, as I so often was, by the blind hopelessness of the adult species. Sure, Mom, I thought, slam one addiction while you get off on another. But I swallowed my celery with-



out speaking. My mother rested her forehead on her left palm and began to cry.

I STARTED WRESTLING BECAUSE OF INDIAN GUIDES, A YMCA father-son organization my mother got us to join. Each week our tribe met at a different tepee. We wore leather vests we had cut and sewn ourselves from patterns, and official Indian Guides headbands. We sat in a circle to powwow about Indian life, about the old bones and arrowheads we'd seen on weekend trips to Cahokia mounds or the Koster digs; ate roasted pumpkin seeds and wild blackberries; made tom-toms out of coffee cans and hide; clustered to see which boy could come closest to guessing when a minute was up or, after having been spun until dizzy, point north. And one night at Chief Crazy Horse's tepee we Indian-wrestled. I was the smallest in the tribe, but no boy lasted five seconds with me.

My father and I never talked a whole lot. At bedtime he'd read to me—Robin Hood, King Arthur, Tom Sawyer—and I would try to make him linger there by asking about the moon, the sea, distant dark forests and desert islands, but his progressively shorter answers always seemed to be edging toward the door. The night I discovered what I was good at, in Chief Crazy Horse's living room, my father's eyes glinted with a light I'd never seen in them before. He said nothing, but any child can sense even silent pride in a parent.

Each winter all the tribes in St. Louis gathered for the Snow Moon Council, a weekend in the cabins at Trout Lodge. We hiked across the frozen lake, the ice thick enough, my father reassured me, for a truck to drive on. We sledged down the sloping snow-covered roads of the Ozark hills, and on Saturday night everyone gathered at the lodge for a series of games. One of the events was Indian wrestling.

I tossed aside my first half-dozen opponents easily, to reach the finals, where I stood foot-to-foot with a tall skinny farm boy whose ears stuck out like handles. We clasped wrists, and, at "Go," I faked a tug and pushed as he faked a push and tugged. I tumbled to the floor.

I hid my face against my father's hip as he patted my shoulder.

"It's okay, Son," he said. "You did great."

I thought that I'd seen him blush when I fell and that I had embarrassed him in front of every Indian in the Missouri territory. Indians were strong and brave. They did not like to lose. They did not cry. If you won, you had no reason to cry. I was eight years old.

NEAR THE MIDDLE OF MY SOPHOMORE SEASON, JUST before the Mehlville holiday tournament, Coach Carson called me away from a king-of-the-mat drill and into his office.

"Your mother's on the phone," he said, and I immedi-

ately pictured my father's car, crumpled under an overpass on I-44, swept by firemen's hoses and the red lights of emergency beacons. My face must have looked as if I'd just been wracked on a front drop-cradle. "Nothing too serious," Coach said, handing me the phone.

Christmas was three days away, and our relatives were due in from Iowa. My mother had a bird about ready to come out of the oven, so she couldn't go pick up my father. He was drunk at a bar in Fenton. She sniffled over the kitchen noises.

I borrowed Mike Zumwalt's car. This wasn't the first time I'd had to drive my dad home. The previous summer, when he'd gotten me a maintenance job at the big Sears warehouse, I'd spent one Friday-afternoon happy hour playing pinball while he and his buddies got pass-out sloppy at Victor's. I'd driven him home that night, three months before I even had a license, creeping along at forty-five in the right-hand lane.

The bar, a seedy little hole near I-44, was dark, but I could see him at a table with Mr. Taylor and Willy Berner. A woman was sitting on his lap. He was rolling his head and laughing.

"Watch it, buddy," the woman said, one hand fending him off under the table, the other pushing his shoulder. I recognized her, a secretary from the warehouse.

"Hey, Del," Mr. Taylor said, standing to shake. The woman stood quickly, smoothed her skirt, and stepped toward the back of the bar.

"Kate was just taking dictation," my father said. He laughed alone. His cigarette bobbed, ashes falling onto his wrinkled shirt.

"Grandma and Grandpa are going to be here soon," I said.

My father ducked, glancing around. Then he laughed again.

"At the house."

"Oh, boy."

I steered him out to the car. I had to explain about a hundred times why we weren't using his Galaxie.

"I'll pick it up later," I said.

"Not going in anyone else's."

"Dad."

"Got my own car."

"Get in the car, Dad."

"My car."

"Get in the Goddamn car."

His hand flew and my ear rang, and then began to burn and throb.

"Shit!"

"Don't you dare."

"My ear." I'd just gotten it drained for a cauliflower a month before.

"Don't ever let me hear . . ."

"My bad ear."

His feet were planted, and he swayed slightly, hands ready. He was just a medium-size man, though he had me by thirty-five pounds. My blood was rushing, my hands

were shaking, and my throat went tight, squeezing the water into my eyes. Not because my ear ached, and not because of his anger, but because at that moment more than anything in the world I wanted to drop him on the asphalt and snap his damn neck, and I knew I could do it. He looked like a drunk from some sorry old movie.

"Del," he croaked, his hands dropping. He collapsed against Zumie's beat-up Pontiac. "I need help."

I got him into the car.

"I don't know what the hell," he moaned.

WE CALLED MR. FURMAN "SCARLETT" BECAUSE HE was a liar who wore a girdle and had a southern accent. Also, he turned bright red when he was angry, which was often in our class. He tried to disguise his nearly bald head with one eighteen-inch strand of hair wrapped from ear to ear and over his forehead. He taught English, and none of us doubted him for a second when he declared himself "somewhat of an authority on American fiction."

"He is American fiction," I whispered to Luke Jones, who blurted a laugh.

"Something to contribute, Mr. Jones?"

Luke froze. His nickname at school was Cool Hand, because he could work such magic with a basketball. On the courts he was graceful and fluent, but in the classroom he was awkward and tentative, and Scarlett was the kind of teacher who respected only one language—the one he taught.

"I was just telling him how much I love American fiction," I said.

"Oh, really." Scarlett smirked. "Any particular favorite, Del?"

Mr. Furman hated my guts. I didn't care about grades and did my assignments on the stationary bike in our basement, so my papers were always smudged with sweat. I made a point of carrying the latest edition of *Amateur Wrestling News* with my notebooks, and had even managed to cite that publication in my latest paper, a report on *The World According to Garp*.

"Halsey Taylor," I said. "I've been reading a lot of Halsey Taylor lately."

"Halsey Taylor?"

"Writes really weird stories about appliances and plumbing fixtures. Absurdist industrial fiction, they call it."

"Yes," Furman said. "I recall the name. Smart guy."

After class Luke followed me down the hall.

"I don't get it," he said. "How come he gave you an extra assignment?"

I waited as he drank at the fountain, his eyes only inches from the logo imprinted on the basin: HALSEY TAYLOR. Luke sprayed the wall.

"How was I supposed to know?" I said. "Didn't think he could bend down in that girdle."

Luke stopped me with his big hand, and we admired Linda Werner's wondrous profile as she passed.

"Eight steals and ten assists, but only six points. I foul out," Luke said.

"Step behind. Two takedowns and back points in the third period, but she escapes. No fall."

In Scarlett's class Luke and I normally spent the better part of the hour straining with every ounce of our energy to imagine beyond the fabric of Linda Werner's jeans. There she is, I'd think, no more than thirty inches from my face, nothing but a thin single skinny millimeter of cotton between me and her perfect beautiful nakedness. So close I'd spray her if I sneezed.

"I'd love to ask her out," Luke said.

"Do it."

"You crazy? She's married."

"To Hawkins?" I made a sour face. Brian Hawkins was a dweeb and a smart-ass, and Linda's eyes wandered as the two of them talked in the hallway.

"Another happy marriage."

"Yeah, yeah," I said.

That's how it starts, I thought. People come together for the wrong reasons, tell lies from the beginning, and pretty soon someone's wearing a hairpiece and filing for divorce.

MY DAD WAS STAYING AT THE SUNNY MOTOR COURT over on Route 66 while he looked for an apartment. It was a dingy little motel along a run-down strip of an old highway littered with other neon dives and fast-food joints. His room was cluttered with dirty T-shirts, and the bed was unmade. A half-full fifth of Cutty sat on the TV, an empty in the wastebasket.

"Nice place," my father said. "Bet you wish you had it so good."

His girlfriend had given him the hook, and his boss had warned him about missing work. My mother had told me this after a long, hushed phone conversation. "I'm sorry," I'd heard her say. "Not this time. No way." I'd found a lawyer's card on the table by her purse.

I wanted to ask him what was up. I wanted to ask him what he was doing. I wanted to ask him why he didn't quit drinking, what had happened to him, why he was acting this way.

"You like it here?" I asked.

"Think I'm nuts?"

I shrugged and stared at the wastebasket.

"Dad," I said. I wanted to tell him I was worried, worried about us, and even more worried about him, afraid he was going off the deep end. But how do you say those things to your father? "When are you moving?"

"Next week. This used to be a great place. Route 66. Remember?"

I didn't remember, although I recalled his stories about it. But as long as I'd known it, 66 had been a strip of crumbling blacktop and cheap cinder-block malls.

"St. Louis," he said, sitting on the edge of the rumpled bed and staring toward the window. "St. Louis, Misery. But this was some road, once upon a time."

MY LAST DUAL MATCH BEFORE THE DISTRICT TOURNAMENT was against a guy named Wallor from St. Louis University High. He was pumped, but a fish, a sucker for ankle picks who always fagged out early. I'd already pinned him twice that year. Before every match Coach Carson used to tell me as he shook out my arms, "Just wrestle your match, hard as you can go, three full periods." What he really meant was, "Don't get cocky. Anything can happen out there."

True, for the most part. But Wallor was never a match; he was one of those guys who were so easy to beat that I got little pleasure in winning. He looked like a wrestler, and he was plenty strong and quick. I could never figure out what he lacked. But I tried not to think about it too much—why he lost, why he wasn't as good as he looked, how he felt about losing. The best way to deal with the idea of losing, I'd decided, was not to dwell on it.

I knew my dad was in the stands. This was the first dual meet he'd come to all year, the first my mother had skipped. I shook Wallor's hand, and at the whistle I circled, faked a shot, snapped him down, spun around for two points, sank my leg in for the cross-body, and started to crank.

But I was too high, way up on his shoulders. He shrugged, dropped and jerked back, and then was on me, digging his chin into my shoulder, burying a deep half-nelson, and pushing with his powerful chest.

I felt my shoulders tilting toward the mat. I kicked my legs the other way and rolled, but he caught me, my shoulders breaking ninety degrees. He was strong. The ref was kneeling, his hand waving the near fall points in front of my face. My shoulders were settling. The gym was a roar. I'd never been pinned.

"Get off your back, Del! Get off your back!"

I could see Coach Carson off his chair, waving, his mouth moving. "Get off your back, Del! Get off your back!" But the words weren't his.

I kicked and rolled again, arching my shoulders up as far as possible off the mat. Wallor's chin dug at my collarbone.

"Get off your back, Del! Please! Get off your back!"

It was my father. I could see him now at the edge of the mat, on his hands and knees, red-faced and barking at me.

"Off your back!"

He waved his trench coat at the edge of the circle, as if sweeping the sweat off the edge of the mat.

"Get up, Del! Get off your back!"

His flushed face looked swollen, twisted, strained. The rest of the gym suddenly seemed silent, the only sound my father's hoarse shouts.

"Get off your back, Del! Get up, Son!"

He crawled closer to the edge of the circle.

Wallor tried to sink his hold deeper, and his arm shifted, loosening slightly. I bridged, spun, grambied, and shot back while he was still squatting, catching his ankle. The gym erupted again.

I sank my own half-nelson before he could roll, catching his other arm, weak from flexing to stick me, in a

tight double-trouble. He left his legs sprawled open, so I cranked harder, spinning on top to lock them in an Oklahoma.

Forget about it: this hold was death. The ref slapped the mat.

I never looked into the eyes of the ones who went down easy, knowing what I'd see there and afraid of getting too close to it. But this time I looked Wallor in the face when we shook.

"Jesus," I said to Coach as I came off, the rest of the team slapping my backside.

"Way to go."

"Great job."

"Nice stick."

My dad was beside the bench, breathing as hard as I was, his forehead just as sweaty.

"Unbelievable," he said, squeezing my shoulder. He smelled like an ashtray sprinkled with Old Spice. "Scared the death outta me."

The gym had quieted, and I felt a lot of eyes on us. I wondered whether the place had really gone silent while my dad was on all fours. You can't trust your ears out there, where, normally, the crowd is just background noise, like TV static from another room. I wondered what my father had looked like to the crowd, crawling like that. He'd sweated clear through to his tie, his shirt half untucked.

"Took ten years off your old man's life," he said. "Don't expect me to come to another match."

I looked at his face and saw Wallor's eyes. It wasn't panic. It wasn't fear. It was a kind of weary resignation. The eyes of losing.

TWICE A WEEK AT THE END OF PRACTICE—AFTER jumping jacks, sit-ups, push-ups, bridges, take-downs, sit-outs, stand-ups, thirty-second drills, and running the stairs—we would hit the weight room. It was district-tournament time, the first step toward the state meet, an end to the clowning that began sometime in mid-season and continued into the lull after our last dual. Even Blake Simmons, a ninety-eight-pound senior who dedicated most of the season to finding freshmen he could figure-four and otherwise abuse, got serious.

In the weight room you wrestled yourself. The dumbbells were there to cooperate, to take you, each time you touched them, to the very edge. If you lifted right, you got stronger, so you could push further the next time, but the limit was always there, waiting for your muscles to quiver and gas out. Your limit is your own, not the iron's, and the guys who squirm against too many plates create only an illusion of strength. The only ones they fool are themselves. Those guys will let you beat them. A guy like that will even help you.

"Okay, now," Coach Carson said, and we finished our sets and jogged back downstairs to the overheated wrestling room.

"Districts this weekend," Coach began. "I don't have to

tell you what that means. This is it. Some of you are seniors. Enough said. But I want to tell you a story."

This was Coach's Dan Gable story. He told it this time every year. Once at the Midlands he'd wrestled the great Cyclone, had been turned on his back, and had spent half of the second period bridging and rocking to avoid the pin. He lost, but he lasted, against the greatest wrestler of all time, because he'd kept fighting.

"Do you know the secret to not getting stuck?" he asked. "It's no secret. It's pride and faith and stubbornness. That's all. You don't give in. No matter what, you keep going. You don't ever give up. That's it."

Coach worked out with us and was as fit as anyone on the team. His short Afro was gradually giving way to black forehead, but he didn't seem to care, so it looked good on him. He could take any one of us.

"There's no secret to it," he went on. "Never quit. Big secret."

IKNEW SOMETHING WAS WRONG AS SOON AS I STEPPED into the house. You can smell bad news, feel it against your skin. Mr. Roe, an old friend of my parents' and the minister at the Congregational Church, was in the living room. He stood, and I could see it in his kind eyes.

"Del, I don't know how to tell you this." His hands sought a place to be. "There's been a terrible accident."

I stopped chewing my gum. I pictured my mother's Toyota upside down, on a median.

"They've found your father's body downtown."

I saw his car smashed deliberately into a pylon. I knew right off he'd done it to himself. What shocked me as much as anything was realizing suddenly that I'd expected this.

"He checked into the Marriott. Apparently he left a note. I'm so sorry. If I can do anything . . ."

"Where's my mom?"

"She had to go with the police. Marian went with her. They just left. This all happened very fast."

"Thank you," I said, and the words sounded stranger than anything I've ever heard come out of my mouth. "He was at the hotel?"

"Yes."

"Excuse me."

Three blocks from the house I dove behind a hedge and threw up. I cried like I'd never cried before and have never cried since, deep rushing waves that flowed without effort or thought. I hid my face in my arms, muffling the sounds against the cold ground. The street was dark and still. After a time I was empty, and I could hear the cars and trucks winding past, a few blocks away on the interstate.

Not far from our house was a pedestrian overpass where I often went to watch the cars. They had put I-44 through ten years before, slicing the town in two. After they'd paved it but before it was open, my father used to put our bikes in the car and take me there; we'd ride on the

smooth new road all the way out past Kirkwood. He used to tell me about Route 66, the south border of our town, the great old highway, stretching from Chicago to L.A. It was like a river, and he'd felt like Huck Finn growing up beside it, watching trucks instead of barges, overloaded station wagons instead of rafts. He'd once hitchhiked it to California. And Highway 40, just north of our town, followed the trail of the explorers Lewis and Clark, he'd told me. And now a new one had been built, halfway between the old two. I'd go there often, after working out, and stand on the overpass, following the taillights as far east as I could, closing my eyes to imagine the capital or New York, and then turning and watching the cars shoot out west, toward the Rockies and L.A. I'd close my eyes again, imagine myself alone in a car, pretend I was heading someplace.

That night I just stood there and thought of my dad, the eighteen-wheelers whooshing under the bridge. Each car was driven by someone who was alive, and my dad was dead. Maybe he'd still been alive when they'd gotten into the cars and started to drive, but he was dead now. The pavement was stained with oil and tread, and the cars never stopped, so I could barely imagine how clean it once was, that my father and I had ridden our bikes as far as we cared to go toward the Pacific.

My mother and I sat up almost all night at the dining-room table. We talked in low voices, and she cried every so often—just part of the conversation. But we also told stories that made us laugh, and each time that happened, the laughter echoed in my mind a moment afterward and sounded very strange.

"God," she said. "Maybe I should have let him come back. He wanted to come back, you know. He asked me. If I'd let him come back . . ."

"Mom, you couldn't. It's not your fault."

On the table between us, beside her coffee cup and ash-tray, his note lay upside down and wrinkled from when she'd wadded it up and thrown it away.

"I have decided," it read, "to quit smoking."

IDIDN'T FEEL MUCH WHEN I LOOKED AT HIM IN THE casket. He didn't look like he was napping. He didn't look like himself. He looked dead, dressed up and made up, but dead. Looking at him was like staring at a wax replica.

After the funeral I shook hands and thanked people for coming to the reception at our house. Mr. Wilson, whose son and I had been in Indian Guides together, patted my arm.

"Bobby tells me you're really something," he said. "Says you're the strongest guy at school and that every time he sees you in the halls, you're surrounded with girls."

I smiled and denied the exaggerations and talked about Bobby, and the whole time, I watched the scene, thinking this was all very weird, to be joking about girls at my father's funeral.

I DIDN'T FACE ANYONE NEW IN THE DISTRICT TOURNAMENT until the finals, when I was paired against an undefeated senior from De Smet who'd moved to the city from Ohio. I'd seen his name in the papers but didn't know much about him and didn't want to. I'd seen enough at the tournament to know he was quick on his feet and tough on top.

I'd worried that I wouldn't be able to concentrate on wrestling, but I was surprised to discover not only that I could but also that out on the mats there were moments when I forgot the constant dull ache I'd felt since that night. Then it would come back, the throbbing sense, like from a deep bruise.

I took down the senior from De Smet twice in the first period and again in the second, when I almost had him. I was ahead ten to three going into the final two minutes, and then we dropped to the mat in a whizzer and I felt something pop in my shoulder.

I froze a half second, and he pounced, driving me onto my back. I bridged. My shoulder burned. He was jerking at me to force me down. The gym was loud around us. He bounced on my chest. I kicked and rolled and bridged again, and then I heard it.

"Off your back, Del! Get off your back! Please! Get up, Del!"

I turned to look at the edge of the mat, but the only thing there was the scoreboard. I'd flattened out to look, and he wrenched my shoulder to tighten his hold. The pain knifed and burned, while this weird sort of dislocated sensation told me that part of my body was no longer properly connected.

"My shoulder," I said. It sounded like someone else's voice. "*My shoulder!*"

But the ref had already slapped the mat.

THE MONDAY AFTER THE TOURNAMENT I STAYED home from school, propped up on the couch in front of the TV. I couldn't stand the commercials: my father was dead, I'd gotten pinned, and they were still merrily peddling Lemon Pledge, as if the world hadn't changed. I watched until the game shows and soap operas made me feel like I had the flu.

When I stood to turn off the set, the pain in my shoulder was sharp and hot. I'd have to rest the shoulder for four weeks, the doctor said. But nothing was broken and the joint was intact, so my biggest concern was how I was going to keep in shape during the few days I'd have to wait for the swelling to go down. Back on the couch I did leg lifts and flutters, using the ceiling to picture one-armed attacks.

My mother came home not long after three, and I listened to the clang of dishes from the kitchen.

"Mom," I called, trying to yell over the noise of the mixer. "Mom!"

"Yes?" she said, coming into the room, wiping her hands on her flour-sprinkled apron.

"What're you doing?"

"Making cookies. Chocolate chip."

My mother's cookies had come to signal the end of the season, when, during the break before AAUs, I could afford to put on a few pounds.

"Regionals are Friday," I said. "You want me to wrestle heavyweight?"

She gave me her motherly look, that mixture of tenderness, exasperation, and patience.

"Del," she said, in the quiet voice that hinted I didn't understand something. "Don't you think you can eat now? You know what the doctor said."

Although she was slender and fit, took long walks with friends, and sometimes rode her bike alongside me during runs, she'd reached that age when she needed three days to recover from an afternoon raking leaves.

"Would you do me a really big favor?" I asked. She raised her eyebrows. "Downstairs by the bike. Could you bring me up a dumbbell? Just one. One of the twenty-pound ones."

She frowned for a moment, as if she might say something, and then shook her head, sighed, and left. I raised my feet a few inches off the couch and held them as I listened to her trot down the stairs and then come back up more slowly. She lugged the black York iron with both hands.

"Criminy," she said. "I think I slipped a disk."

I took the weight and, with my right elbow at the edge of the sofa, began curling. I could feel the pull on my other shoulder. My mother slid out the coffee table for more room and then sat on the end of the couch, one hand on my ankle.

"Five, six, seven," she counted. The weight was a little heavy: I couldn't get a good angle and my elbow kept sinking into the cushion. I had to keep my bad side perfectly still.

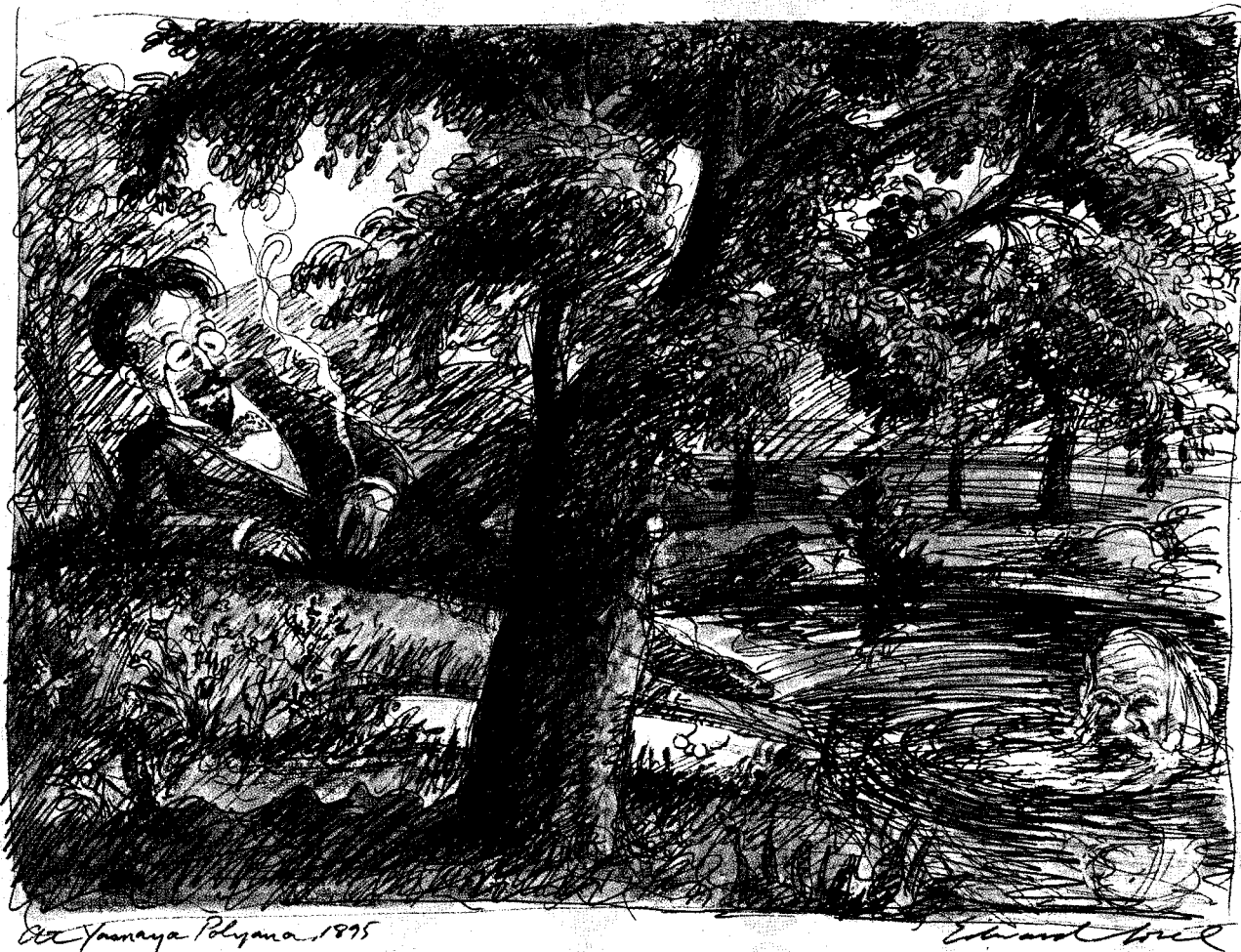
"Nine, ten, eleven," my mother continued.

Should have asked for the fifteen-pounder and gone for more reps, I thought.

"Sixteen," she said. I wanted to crank out at least twenty. I took the weight back down.

"Del," she said, and I paused. "Take that weight all the way down. You're cheating."

I knew I'd have to take it a rep at a time, as many as it took. Just do what I could and hope for the best. No cheating. □



FIRST ENCOUNTERS

ANTON CHEKHOV AND LEO TOLSTOY

CHEKHOV HAD BEEN living at Melikhovo, in Moscow province, for three years, and still he resisted suggestions that he call at nearby Yasnaya Polyana. He said he was busy. As a fledgling landowner, he was putting his farm in order; as a doctor, he treated the peasants. He repaired the church, built schools. His stories supported all these activities and brought wide critical acclaim. They were the credentials he would take with him when he went to meet Count Tolstoy—he, Anton Pavlovich, son of a failed grocer, grandson of a serf.

It was August of 1895 when Chekhov at last set off for Yasnaya Polyana. He arrived just as the master, in his linen peasant blouse, was on his way to bathe in the stream. Chekhov must come along. Tolstoy undressed at the bathhouse and plunged into the water. Immersed up to his neck, his white beard floating on the surface, he conversed with his guest. That evening passages from the first draft of *Resurrection* were read aloud. Chekhov spent the night; he felt comfortable at Yasnaya Polyana.

Tolstoy liked Chekhov too but thought he lacked a point of view. Clearly, Chekhov had suppressed his own opinions, which were antipodal to those of his host. Tolstoy held that the salvation of Russia lay in discarding the accoutrements of civilization and returning to the life of the soil. He was opposed to higher education, to holding property, even to the practice of medicine.

Later Chekhov would satirize this dubious ideology in his own stories, and at subsequent meetings the two men would argue their disparate philosophies. Chekhov hated the moralizing in Tolstoy's novels; Tolstoy condemned Chekhov's plays as worse than Shakespeare's. But something elemental had happened by the stream at Yasnaya Polyana. Engulfed in his own last illness, Chekhov worried about Tolstoy's health. He referred to him as that "crafty old man" but acknowledged that he never loved another as well. "While there is a Tolstoy in literature," Chekhov said, "it is pleasant and agreeable to be a writer."

—Nancy Caldwell Sorel

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MUSIC

BIRD ON FILM

Charlie Parker gets lost in a fan's new movie

BY FRANCIS DAVIS

THE ALTO SAXOPHONIST Charlie Parker, the subject of *Bird*, a new film produced and directed by Clint Eastwood, assured himself of immortality when he recorded "Ko Ko" for Savoy Records, on November 26, 1945. This was not the first time that bebop was performed in a recording studio, nor was "Ko Ko" the first bebop "original" extrapolated from the chord sequences of an existing tune—a practice that did not begin with bebop, contrary to popular belief. For that matter, Parker ("Bird" to fans and fellow musicians) was not the first improviser to recognize that despite the nondescript melody of Ray Noble's "Cherokee," which served as the basis for "Ko Ko," its fast-moving chords held the potential for a tour de force; the tenor saxophonist Charlie Barnet had beaten him to it by six years, and had had a big hit with "Cherokee."

Yet there was really only one historical precedent for "Ko Ko"—Louis Armstrong's 1928 "West End Blues." As Armstrong had done, Parker with one performance reshaped jazz into his own image of it by establishing an exacting new standard of virtuosity. Listeners encountering "Ko Ko" for the first time are likely to be most astonished by Parker's nousance in defamiliarizing Noble's melody, and by his nimble execution at a tempo that starts off reckless and gives the impression of speeding up as it goes along. But the most remarkable aspect of the performance is its reconciliation of spontaneity and form—the impression of economy despite the splatter of notes; the surprising continuity of suspenseful introduction, staccato bursts, pulsating rests, and phrases so lengthy that they double back on themselves at the bar lines. Parker's contemporaries faced the challenge of not only matching his technique but also emulating his harmonic and rhythmic sophistication, and his successors still face the same challenge.

Parker's innovations—and those of the trumpeter Dizzy Gillespie and the pianist Bud Powell—are today so in-

grained in jazz that it is difficult to remember that bebop was initially considered so esoteric and forbidding that only its originators could play it. "Ko Ko" would seem to prove the point. Stimulated by Parker, the drummer Max Roach made a breakthrough of his own on "Ko Ko," with an unyielding polyrhythmic accompaniment that amounted to a second melodic line. Gillespie, who had been forced into service as a pianist in relief of Sadik Hakim (listen to Hakim's disoriented introduction on "Thrivin' on a Riff," recorded earlier at the session, and you'll know why), also had to spell the trumpeter Miles Davis



on "Ko Ko." Davis, then still in his teens and making his recording debut, declined even to try his luck on the piece.

Parker was twenty-five but already addicted to heroin; he would be dead in less than ten years. Two weeks after recording "Ko Ko" he traveled with Gillespie to Hollywood for a nightclub engagement that lasted almost two months, despite the generally hostile reaction of southern-California audiences to bebop (the new style had been nurtured in secret on the East Coast, its dissemination hindered by a musicians' union ban on new recordings and by wartime restrictions on materials needed to manufacture records). Parker did not return to New York with his bandmates; instead, he cashed in his airline ticket to buy drugs. The next six months were a panicky time, as crackdowns by the Los Angeles police sent the street price of heroin soaring and often made the drug unavailable at any price. In August of 1946 Parker was confined at Camarillo State Hospital after being arrested for setting fire to his hotel room following a disastrous recording session.

Parker spent six months at Camarillo and returned to New York in April of 1947. He then began a period in which he could do no wrong—at least in the recording studio, where he produced an unbroken succession of masterpieces for Dial and Savoy, including his most memorable ballad performance, a harmonic tangent on George Gershwin's "Embraceable You." Already married and divorced twice, he wooed two women almost simultaneously, marrying one in 1948 and two years later moving in with the other without bothering to divorce the first. In 1949 he triumphed at the International Jazz Festival, in Paris. In 1950 he made the first of several records on which he was accompanied by strings and woodwinds, the format that brought him his greatest popular success.

But he never kicked his drug habit for good, and he also drank to such excess that his weight ballooned to more than two hundred pounds. Despite his drawing power, nightclub owners gradually became reluctant to book him, for fear that he would show up in no shape to perform or not show up at all. At one point he was banned from Birdland, the Broadway nightclub that had been named in his honor in 1950. Although he somehow eluded arrest for possession, the cabaret card he needed in order to

perform in New York City nightclubs was taken from him without due process, at the recommendation of the narcotics squad, in 1951. The incident that is said to have broken him was the death from pneumonia of his two-year-old daughter by his common-law wife, Chan Richardson, in March of 1954. Later that year he swallowed iodine in an unsuccessful suicide attempt. He died of lobar pneumonia on March 12, 1955, while watching television in the New York apartment of the Baroness Pannonica de Koenigswarter, a wealthy jazz patron. He was thirty-four, but physicians estimated his age at fifty to sixty.

FOREST WHITAKER stats as Charlie Parker in *Bird*, which was written by Joel Oliansky. Miming to Parker's actual solos, with his eyes wide open and his shoulders slightly hunched and flapping, Whitaker captures the look we recognize from Parker's photographs and the one surviving television kinescope of him (a 1952 appearance on Earl Wilson's *Stage Entrance*, which is featured in the excellent jazz documentaries *The Last of the Blue Devils* and *Celebrating Bird: The Triumph of Charlie Parker*). Unfortunately, Whitaker is unconvincing offstage, where most of *Bird* takes place. On the basis of his brief but riveting turn as the young, possibly psychotic pool shark who spooks the master hustler, played by Paul Newman, in Martin Scorsese's *The Color of Money*, Whitaker was the right choice to play Parker—he is a master of the put-on, among other things. But Whitaker's performance is too tense and pent-up to bring Parker to life, and by the end of the movie the actor seems as much the victim of heavy-handed direction and writing as the character does. Even at the epic length of two hours and forty-three minutes, the narrative of *Bird* feels hurried and absentminded. The movie has more flashbacks within flashbacks than any since Jacques Tourneur's 1947 *Out of the Past*. You're never quite sure who's remembering what, what year it is, how famous Parker has become, or how long he has to live.

Why is it always raining in jazz films, and why are the vices that kill musicians always presented as side effects of a terminal case of the blues? It merely drizzled throughout Bertrand Tavernier's *'Round Midnight*, and though that film felt false in other ways, the mist was congruent with the slow-motion music performed by the tenor saxophonist

Dexter Gordon, who was playing an ailing musician and who himself is said to have been ill during the filming. The music in *Bird* is bebop in its first ebullient and defiant manifestation, but the mood of the film is downcast, with rain gushing against the windows of melodramatically underlit interiors.

This Charlie Parker has a storm cloud over his head. His unconscious is haunted by symbols—or, to be more specific, by a cymbal, which flies across the screen and lands with a resounding thud every time he drifts off. The vision is based on an incident said to have occurred, to which Eastwood and Oliansky have given too much interpretive spin. As an untutored seventeen-year-old in Kansas City, Parker forgot the chord changes to "I Got Rhythm" while playing at a jam session with Jo Jones, who was then the lionized drummer in the Count Basie Orchestra. Jones threw one of his cymbals to the floor as a way of gonging the teenager offstage. Except for overwrought conjecture by Ross Russell in a purple passage toward the end of *Bird Lives!*, there is nothing in the voluminous literature about Parker to suggest that this public humiliation haunted him for the rest of his life. On the contrary, it is usually cited as the incident that strengthened his resolve to become a virtuoso. But in *Bird*'s retelling, the echo of that cymbal deprives Parker of all pleasure. The film's Parker wants to rage but can only snivel, even when hurling his horn through a control-room window. You don't believe for an instant that this frightened sparrow could have summoned up the self-confidence to make a name for himself in the competitive world of jazz in the 1940s, much less set that world on its ear with "Ko Ko." Parker's torment is here, but not his hedonism or his genius or the hint of any connections between them.

MUCH OF WHAT *Bird* tells us about Parker is hokey, and at least one of *Bird*'s inventions is an abomination—a character, a slightly older saxophonist who knew Parker as an upstart in Kansas City, who is jealous when Parker becomes the talk of New York. A final encounter with this saxophonist seals Parker's doom. Parker stumbles down 52nd Street, dazed to find that the jazz clubs that were the settings for his early triumphs have given way to strip joints. (The excuse for his surprise is his having been holed up in the country with Chan Richardson for a few months, but any-

one who knows anything about jazz during this period has to wonder if he's been on the moon—articles in the national press were bemoaning the departure of jazz from "The Street" as early as 1948, and this is supposed to be 1955.) Told by an acquaintance that he hasn't seen anything yet, he wanders into a theater where his old Kansas City rival is knocking 'em dead with greasy rhythm and blues à la King Curtis. This triggers Parker's final breakdown. Even assuming that it was necessary to invent a fictional nemesis for Parker, why name that character Buster, which the filmmakers should have known was the first name of one of Parker's real-life Kansas City mentors, the alto saxophonist Buster Smith? And why pretend that Parker, who is said to have found good in all kinds of music (and who, according to the composer David Amram, once compared his music to that of the rhythm-and-blues group The Clovers), would have been shocked into a fatal tailspin by the advent of rock-and-roll?

The music in *Bird* seems phony too, even though Parker recordings were used for most of the soundtrack. There were fans who followed Parker around the country, sneaking cumbersome wire recorders into nightclubs to preserve his work and shutting them off when his sidemen improvised. Eastwood and Lennie Niehaus, the film's music supervisor, go these amateur engineers one better by filtering out Parker's sidemen altogether in favor of new instrumental backing. In addition to being unfair to the sidemen, many of whom were capable of keeping up with Parker, this removes him from his creative context and gives no sense that bebop was a movement.

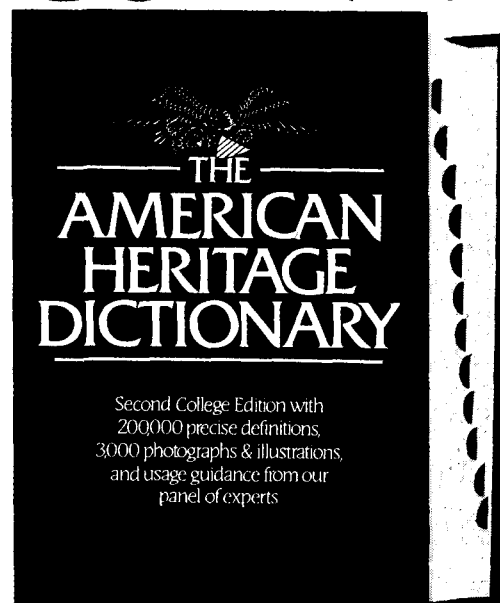
But Parker is out of context throughout *Bird*. The film would have us believe that he had little curiosity about the world beyond jazz, which in turn showed only opposition to him. In reality the musicians who worshipped Parker remember him as well read, with a consuming interest in twentieth-century classical composition. And black jazz musicians of Parker's era had a direct influence on those white artists from other disciplines—the nascent hipsters and beats—who were beginning to define themselves as outlaws from middle-class convention. Parker was a source of fascination to these poets, novelists, and abstract impressionists, who saw his artistic drive and suicidal self-indulgence as the yin and yang of a compulsive nature

pushing against physical limitations and societal restraints. In *Bird* few white characters, except those from the jazz underground, seem to know or care who Parker is, and he isn't sure himself.

THE PITY OF all this is that Clint Eastwood is a jazz fan, and *Bird* is opposed to have been a labor of love. In 1982 Eastwood directed and starred in *Lonkytonk Man*, the gentle, admirably straightforward story of a Depression-era Okie troubadour called Red Sovine, who succumbs to tuberculosis before realizing his dream of performing at the Grand Ole Opry. Among its other virtues, that film managed to suggest the satisfaction that music brings both to performers and to audiences. Perhaps believing that Parker was subjected to a harsher reality than the character Sovine because he was black and a drug addict, Eastwood has tried to find a more insistent rhythm for *Bird*, but the one he has come up with feels choppy, disconnected, and pointlessly arty, with dated experiments in time and point of view forcing him against his best natural instincts as a storytelling director.

A character based on Charlie Parker first appeared on screen in the guise of Eagle, a heroin-addicted saxophonist, played by Dick Gregory in the forgotten *Sweet Love, Bitter* (1967), which was taken from John A. Williams's novel *Nightlong*. Although Gregory's performance as surprisingly evocative, Eagle was merely a peripheral figure in a civil-rights-era melodrama about a white liberal college professor on the run from his conscience. In the late 1970s Richard Pryor was supposed to star in a film about Parker that never got made—which is probably just as well, because Pryor brings so much of his own persona to the screen that Charlie Parker would have been buried. That leaves us with *Bird*, a jazz fan's movie in the worst possible sense—a movie with the blues, a *Birdland*, *Mon Amour* that wants to shout "Bird lives!" but winds up whispering "jazz is dead." *Bird* communicates the melancholy that every jazz fan feels as a result of the music's banishment from mainstream culture. In projecting this melancholy on Charlie Parker—whose music still leaps out with its reckless abandon, and whose triumph should finally count for more than his tragedy—Eastwood has made another of those movies that make jazz fans despair that mainstream culture will ever do right by them or their musical heroes. □

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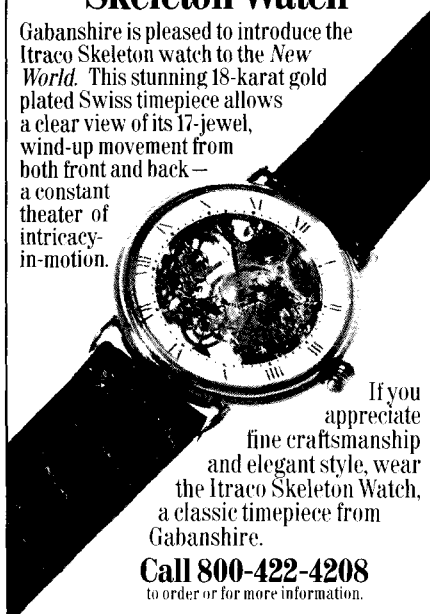
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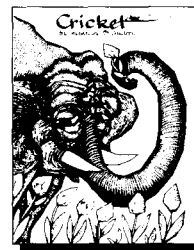
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THE STRATEGIST

BY PETER PARET

LIDDELL HART AND THE
WEIGHT OF HISTORY

by John Mearsheimer.
Cornell University Press, \$24.95.

FROM THE 1920s until his death in 1970, Basil Liddell Hart was the English-speaking world's most widely read author on war. His work had unusual breadth. In books and articles he discussed military issues of the day, the impact of new weapons, and the strategic alternatives in dozens of crises, from the Japanese occupation of Manchuria to the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War. He published histories of the two world wars, and also studies of such earlier figures as Scipio Africanus and William Tecumseh Sherman; he propounded a general theory of strategy that, he claimed, applied to all times and conditions. However technical his subject, he wrote about it in straightforward English, with intelligence and considerable self-assurance. That he was anything but a detached observer added appeal and power to his work. Liddell Hart had served in the British Army during the First World War, and had been severely gassed in 1916. His lungs never completely recovered, just as he never overcame the emotional and intellectual shock of the terrible losses on the Western Front—60,000 British casualties on the first day of the Battle of the Somme alone. The experience did not make him a pacifist; instead, he was determined to discover

more rational, less costly ways of fighting. To many of his readers, he seemed a brilliant critic and debunker, who punctured the hidebound professionalism that led to the great slaughter of two world wars. Today, nearly twenty years after his death, his books continue to be reprinted, and he remains better known to the general public than anyone now writing in the various fields he made his own.

Despite Liddell Hart's fame, however, his reputation has been marred by ambiguities. His popularity could never completely obscure the fact that, whether writing about the past or the present, he was often wrong. Over the years his views on the way Britain should fight a future war changed significantly. In the 1920s he advocated flexible infantry tactics, mechanization, and offensive strategies of deep penetration. He continued to press for improvements in Britain's small armored force in the 1930s and, as an unofficial adviser to the Secretary of State for War in 1937 and 1938, worked for the appointment of progressive officers to senior positions. But increasingly he emphasized the power of the defensive. Perhaps he did so partly on emotional and political grounds: if major offensive breakthroughs were unlikely in a future European war, Britain would not again have to support France by sending a large army to the Continent. We do not know whether Liddell Hart's fear of a repetition of the horrors of the First World War blinded him to new realities, but even after the German attack in the west began, in June of 1940, he could not believe that it would achieve more than limited success—an astonishing failure of judgment by someone who a

few years previously had speculated on the possibilities of what soon came to be known as blitzkrieg. The result was a decline in his reputation that lasted throughout the war.

When Liddell Hart turned from contemporary military affairs to the general theory of war, the results were mixed. He proposed a number of important hypotheses, but he was not a systematic thinker and left the detailed theoretical work to others. Probably his best-known concept—the strategy of indirect approach, which advocates striking the opponent not at his strongest point but on the periphery, or by such indirect means as a blockade—was too vague to provide a basis for further development. Nor was the idea unique to Liddell Hart. His histories, finally, contained little new material and few major reinterpretations. Except for his history of the tank, a work of his last years which may be the best book he wrote, his historical studies rarely drew on original research. They were intelligent popularizations of the work of others given bite by their author's strong opinions and his conviction that history held lessons for the present. He never seemed genuinely interested in understanding the past; rather, he searched it for evidence that might support his prescriptions for war in the twentieth century. His histories, John Mearsheimer observes in this book that will interest many of Liddell Hart's readers and distress not a few, are "infused with his ideas on contemporary military strategy."

How was it that such an uneven record left him relatively unscathed? Part of the answer is that, errors and inconsistencies notwithstanding, his writing had much to offer. They dealt with criti

cal issues of the times in a thoughtful and always stimulating manner. His versatility also gave him some protection. Students of his views on such technical matters as the defensive potential of tanks might not have much interest in his histories, or at least were unlikely to read them critically. Most historians, in contrast, considered Liddell Hart a journalist or theorist whose occasional excursions into scholarship need not be taken seriously. Anyone knowledgeable in modern French history would recognize that he misconstrued Charles de Gaulle's book on armored warfare. To historians of Germany (if I may cite my own area of research) it would be obvious that Liddell Hart was wrong in his interpretation of Clausewitz's theories and in imputing strategies of attrition in the First World War to Clausewitz's influence. But why bother to correct someone for whom history was little more than a grab bag of illustrations for a chapter or article on war today? Occasionally reviewers did point out Liddell Hart's errors, but he plowed a broad field, and criticism of his work at one end made little impact at the other.

From the late 1940s on he also worked hard to present his record in a favorable light. In articles on the inter-war years and in two volumes of his memoirs he minimized his advocacy of the defensive and his opposition to Britain's Continental commitment, and instead pointed to other writings as evidence that he was an intellectual pioneer of modern armored warfare. Further, he claimed that his works had influenced such German commanders as Guderian, Rommel, and Manstein. In interviews with captured senior officers soon after the war, and later, in his capacity as the editor of the English editions of their memoirs, he went so far as to suggest that they acknowledged their debt to him. Some generals or their surviving relatives did so, out of gratitude for Liddell Hart's support in the early postwar years—although Manstein balked at the far-fetched suggestion that a British journalist had given him the idea of attacking France by way of the Ardennes. But enough favorable quotations were generated to enable Liddell Hart to strengthen his claim of having been a prophet, albeit one inadequately recognized in his own country.

THE TENSION BETWEEN the real Liddell Hart and the image that he ought to convey to the world, and that

he himself believed, is the basic theme of Professor Mearsheimer's *Liddell Hart and the Weight of History*. The book is not a biography but a study in the history of ideas on war. It traces the path that led from the young officer pondering the lessons of the stalemate on the Western Front to the military sage whose mind roamed freely among the new mysteries of the nuclear age. Mearsheimer suggests some of the political as well as military roots of Liddell Hart's ideas, describes and evaluates his influence on British policy before 1939, and discusses in detail what he calls Liddell Hart's "resurrection of a lost reputation" after 1945. The result is a highly critical reappraisal, which at times takes on the emotional tone of an indictment.

Mearsheimer has no difficulty in showing that Liddell Hart's views in the inter-war years were far from consistent, nor in demonstrating that subsequently Liddell Hart went to great pains to claim both consistency and prescience. He certainly recognizes that a theorist, and even more so a journalist, writing at a time of political upheaval and rapid technological change might have second thoughts and on occasion lose his way. But he believes that factors extraneous to purely military considerations affected Liddell Hart's ideas. "There is no disputing," he writes in a characteristically vigorous passage,

that Liddell Hart had become fervently committed by 1933 to making sure that Britain never again fought a Continental war. His crusade would not only lead him to alter his military thinking but to advocate policies that worked to undermine whatever chance there was of deterring Hitler and avoiding British participation in another European land war.

Liddell Hart, of course, would have disputed just that, and other students of his role in the 1930s might use facts like the unequal rate of German and British rearmament to reach a less damning conclusion from the same evidence.

The book's discussion of Liddell Hart's self-interpretation is particularly telling. The author does not claim to be the first to challenge its accuracy. In 1968, for example, an American graduate student doing research on the development of German armor asked why a paragraph stressing Liddell Hart's influence on Guderian in the English version of Guderian's memoirs was not to be found in the German original. Several such occasions for skepticism or disbe-

lief are cited in the book, but Mearsheimer's research in the archives in which Liddell Hart's papers are now deposited sheds additional light on these episodes. Even those of us who knew Liddell Hart personally and knew how much he wanted his work to be recognized and honored will be surprised at his lack of reserve when he saw an opportunity to emphasize its importance.

Most striking, perhaps, were his efforts to make it appear that Rommel had learned from him. He sought to persuade the German editor of Rommel's writings, an officer who had himself served in the Afrika Korps, to include a footnote stating that in many respects Rommel could be regarded as Liddell Hart's "pupil." The editor accepted only the relatively noncommittal part of the suggested text, which was, however, printed in full in the English version edited by Liddell Hart. Liddell Hart was justified in reminding us that he had been among the early serious analysts of a new mobile type of warfare. But as this book shows, he claimed too much.

In two other respects *Liddell Hart and the Weight of History* seems to me less persuasive. Its appraisal of Liddell Hart's influence is somewhat unclear, and the book overestimates the degree to which historians today accept the accuracy of his picture of himself.

Liddell Hart had two ways of exerting influence: as a writer and, briefly, as an unofficial adviser to Leslie Hore-Belisha, at the War Office. The views of a senior correspondent of the London *Times* who knew everyone from Lloyd George to Winston Churchill undoubtedly carried weight. But new ideas in military policy rarely emerge from one source; more usually they originate among various people thinking about similar problems at the same time. Would British policy between the wars have been different had Liddell Hart been killed at the Somme? As an adviser to the Secretary of State for War, to be sure, he recommended certain officers for senior posts and advised against others. Nevertheless, Hore-Belisha had a mind of his own; it was a disagreement over appointments that brought their partnership to an end, in June of 1938. Mearsheimer is fully aware of these complexities but leaves us with a somewhat fuzzy conclusion. "Liddell Hart did not have much influence in Britain during the 1930s," he writes on page 168; but he decides four pages later that "by contributing to building and maintaining a

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solid consensus on how to deal with the Third Reich . . . he surely earned a small share of the blame, even if others bear the principal responsibility for failing to deter Hitler."

Right or wrong, Liddell Hart certainly did not have the impact on British opinion he had hoped for. But what about his influence in Germany? The author believes that Liddell Hart's claim to having inspired German proponents of armored warfare is generally accepted today. The evidence he cites, however, is weak. A few historians who are not specialists in the subject or who wrote appreciations immediately after Liddell Hart's death—scarcely the occasion for searching criticism—do not represent informed opinion. The standard works on the German Army in the 1920s and 1930s—books by Michael Geyer and Wilhelm Deist, for instance—do not single out Liddell Hart as significantly contributing to German doctrine. In some his name does not even appear.

Mearsheimer seems so intent on revealing Liddell Hart's power to mislead that he detects his impact even where none exists. An example is a passage that, to this reviewer's surprise, marks him as one of the deceived. My former student Harold Winton, who recently published an excellent book on the gradual modernization of the British Army between the wars, is quoted as saying that he originally wanted to write his Ph.D. dissertation on the evolution of Liddell Hart's theories, but that I wisely steered him away from this topic because so much had already been published on it, notably Liddell Hart's memoirs. Mearsheimer assumes that this advice was given because I "had no inkling that Liddell Hart's *Memoirs* significantly distorted the record." On the contrary. I often advise graduate students not to write dissertations on topics that have been extensively discussed. Nothing is more awkward for the beginning scholar than having to tiptoe around other people's work, and major reinterpretations usually call for a good deal of experience. The precision instrument with which Mearsheimer analyzes Liddell Hart's theories turns into a blunt pencil when he tries to show how badly everyone was fooled.

STILL, HE HAS written an interesting and challenging book. Liddell Hart is worth attention not only for his ideas, and because they and their reception tell us something about the recent past, but

also because his life is relevant to the present. Mearsheimer draws some general conclusions from his study with which we can all agree. He points to the danger of taking military theories out of context. If we want to adapt a strategy from the past to our own time, we should ask under what circumstances it was developed and what problems it tried to solve: the concept may be more time-bound than we think. In short, defense intellectuals should learn to think historically, which means gaining some awareness of earlier conditions and problems. Another unexceptionable conclusion is that debates on military policy—whether in the 1920s or today—are too serious a matter not to demand the highest intellectual standards, vigorous criticism, and respect for the facts. Mearsheimer does not always find these qualities in the highly politicized discussions on national security in this country today. But perhaps even he might agree that our debate on how to ensure the security of the United States would benefit if more of the people involved—whether they were eventually proved right or wrong—had the broad experience, emotional commitment, and intellectual verve of Liddell Hart. □

ORDINARY PEOPLE

BY CULLEN MURPHY

FREAK SHOW: Presenting Human Oddities for Fun and Profit

by Robert Bogdan.

University of Chicago Press, \$29.95.

LIFE PRESENTS NOT many spectacle for which an appropriate description demands the word *Brodingnagian*, but saw such a thing last fall at the fair grounds outside the town of Blue Hill Maine. The Blue Hill Fair had all the usual trappings—the prize heifers, the bad country music, the carnival ride manned by itinerant toughs—and a single unexpected feature. In a forlorn corner of the fairgrounds a big and shabby tent had been erected, and above it was a sign with the words **WORLD'S LARGEST PIG**. I joined the small line, paid my fifty cents, and went inside.

The pig's name was Big Red, and she was Brodingnagian. Her several thousand pounds were arranged on a mat c

dank hay on the back of a flatbed truck. Fresh tufts of hay had been tucked in all around her, like a garnish, but for all I knew the grass directly underneath the pig had not been changed in years. Big Red seemed incapable of significant movement; only the occasional blinking of an eye, barely detectable through an ammoniacal haze, suggested that the sow and volition had not entirely parted company. As if by tacit agreement, none of the spectators who filed around this behemoth said a word, each of us perhaps feeling that any vocal acknowledgment of our presence would somehow tar us all with an indelible moral stain.

That is the closest I have come to having seen a freak show, and I remember thinking how much more awful the experience would have been had the exhibit been fully sentient. What if, instead of Big Red, I had seen Siamese twins or an armless dwarf. There are surely—obviously—grosser examples of human depravity than the freak show. But few are so immediate, so tawdry, and so unabashed in their exploitation of the unfortunate. I emerged from Big Red's tent into the sunlight feeling somehow soiled. I felt a distaste for her owner, sitting in an aluminum deck chair at the entrance, with his hairy melon slice of exposed belly and his change purse, and I pitied not only Big Red but also those people for whom she stood as a kind of surrogate.

I DON'T FEEL MUCH different about the matter after reading Robert Bogdan's *Freak Show*, but that may be partly because emotion and reason, like sound and light, proceed at different paces. Bogdan, who is a sociologist, has set out in his book to build upon the work of investigators as diverse as Diane Arbus and Leslie Fiedler. His stated goal is an understanding of the role of the freak show during its heyday in America—roughly from the 1840s to the 1940s—and he denies in several places that what the freaks themselves thought about their condition is of much concern to him. But his book belies that claim. We learn from Bogdan that many of the freaks—and they preferred to be called by that name—were adroit businessmen, who, rather than being exploited, saw themselves as the exploiters of a craven public, of people whom they regarded as rubes. The freaks viewed their lot not merely as a condition but as a role—a role amplified by sophisticated presen-



tation and a polished act—and for their performances in this role they received a generous share of the profits. In their private lives they were frequently models of domesticity, who enjoyed love, friendship, and the respect of their neighbors in the towns where they lived. At a time when a deformed body entitled its inhabitant to no public largesse, and when medical intervention was utterly unavailing, being a freak in a freak show was hardly the meanest of fates.

The origins of the freak show, which in this country can be traced to the early 1700s, lie in the medieval English country fair. There, Bogdan writes, "almost all of the forms of human variation that would later adorn our sideshow platforms could be seen for a fee." The exhibits came to include people with congenital abnormalities—dwarfs, albinos, people with too many arms and legs or too few, joined twins, and people with abnormal amounts of hair—and also exotic human specimens from foreign lands and even self-made freaks, who achieved freak status by, for example, having their entire bodies tattooed.

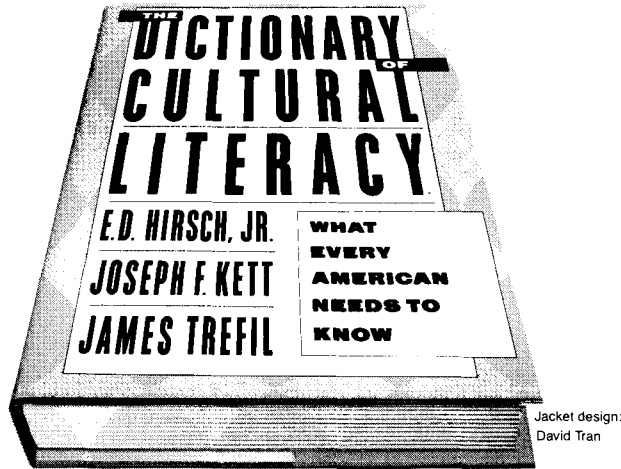
In America, as in Britain, the professional freak, or *lusus naturae*, at first traveled alone from fair to fair; over the years, however, the arrangements became more complex. Freaks soon acquired personal managers and then organized themselves (or were organized by showmen) into group exhibits that could be viewed either in the dime museums that sprang up in every major American city, or in the Raree Show or Odditorium at circuses, amusement parks, and world's fairs. The freaks made money not only from gate receipts but also by

selling "true life" biographical pamphlets, which bore titles like *Personal Facts Regarding Percilla the Monkey Girl* and *Life and History of Alfonso, the Human Ostrich*, and by selling autographed photographs of themselves.

Collecting such photographs (many of which were taken by Mathew Brady, whose Manhattan studio was directly across the street from P. T. Barnum's American Museum) became a popular hobby in the late nineteenth century, and millions of them were printed and sold. Thousands have survived, preserved in antique albums, and some are reproduced in Bogdan's generously illustrated book. They are often arresting in their poignance. All we know of the existence of a girl named Ella Harper is a photograph of her on all fours with this inscription: "I am called the camel girl because my knees turn backward. I can walk best on my hands and feet as you see me in the picture. I have traveled considerably in the show business for the past four years and now, this is 1886, I now intend to quit the show business and go to school and fit myself for another occupation."

Did she ever fit herself for another occupation? History is silent. But Bogdan is able to paint the lives of many freaks in considerable detail. Some of the stories are familiar. The diminutive General Tom Thumb and his wife, Lavinia, were national celebrities and probably millionaires. They led a happy life. So, too, up to a point, did Chang and Eng, the original Siamese twins, who were brought to the United States in 1829. Chang and Eng earned enough money on the road to buy a plantation in North Carolina. They adopted the surname

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Bunker, married sisters, and together fathered twenty-three normal children. The handicap that dogged Chang and Eng throughout their lives was not so much physical impairment as the fact that the twins did not get along.

Other stories may be less familiar. William Henry Johnson, a victim of microencephaly, was exhibited under a sign reading **WHAT IS IT?** for some sixty years. Johnson was mentally retarded and grossly deformed, but he was treated kindly and fairly by his various promoters, including Barnum. At the time of his death, in 1926, Johnson owned properties in New Jersey and Connecticut and was the beneficiary of a trust fund set up in his behalf by his manager. Al Tomaini, a sideshow giant who was popular throughout the 1930s, eventually settled down with "Jeanie the Half-Girl," a legless wonder. After some years on joint exhibit as "The World's Strangest Couple"—an act that they themselves skillfully managed—the Tomainis embarked on a career in the motel business in Florida.

Bogdan relates scores of tales like these. They are incidental, perhaps, to a larger issue he seeks to address—the changing notion of abnormality—but they stand out powerfully in a sometimes scholarly narrative. In the end Bogdan concludes that, yes, some freaks were exploited, but most "were accepted as showmen." He adds, "They were congratulated for parlaying into an occupation what, in another context, might have been a burden."

THE DECLINE OF the freak show was spurred in large measure and in several ways by the rise of modern medicine. As medical science advanced, new knowledge robbed many exhibits of their mystery. Freaks came increasingly to be seen not as mere curiosities but as people with a medical problem. Physicians soon began to press for the institutionalization of people with certain kinds of disabilities; the supply of potential sideshow exhibits was seriously diminished. At the same time, a transformation in the public's moral taste, abetted by doctors and others, gradually sapped freak shows of respectability. Finally, in the 1930s, the Depression hit carnivals and circuses hard, forcing many of them to close, never to reopen. As of 1985 there were five traveling freak shows still in existence in the United States, and their situation was precarious. You will not hear from me an argu-

ient for artificially prolonging their ves. But I can appreciate the impa-
 ence of Otis Jordan, "The Frog Man,"
 ith humanitarian activists who want to
 ut the last freak shows down. Jordan,
 ho is effectively a quadriplegic—all his
 mbs are underformed—entertains au-
 iences by rolling and lighting cigarettes
 sing only his lips, and, like the "greats"
 f the nineteenth century, supplements
 is income from performances by the
 ile of photographic portraits (though he
 completely unaware, Bogdan notes
 istfully, "of the rich history of the freak
 iow"). A few years ago a well-meaning
 oman sought to bar his appearance at the
 ew York State Fair. Bogdan relates Jor-
 an's reaction: "How can she say I'm be-
 g taken advantage of? Hell, what does
 ie want for me—to be on welfare?"

Freak Show is a valuable book for sev-

eral reasons. It is, for one thing, a fine
 example of what has emerged as a major
 genre in the field of social history: the
 study of phenomena on the margins of
 society in order to illuminate develop-
 ments at the core. The history of the
 freak show, as Bogdan shows, is inti-
 mately bound up with matters as diverse
 as the scramble for Africa, the theory of
 evolution, and the invention of mass-
 market advertising. At a time when the
 bashing of various groups by other
 groups seems to have become a prevail-
 ing mode of discourse, Bogdan's book
 offers a timely reminder that finding
 something to be distasteful is not the
 same as finding it to be devoid of good.
 In the end the story that *Freak Show* tells
 is an edifying one—the story of some
 extraordinary people who, against heavy
 odds, approached the ordinary. □

BRIEF REVIEWS



THE ARCTIC GRAIL by Pierre Berton. Vin-
 ing, \$24.95. When the British Navy
 ent hunting the Northwest Passage in
 18, there was no need to go in igno-
 nce. Whalers had worked Davis Strait
 r years, men of the Hudson's Bay
 ompany had made long overland jour-
 ys by dogsled, and the Inuit had been
 ing there all along and knew how to
 pe. The Navy ignored these people
 ith a persistence worthy of a better
 use, and the United States services,
 hen they eventually headed north,
 ere no more sensible. Mr. Berton's his-
 ry of Arctic exploration, which ex-
 nds to 1909, is largely a chronicle of
 comfort, disease, lost ships, and dead
 en. It should be monotonous, but it is
 ot, because the characters involved
 ere frequently interesting and even bi-
 rre, and their mistakes, while arising
 om the same foundation of complacen-
 ; varied in detail as wildly as the ice
 ck. The Norse, to be sure, did things
 efficiently, which makes Nansen and
 undsen seem, in this menagerie, like
 eatures from another world. The book
 well written, the enormous mass of
 aterial is clearly organized, and the au-
 or gives proper credit to the Inuit,
 ithout whose help the expeditions
 ould have been even more disastrous
 an they were.

THE TROJAN GENERALS TALK by Phillip
 Parotti. University of Illinois, \$11.95. Se-
 quels can be anticlimactic, but Mr. Pa-
 rotti has succeeded in making his Trojans
 as interesting as the Greek generals of
 his previous novel, and quite different
 from those old enemies. Their memo-
 ries of tactics, their social situations, are
 distinctly their own, and so are their
 memories of local politics, for Mr. Pa-
 rotti's Troy is encumbered with a gaggle of
 king's sons who are (Hector excepted)
 unreliable or incompetent or both.

SOMERSET HOMECOMING by Dorothy
 Redford with Michael D'Orso. Anchor Press/
 Doubleday, \$18.95. Ms. Redford's search
 for information on her slave ancestors
 led her eventually to the family histories
 of all the slaves on Somerset Plantation
 and to a reunion of their descendants.
 The happy Somerset gathering was cov-
 ered by the press, but it takes Ms. Red-
 ford herself to describe the slow, some-
 times frustrating, sometimes comic
 detective work that enabled her to orga-
 nize the affair and to establish Somerset
 as a real focal point of black history. She
 tells the story—and it is a fascinating
 one—with charm and good humor. The
 harmless mania that besets genealogists
 has never been put to better or more
 generous use.

Coming Next Month In The Atlantic



UNFINISHED BUSINESS

by Nicholas Lemann

An inside look, based on
 A newly examined presi-
 dential archives and on inter-
 views with many of the princi-
 pals, at why and how Lyndon
 Johnson waged the War on
 Poverty, at the infighting
 over that war, and at what
 the War on Poverty achieved.
 The first part of a two-part
 article.



NO HARD FEELINGS?

by James Fallowes

In the company of a dis-
 guised German priest, an
 English novelist, an American
 ex-Marine, a possible Bel-
 gian spy, and an assortment of
 mendacious local guides, our
 man in Southeast Asia sets
 out aboard a rickety Russian-
 made bus on a group tour
 of Vietnam.



HOLD ME FAST, DON'T LET ME PASS

by Alice Munro

"He leaned across and
 spoke to her with slight-
 ly drunken, sad sincerity. 'What
 am I to do? I can't make two
 women happy.'" A short story.

Answers to the October Puzzles

"COMMONERS"

Across. 1. SH(A)RED 5. GRIP(E)S 9. A-VENUE
10. WAR-P 12. RUFFIANLY (anag.) 15. A(DO)-
BE 16. MALT-R-EATS 17. P(RIM)AL 19. SAKE
(double def.) 20. BO(N)G 22. HO(L)MES 24.
PO(LONA)ISE (Nola anag.) 26. (t)FELON
(rev.) 29. SINKHOLES (anag.) 30. ET(C)H
(anag. + c) 31. K-ILLER 32. T(OK)ENS 33.
(s)TALKER Down. 1. SCRI(M)P 2. HAUL (ho-
moph.) 3. REF-IT 4. DUAL (rev.) 5. GENIAL
(anag.) 6. R(EL)ATIONS 7. PAN(O-RAM)IC 8.
S(PH)ERE 11. REB-UIKE 13. F(LINT)LOCK 14.
DRAC-ON-IAN (card rev.) 18. RO(DEN)T 20.
BUFFET (double def.) 21. C-LINKS 23. SEN-
SOR (homoph.) 25. A-TOLL 27. SKI-T 28.
MERE (hidden)

	F	I	L	E	
	S	H	A	R	E
R	C	A	V	E	N
	R	U	F	F	I
	I	L	F	I	D
A	M	A	L	T	R
	P	R	I	M	A
	B	O	N	G	C
N	U	D	T	P	O
	F	E	L	O	N
	F	N	O	S	I
K	E	T	C	H	A
	T	O	K	E	N

ACROSTIC NO. 39

"Encyclopedias for the young are forever showing Abraham Lincoln splitting rails with an ax. . . . Rails were split with wedges, and these were hammered in with mauls. A good woodsman respected his ax too much to use it for this kind of work."

—Tom Burnam, (*The Dictionary of*) *Misinformation*

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 Joseph F. Kett, & James Trefil \$19.95
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DICTIONARY OF THE KHAZARS by *Milorad Pavić*. Knopf, \$19.95. The Khazars, an antique people who left no records of their own, flourished in and about the Crimea from the seventh century to the tenth, and purportedly at some point abandoned their pagan religion for Judaism. Mr. Pavić is a professor of Serbian literature at the University of Belgrade. The character of his peculiar piece of fiction suggests that he began with the scholarly intention of tracking down some facts about the Khazars, encountered the historian's usual problems of bias, fanaticism, mendacity, gullibility, lost documents, and miscopying, and decided that no version of any history has more than a random connection with actual events—whereupon he revenged himself by writing an exuberantly inventive fantasy in support of that conclusion. His *Dictionary* is presented as a "Reconstruction of the Original 1691 Daubmannus Edition (Destroyed in 1692), Including its Most Recent Revisions," and, in addition to Khazar lore (questionable) and ancient authorities (mostly genuine), it wanders into philosophy, warfare, and what appears to be reincarnation, winding up with a contemporary murder. The reader, in short is invited to make of the work whatever he pleases, provided his pleasure does not demand faith in the printed word. The book comes in two versions—a male edition and a female edition. The differences between them are minuscule.

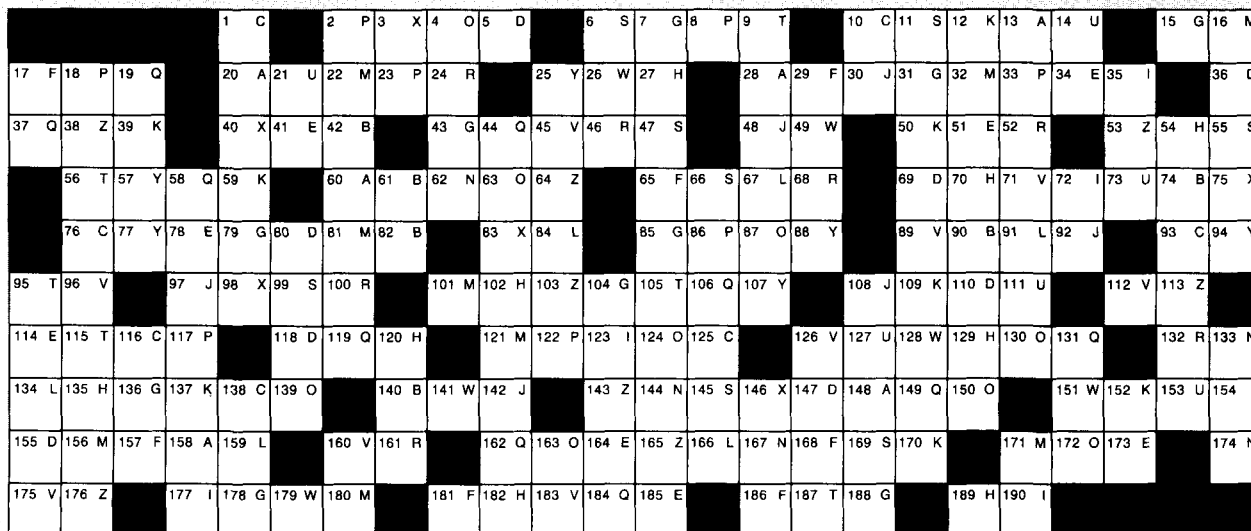
ICONOLOGIA by *Leonard Baskin*. *Harcourt Brace Jovanovich*, \$50.00. Mr. Baskin's portraits of artists past and present are accompanied by his spirited, idiosyncratic discussions of their work. The portraits range from recognizable likenesses to semi-abstractions. The prose is—well, rambunctious is the adjective that comes to mind. Sentences rush on like a spring flood and strict rules of construction are sometimes lost in the torrent. The author's point, however, is always clear, and so is his enthusiastic appreciation of a wide variety of style and periods. Mr. Baskin explains his book as the result of loneliness, of a feeling that he is "isolated and under siege," as perhaps he is, for there is in his lively text not one word of fashionable art critic's jargon and considerable testiness about "the engulfing tidal-wave of know-nothing avant gardism." Among other appealing qualities, Mr. Baskin has a nice gift for invective.

—Phoebe-Lou Adam

ACROSTIC No. 40

BY DOROTHY OSBORNE

The letters of clue answers, when put in the appropriately numbered squares, will spell out a quotation. The first letters of clue answers spell the author and source of the quotation.



The solution to Acrostic No. 39 appears on page 100.

- | | | | |
|--|----------------------------------|---|-------------------------------------|
| A. Blue homunculi | 60 20 13 158 148 28 | N. A bit of risibility (hyph.) | 174 144 167 62 133 |
| B. Exclamation of emphasis (2 wds.) | 140 74 82 90 42 61 | O. Site of a modern-day disaster | 150 172 87 130 4 163 124 139 63 |
| C. Summertime refresher | 138 1 76 116 10 93 125 | P. A group of seven | 86 18 23 33 8 117 122 2 |
| D. W. C. Fields classic (3 wds.) | 147 5 110 118 69 80 36 155 | Q. Long-time 400-meter hurdles champ (2 wds.) | 131 106 184 149 119 58 44 19 37 162 |
| E. Novel by Joseph Conrad | 34 51 185 114 78 41 164 173 | R. Wild West lawbreaker | 161 52 132 100 68 24 46 |
| F. Fruit used in pickling | 65 29 157 17 181 168 186 | S. A.k.a. pokeweed | 66 169 6 11 55 99 145 47 |
| G. Country singer called "the Texas Troubadour" (2 wds.) | 178 79 7 136 43 85 188 31 15 104 | T. Absentee (hyph.) | 95 187 56 115 105 9 |
| H. Where the Magna Carta was issued | 135 27 182 102 129 189 54 120 70 | U. Place whose capital is Papeete | 111 21 127 153 14 73 |
| I. Moon of Saturn named after a Titan | 72 190 35 177 123 154 | V. Agog (3 wds.) | 175 160 71 96 183 126 45 112 89 |
| J. Moralizing discourse | 97 30 108 48 142 92 | W. Predatory bird of the Southwest (2 wds.) | 128 179 49 26 151 141 |
| K. The study of animal behavior | 59 137 152 12 39 109 170 50 | X. Subpar hooch | 146 3 40 75 98 83 |
| L. Stays | 134 84 67 159 91 166 | Y. 1986 Grammy Award-winning cellist (2 wds.) | 25 94 107 57 88 77 |
| M. Imagist poet who wrote "Patterns" (2 wds.) | 101 121 22 156 16 171 81 180 32 | Z. Command from a drill sergeant (2 wds.) | 38 103 176 53 64 165 113 143 |

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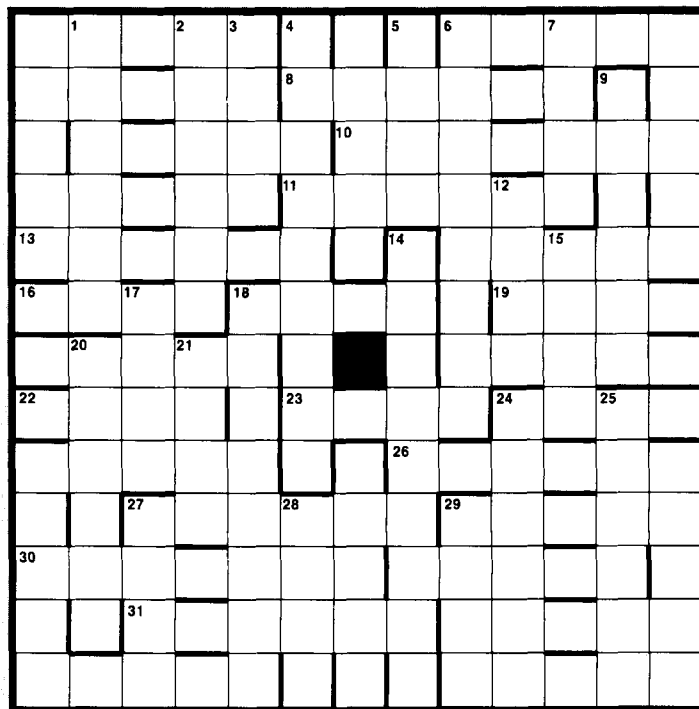
THE PUZZLER

BY EMILY COX AND HENRY RATHVON

FIVE AND TEN

Each of ten clues (listed a–j in no special order) yields a ten-letter word that may be split in half to form two five-letter words. The 20 five-letter words formed in this way belong in the diagram; solvers may locate them with the help of Across and Down words, which are treated normally. Final diagram entries include seven proper nouns; 21 Down is an archaic variant.

The answers to last month's Puzzler appear on page 100.



TEN-LETTER WORDS

- a. Pig leaves around the first of November after cold drinks
- b. Goes too far in running course heat
- c. Half of Rams snack in taverns with TV equipment (*two words*)
- d. Tailor gets ten red cleaning products
- e. Each September, he keeps working with a woman of the underworld
- f. Three cars careening around hairpin turn in color
- g. "South to Fuel" written on back of one hundred and one vehicles
- h. Lousy peso's price for viewing instruments
- i. Poor lad is in rut from factory work
- j. Rifle belonging to a guerrilla found in period of inactivity

ACROSS

8. Polish article gives name of woman in pop music . . . (6)
10. . . . and gets actor Richard up in arms (7)

11. Working nurse cages one of the bears (6)
13. Madrid mister pockets small receptor (6)
16. Oddly neglected wordless verse forms (4)
18. Low part of a diamond (4)
19. Sound of fish catcher heard (4)
22. The smallest bit of a turkey (4)
23. Medicine that works for a priest (4)
24. Inventor's flare (4)
26. Numb one's skin pulled back (6)
27. Curtis Strange in the rough? (6)
30. Greek gives alien a new round ring (7)
31. Fine whipped cream on last piece of pie (6)

DOWN

1. Like an outdoorsman wearing a hairpiece? (6)
2. Craftily snares *Gunsmoke* actor (6)
3. Allows services to be redone (4)
4. Promise a bad sun scare (9)

5. Insufficiently thick chambers (4)
6. Monstrous greed around here in France is killing the king (8)
7. Earliest of birches are free of leaves (4)
9. Pacific North caught in dry spell's middle (6)
12. Part of the body is associated with speaking (4)
14. Withdrew backing of former President Kennedy (9)
15. The very top chopped liver (4)
17. Visitor from space over part of Britain (4)
18. Clubs offering underwear without hesitation (8)
20. Loaded ski town died (6)
21. Scheme usually involving Aussie bird (4)
24. Lose color, left in the sand (6)
25. Cut down on the sound made by exercise (6)
27. River boat's driver creates racket (4)
28. Trollop's treat (4)
29. Chant couplets about English harvest (4)

Note: The instructions above are for this month's puzzle only. It is assumed that you know how to decipher clues. For a complete introduction to clue-solving, send an addressed, stamped envelope to The Atlantic Puzzler, 8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass. 02116.

WORD WATCH

BY ANNE H. SOUKHANOV

ghost net *noun*, an abandoned plastic drift net, or a large fragment of one, that ensnares and kills whales, turtles, seabirds, seals, walruses, porpoises, and fish: "Reports have been received . . . of entire nets cast adrift by Japanese fishermen. . . . These 'ghost nets' fish around the clock, until they become laden with fish and other animals and sink. The loss of 50,000 fur seals each year is attributed to *ghost nets*" (*Christian Science Monitor*).

BACKGROUND: This new compound is formed in the manner of *ghost ship* and *ghost town*. A citation from a 1987 Greenpeace newsletter states that "annually, the driftnet fleets leave approximately 500–600 miles of net floating in the North Pacific" and adds that at present rates of fishing there will be enough *ghost nets* by the year 2000 to stretch one third of the way around the world. Drift nets "range in length from 5 miles to 30 miles and hang from the surface to a depth of about 35 feet, where they drift with the currents and are invisible to the fish" (*United Press International*).

lobola *noun*, among black families in southern Africa, a series of payments traditionally made by a bridegroom to the family of his bride: "Originally, parents charged *lobola* to compensate for the loss of the daughter's labor in their household. In return, the groom was entitled to the wife's labor and all children born to the couple" (*Inter Press Service Report*).

Here are a few of the words being tracked by the editors of The American Heritage Dictionary, published by Houghton Mifflin. A new word that exhibits sustained use may eventually make its way into the dictionary. The information below represents the first stage of research, not the final product.

BACKGROUND: This word is being seen with increasing frequency in English-language publications outside South Africa. However, the history of its use in English can be traced back to 1897. The word occurs in both the Zulu and Xhosa languages, which are closely related members of the Bantu language group. A 1982 citation from *Drum*, a leading black magazine in Africa, says, "*Lobola* has gone commercial" in recent years—that is, money, in escalating amounts, has replaced livestock in the transaction. The amount can vary from about \$350 to \$5,000. The recurrence of the word in American and British publications is one more small indicator that news events in southern Africa have captured world attention.

nacul *noun*, the concept and practice of designing and building dwellings and other structures so that their occupants are integrated with the surrounding environment: "[Tullio] Inglese coined the term '*nacul*' . . . to represent the concept of building and living in harmony with nature" (Hatfield, Mass., *Valley Advocate*).

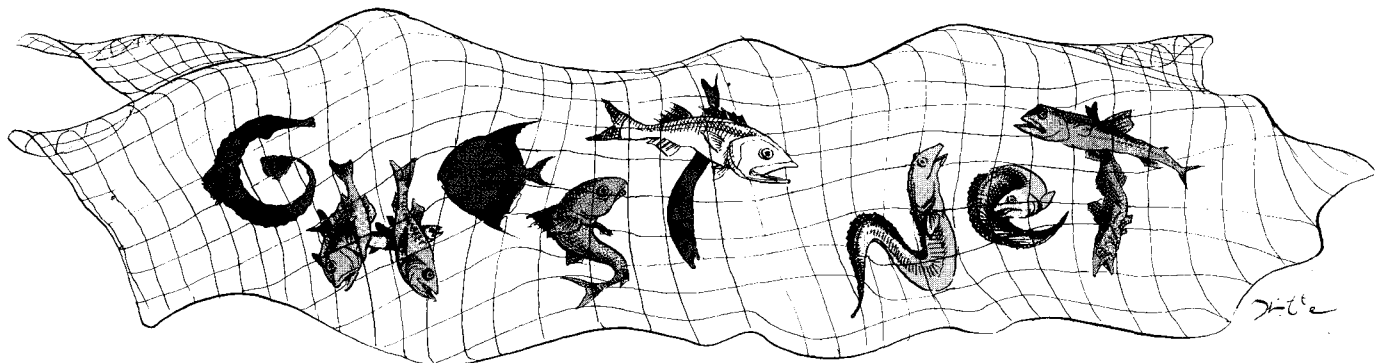
BACKGROUND: Inglese, who is the director of the Nacul Institute for Ecological Architecture, a nonprofit organization in

Amherst, Massachusetts, created this blend of *nature* and *culture* in the late 1960s. Inglese is in the process of designing a multi-unit, multi-family dwelling called Solstice I, which is expected to house 120 people. The concept grew out of his experiences in his home village of Roccacaramanico, in central Italy. The 36-unit building is meant to be sited on a 50–60 acre tract, much of which would be used for farming and orcharding. Like Roccacaramanico, where some 1,000 people once lived together in a single stone complex while using the surrounding land for grazing and farming, the American complex will make economical use of available land, materials, and energy.

Spinnish *noun*, ostensibly neutral language used to manipulate, slant, or otherwise alter the public's perception of an event, a set of circumstances, or an opponent's record, in favor of the speaker or of the speaker's position or candidate: "He is speaking in a language that is most effective when those being addressed do not know what language is being spoken. It is the international language of politics: *Spinnish*. In fact, more than just a language, it is a camouflage" (Mark Alan Stamaty, *Washington*).

BACKGROUND: Here's the latest derivation from the now familiar sense of the noun *spin*, as in "Dryden was the first master of a craft that has only recently acquired a proper name; he was adept at putting '*spin*' on an apparently neutral recital of the facts" (*New York Review of Books*). Our first citation for *Spinnish*, taken from a comic strip, goes on to explain that "occasionally, someone like, say, a campaign manager speaks so much *Spinnish* that he completely forgets how to speak English." *Spinnish* is, of course, a play on *Spanish*, but by coincidence it has a meaning similar to one sense of *English*: "the spin given to a [billiard] ball by striking it on one side and releasing it with a sharp twist."

wet room *noun*, the entrance chamber of an undersea hotel: "Guests swim in through the '*wet room*' . . . , which features a fish-filled, attractively lit 'moon pool.' Ports on either side of the wet room lead to living spaces: two combination suites with a total sleeping capacity of six people" (*Islands*). **BACKGROUND:** This compound points up the well-to-do consumer's fascination with adventure travel. The world's first undersea hotel, the Jules Undersea Lodge, in Key Largo, Florida, opened its doors, so to speak, in 1986. The hotel offers piped-in music, videos, gourmet meals, and underwater expeditions, and it gives a whole new meaning to the word "dive."



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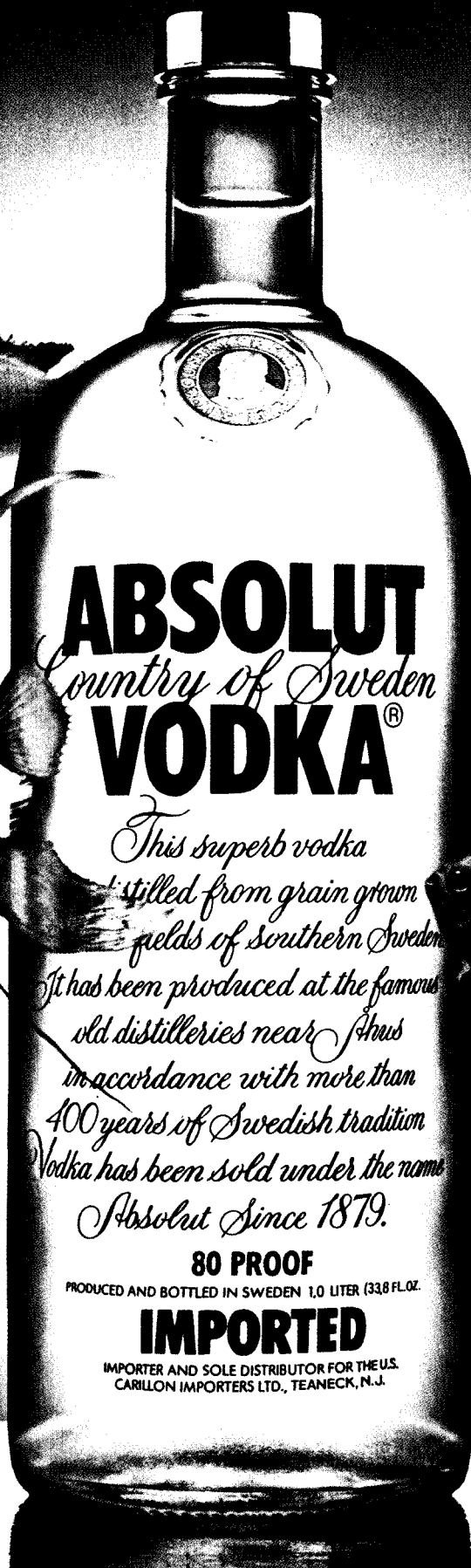
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